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Collier's

SEPTEMBER 3, 1949
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GOOD JOBS FOR GOOD GIRLS •

Sept. 3-1949

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MEET SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON... Men-about-town—like everybody else—agree that Scotland's favourite is their favourite, too... Johnnie Walker. It's just *naturally* Scotch... a smoother-than-smooth whisky of superlative mellowness and richness of flavour to the very last sip. **JOHNNIE WALKER** Born 1820, still going strong. Blended Scotch whisky... Red Label... Black Label... both 86.8 proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer.*

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Take this Most Important Step to Save Your Teeth!

"Most tooth loss comes from gum troubles," say dentists. So guard your gums as well as your teeth—this dentist-approved Ipana way!*

DENTISTS WARN YOUTH: GUARD YOUR GUMS

America's top dental authorities issue this timely warning: *you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums.* They urge you to start fighting gum troubles and guarding your teeth while you are still young!

Let your dentist be your guide. See him regularly. Follow his advice about the care of your gums and teeth both. And remember—*Ipana is the tooth paste more dentists recommend and use than any other!*

Think of the pain, expense and embarrassment it can cost you to lose just one tooth!

Then think of this: *dental authorities say more than half of all tooth losses today come from gum troubles.* You've far more chance of tooth loss from ailing gums than all other causes combined. And gum troubles can hit *any*one, even healthy teen-agers, with little warning!

That's why the most effective step you can take to save your teeth is to guard your gums. That's why tooth brushing alone – with *any* dentifrice – is not enough. To be complete, your daily dental routine must provide effective care for your teeth and gums *both!*

Ipana dental care does just that.* No other paste or powder can clean your teeth better and brighter than Ipana. And Ipana is the *only* leading tooth paste specially designed to aid the health of your gums, too! *For Ipana's unique formula actually stimulates circulation—helps promote healthier gums.*

THIS MOTHER PROTECTS HER FAMILY'S SMILES THE IPANA WAY!

Pretty Mrs. Jean Brouard, her daughter Evin and son Roger, of Noroton Heights, Conn., take no chances with halfway dental care. As a successful fashion model *and* mother, Mrs. Brouard knows the importance of firm, healthy gums to sound teeth and a sparkling smile. So she sees that her whole family follows the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth *both*—because dentists say it works! Give *your* family these benefits. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today.

NATIONWIDE REPORTS: DENTISTS SAY THE IPANA WAY WORKS!

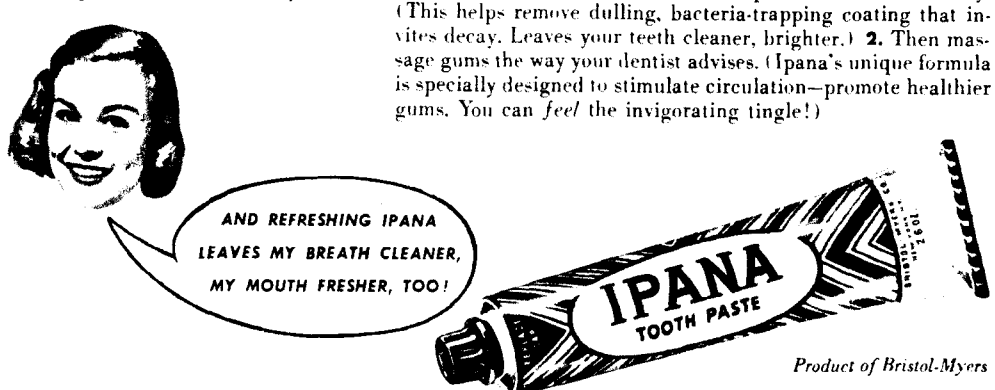
In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way not only promotes brighter teeth, but healthier gums as well. What better evidence that Ipana dental care is *doubly* effective? Try it—see what it can do for *your* teeth and gums!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO—EASY AS 1, 2:

***The Ipana way** is simple. **1.** *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. (This helps remove dulling, bacteria-trapping coating that invites decay. Leaves your teeth cleaner, brighter.) **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula is specially designed to stimulate circulation—promote healthier gums. You can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

HEALTHIER GUMS, CLEANER TEETH—

IPANA for Both!



Product of Bristol-Myers

P.S. For correct brushing use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

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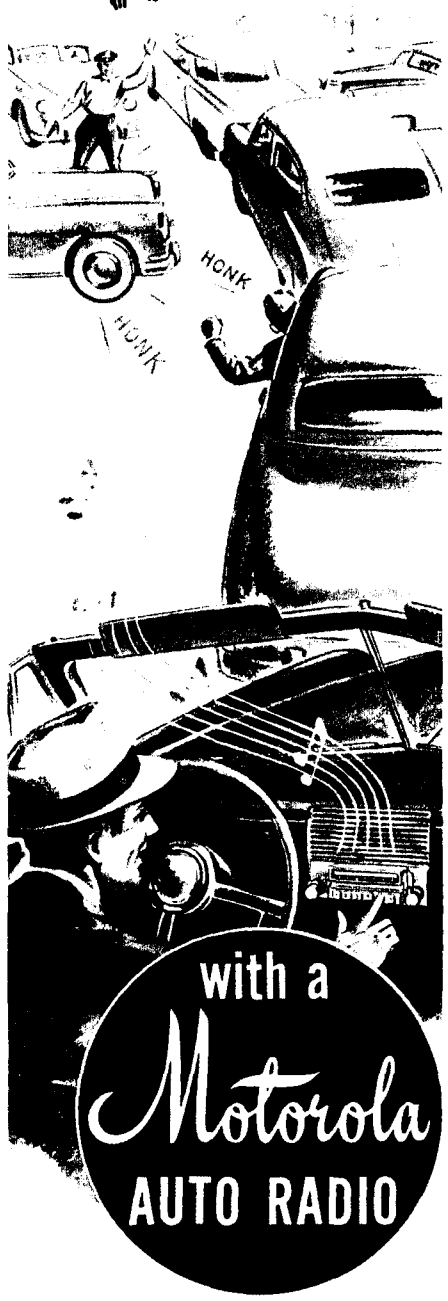
soothe your

traffic nerves



with a Motorola AUTO RADIO

When traffic piles up and you inch along at eight miles an hour, you'd better have sweet music to keep your traffic nerves under control! There isn't much you can do about the heavy traffic these days except install a Motorola. You'll be diverted . . . you'll be entertained . . . you'll be calm. Millions of motorists have learned that miles are sweeter and shorter when they have a Motorola in their car with big rich volume and velvety smooth living-room tone. It's America's favorite and finest auto radio.

now as low as $39.95

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September 3, 1949

ARTICLES

Good Jobs for Good Girls.....HARFORD POWEL 16
Another Eisenhower.....HOLMES ALEXANDER 18
A Russian to Keep Your Eye On.....A. M. ROSENTHAL 23
Skid Row—U.S.A......WILLIAM J. SLOCUM 24
(CONCLUSION)
Why We Get Tired.....MURRAY CAMPBELL 28
Good Gussy.....JOHN M. ROSS 30
The Child Is the Monument.....HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH 32
Mario Lanza: Celluloid Caruso?.....DWIGHT WHITNEY 46

FICTION

Deadfall.....DONALD HAMILTON 13
(PART ONE OF THREE PARTS)
A Young Man Trapped.....WILLARD H. TEMPLE 20
Monday Come Home.....JOHN ANDREW RICE 22
The Has-Been.....JOEL REEVE 26
The Auction.....FRANK ROONEY 31
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
The Legal Bride.....ROBERT CARSON 42
(CONCLUSION)

•

Keep Up With the World.....FRELING FOSTER 8
The Face Is Familiar.....GURNEY WILLIAMS 10
Poor Man's Guide to Hypochondria.....HENRY GREGOR FELSEN 58
Editorials..... 74
Cover.....JULIUS FANTA

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Week's Mail

Veterans on Housing

EDITOR: Congratulations on your wonderful article, Our Shameful Record in Veterans' Housing (July 23d). It's about time someone looked at the situation from the veteran's viewpoint.

May I add my wishes to yours that something can be done about this condition.

MRS. E. C. HALL, JR., Quincy, Mass.

. . . What Frank D. Morris states in his article may be true, but he neglected to mention the veterans' project in Ypsilanti, Michigan. This project is called Willow Run and it houses almost 10,000 veterans, of which 60 per cent are students at the University of Michigan.

My husband and I are living in a unit such as pictured in color on page 14. We have a kitchen, living room, bedroom and bath.

The United States government sends us $105 monthly, which will be increased to $120 early in October, when our child arrives. We pay $25 a month rent. Included in that rent is electricity, water, garbage disposal, all different kinds of maintenance supplied free of charge by the government maintenance men.

The University clinic has provided a service where children can get their immunization shots for 50 cents, a public health nurse who will help out in postnatal difficulties, and so on.

Frankly, I believe you could put some of those people whom you mentioned in the article in brand-new homes, and inside of six months those new homes would be as shabby as the pictures showed.

I, for one, am grateful to the government for giving us a warm, cheap place to live where we are away from relations and in-laws for the most important years of our marriage; where we can afford the rent; where we can have our dog and bring our child into the world without worrying about landlords; where we have fresh air and a place to relax; where we have congenial neighbors who attend the University of Michigan with my husband; where we can meet people and adjust ourselves to living with all different types; where we learn tolerance, and what a real neighbor is.

MARY SCHMITTSCHMITT ABENS,
Willow Run Village, Mich.

. . . Congratulations for Frank D. Morris's Our Shameful Record in Veterans' Housing. What hope is there for these 1,500,000 veterans living under such conditions?

We too would be in the same boat, but because we wanted a clean, healthy home for our children and ample room for their play, rather than live in what we really could afford, we are in a furnished home. It leaves us absolutely no funds for anything except food, rent, heat and public utilities. We haven't saved one cent in three years.

Either extreme is difficult. But there just is no medium.

MRS. WILLIAM A. PALMER, Dunkirk, N. Y.

. . . Let Mr. Morris check the many, many veterans who *have* found decent housing—the veteran who didn't sit on his tail and expect the government to make a home for his family. Look up the veteran who didn't weep and wail because he had to *work* for a home.

For each veteran living in Quonset huts, converted barracks and trailer camps, there are many more who with no publicity quietly went ahead and made decent homes for their families.

RICHARD L. SHACKFORD, Gardner, Mass.

. . . With all the efforts to get this nation to cut down on the number of nonproducing bureaucrats living off the taxpayers, and the deficit financing after only two years of

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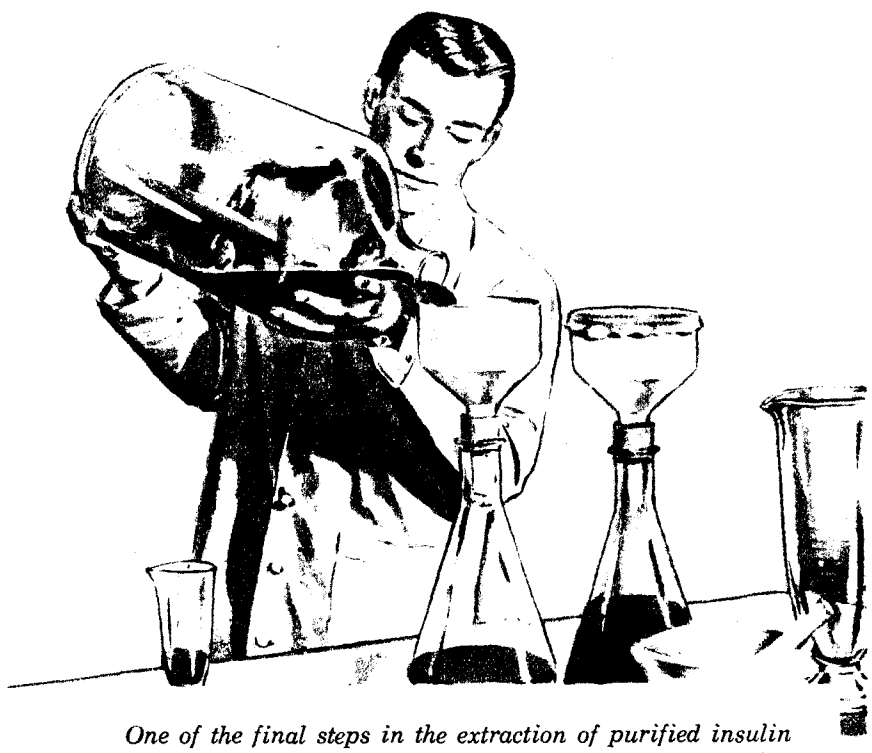
Progress in fighting DIABETES



One of the final steps in the extraction of purified insulin from pancreas glands. Here a solution of insulin is being filtered. It is later adjusted to meet dosage requirements of individual patients.

What medical science is doing . . .

Great advances have been made in controlling diabetes. The discovery of insulin in 1921 has led to a much greater life expectancy for the average diabetic today. For example, at age 40, the expectancy is more than twice what it was before insulin was developed.

Medical science is still on the march. It has developed different types of insulin. Some are quick acting with a short term of effectiveness, while others are slower acting but longer lasting. Recent research gives hope that there soon will be available a single insulin that combines both the rapid and more lasting effects. In many cases, this would mean better control of the disease.

In addition, it has been discovered that diabetes can be produced experimentally with a substance called *alloxan*, as well as by other means. This may shed new light on how and why the disease develops. Various studies, including research with radioactive isotopes, also offer hope for important advances in the treatment, and perhaps the prevention, of diabetes.

What you can do . . .

Recent surveys indicate that in addition to the million *known* diabetics, another million people in our country have diabetes and are unaware of it. So it is wise for everyone to keep alert for these warning signals—excessive thirst, hunger, or urination, continual fatigue, or loss of weight. It is important to see a doctor at once if any of these conditions appear.

Doctors recommend that everyone have an annual physical examination, *including tests for diabetes*. These tests are especially important for those who have diabetes in the family, those who are overweight, and those past 40 years of age.

Diabetes is a condition in which the body is unable to utilize properly the sugars and starches in food. While there is as yet no cure, modern medicine can generally control it through insulin, diet, and exercise. By following the doctor's advice about keeping these three factors in proper balance, it is usually possible for the diabetic to live a practically normal life.

Making one of the tests for diabetes. Chemicals are added to a sample of blood. The resulting changes in color help to indicate the level of sugar in the blood. A high level may signify diabetes.

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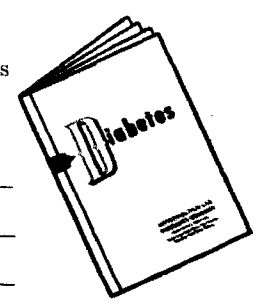
To learn more about diabetes, send for Metropolitan's free booklet 109-C, entitled "Diabetes."



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SHEDS WRINKLES LIKE MAGIC
IT'S A DAN RIVER SPORTSHIRTING
IN WRINKL-SHED* COTTON
You've never seen anything like it in shirts! It's Dan River's Wrinkl-Shed. Stays neater looking longer. Spends less time in the laundry. Sanforized† and fast-color in colorful plaids. Shirts made of Dan River's Wrinkl-Shed cotton keep their color, keep their fit, keep shedding wrinkles in spite of hard wear or campus laundries. At leading stores.
Dan River Mills, Inc.
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†Fabric shrinkage no more than 1%
IT'S A DAN RIVER WRINKL-SHED COTTON

spending only what we take in, it is extremely discouraging to have you come out for subsidized housing.

Why not subsidize the vets' shoes, groceries, beer, etc.?

My regard for Collier's went down a notch when I read They Can't Live in the P.O. (editorial, July 23d). Neither can they continue to live in a free country if more and more bureaucrats put us further and further into debt.

FRED P. PARKER, Portland, Ore.

Another Bonus?

EDITOR: The presentation of your stand on veterans' benefits and aid was intelligently set forth in Our Shameful Record in Veterans' Housing and After Pensions—the Bonus? (July 23d).

Had the latter article been the only one to appear, I would have assumed that Collier's was against any government spending that favored the veteran. However, after reading both articles, I realized that you are in favor of, and strongly support, any *sensible* aid or legislation that would benefit the veteran and the country; but disfavor any unnecessary government spending, such as bonuses or pensions, that could endanger the economic stability of the United States at a time when the nation is already up to its nose in debt.

I am a veteran and could readily use a bonus of any amount but I would much rather see the country back on its feet financially. VINCENT C. SUDELA, U.S.N.R., Galveston, Texas

. . . Last year I had the privilege of serving the Hoover Commission as a member of the task force assigned to the study of the Veterans Administration. Included in our study was an analysis of the effect of veterans' benefits (and their abuses) on future programs of the Veterans Administration.

Consequently, your editorial and Sam Stavisky's article, After Pensions—the Bonus?, find me heartily cheering both. Your case is briefed most effectively.

S. A. PECK, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . Sam Stavisky's conclusion can certainly be argued.

Where he says: "by 1955, they'll (veterans' families) number two fifths (nation's population). Aroused on any single issue, such as the pension or the bonus, the veterans can, and will, get what they want. They have the votes."

It won't be veteran influence that swings this type of "handout legislation." It will be Labor with a varsity "L" for Lobbying.

The economic class structure being what it is in this country, many veterans and their families overlook veteran status and vote with their economic groups. And as time passes, veterans become more and more citizen voters rather than ex-soldier voters.

Most veterans in unions vote as labor votes and support labor's point of view. Labor is in the perfect lobbying position. Its membership is in one class structure with common motives. That's not true of the veteran group.

I think your Sam Stavisky is a little naïve.

PEYTON CARROLL, Hollywood, Cal.

. . . In your editorial How Collier's Feels About Veterans' Benefits (July 23d) you state, "Curtailing foreign aid might invite war."

Is anybody, including Collier's editorial writer, naïve enough really to believe that giving money to foreign nations will prevent war? GRADY PEEREY, Corinth, Miss.

Business Opportunity

EDITOR: I should like to thank you for the excellent write-up you gave Lexington as part of The Old Home Town Fights to Live (July 2d). It has helped keep interest at a pitch where we can continue our betterment program more successfully.

At present we are hoping to secure a small industry or two for Lexington in order to improve the economic lookout. If any of your readers knows of a factory or business that would care to move to a small town where he will be given good will and every possible means of co-operation, we should like to hear about it.

MAYOR GLENN F. WATT, Lexington, Ill.

Advance Sale

EDITOR: I have just finished The Iron Butterfly. I will pay $1.50, *in advance,* for a ticket to a movie of this story, with Billie Burke playing Mrs. Charles.

C. W. SNELL, Los Angeles, Cal.

Look-Alike Lovelies

EDITOR: May I congratulate David Peskin on his natural cover (July 23d)? I was delighted to find the two lovely swimmers looking like swimmers.

It bores me to death to pick up a magazine and see a girl posing as a bather with an elaborate hair-do sprinkled with flowers, heavy make-up, and a suit on that just couldn't take water.

I only wish more magazines would put out such covers as yours.

MARGARET FOLEY, South Boston, Mass.

. . . On your cover for July 23d, are the two swimmers twins? They look a lot alike. I'm sure other readers would like to know, too. MARIE KOBZA, Lincoln, Nebr.

No, not twins or even sisters. They're students at Southern Methodist University. The swimmer on the left is Norma Peterson, SMU beauty queen. Her companion, Mary Beth Roach, doesn't do badly in the beauty department herself. Right?

They're Cheered by Mr. Snyder

EDITOR: John W. Snyder said a mouthful in The Facts About Business (July 16th) under the paragraph headed Wrong Deductions Drawn.

That paragraph is gospel. I have been fighting these pessimists for over a year now, but they seem to want to go broke. (The fact is, they keep on gaining.)

NORRIS E. MODE, Jeffersonville, Ind.

. . . It's about time some of our national publications stopped playing politics and admitted that things aren't as bad as some people would have us think.

I was particularly pleased and enlightened when Secretary Snyder pointed out the sources of depression rumor and why they were not sound.

I am merely a student and as such I have read many government economic reports, but they cannot possibly enlighten the public as I hope Secretary Snyder's article will.

JOHN G. MEEKER, Boston, Mass.

We've Got a Member

EDITOR: I want to apply as a charter member of UAOPLAAA—it's an organization "must." F. C. MCGOWAN, Portland, Ore.

Application accepted for membership in the United Association of Oldsters Protective League for the Abolition of Alphabetical Agencies (Want to Join Us?, July 9th).

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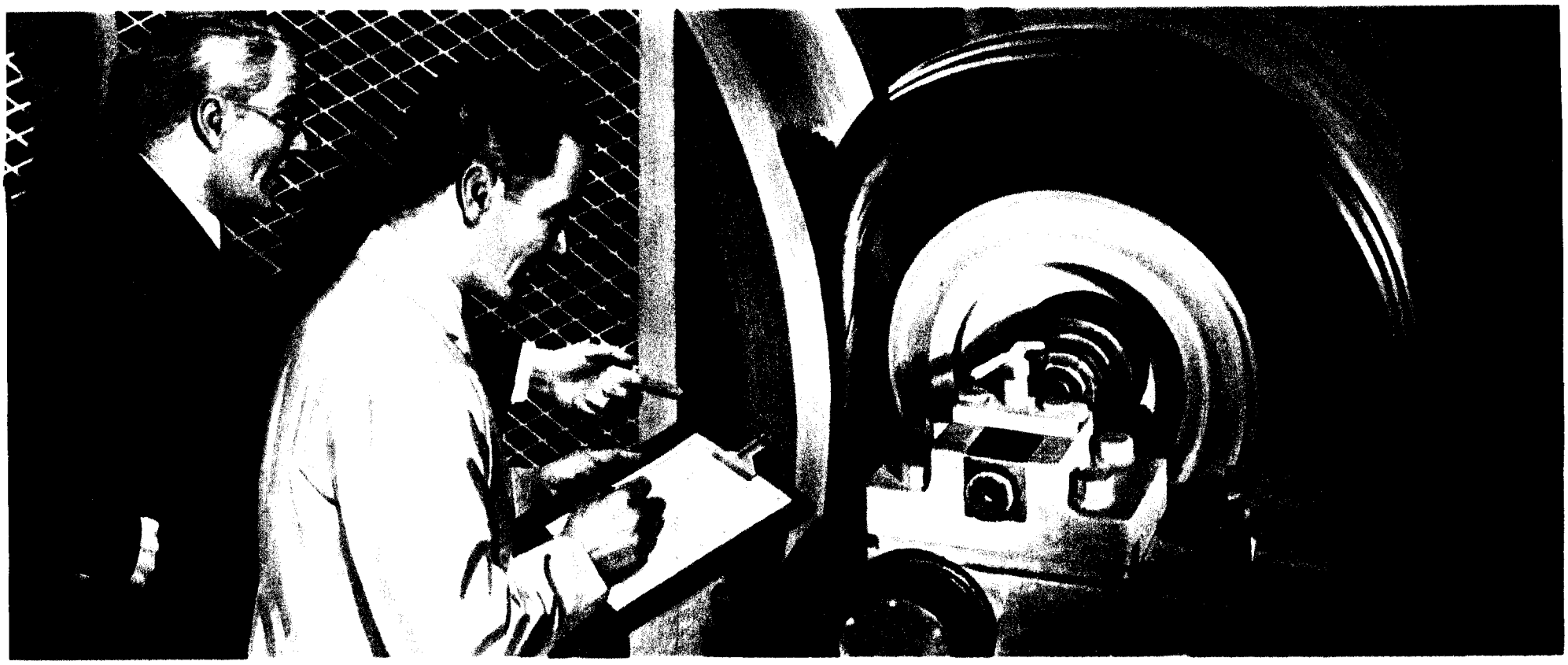
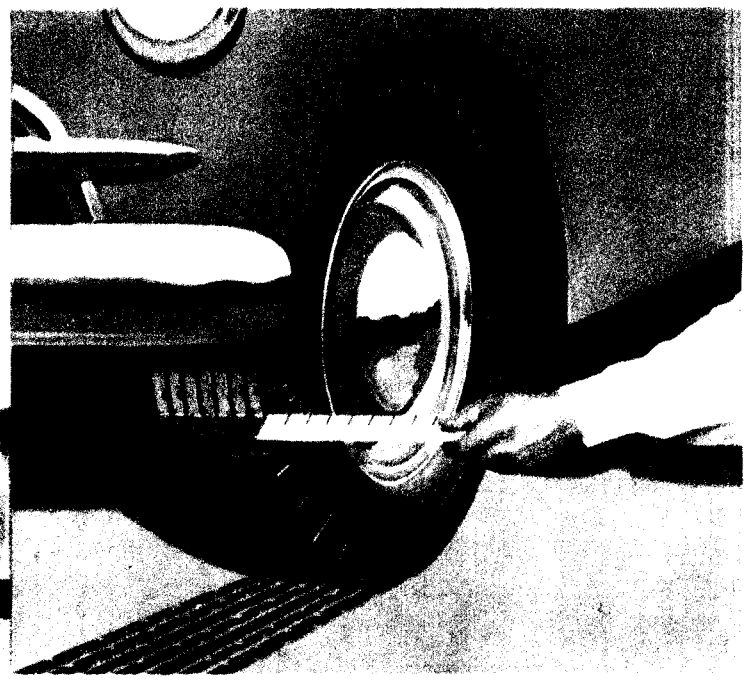
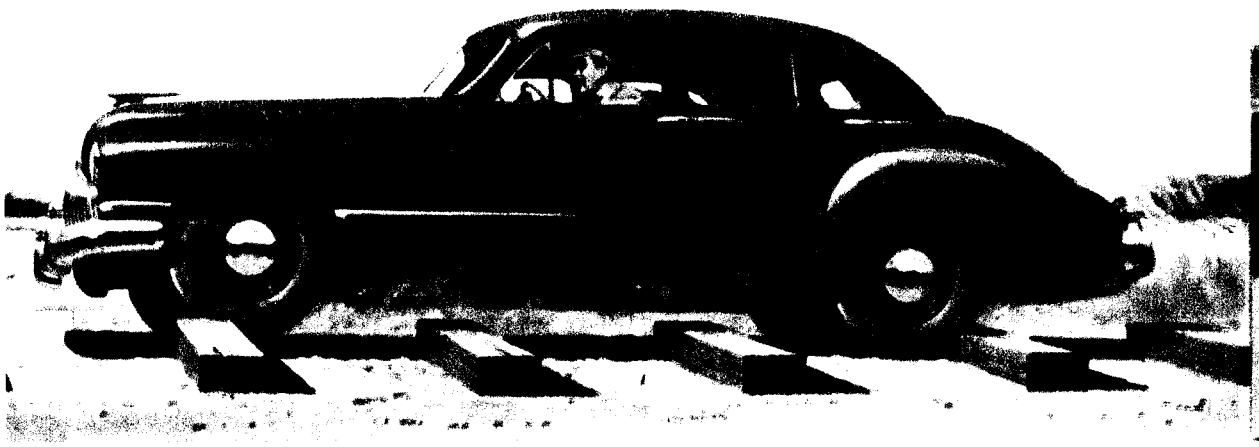
How much punishment can an Atlas Tire take?



1. This torture machine puts tires through more grueling punishment than you ever would. Results confirm our exhaustive road tests in which Atlas gave the longest mileage among the 5 leading tire brands.





2. Railroad-tie test demonstrates that Atlas takes rough wear. Both Atlas Grip-Safe* and low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires contain the new "cold" rubber and special abrasion-resistant carbon black.

3. Wide, flat Atlas tread puts more rubber on the road for greater mileage and anti-skid safety.

Atlas Butyl Tubes hold air up to times longer than rubber. Also have eater tear-and heat-resistance.

5. The broad Warranty on Atlas Tires is honored 7 days a week by 38,000 dealers in the U. S. It's honored in Canada, too.

6. See your local Atlas dealer for outstanding value.

No Greater Service Anywhere

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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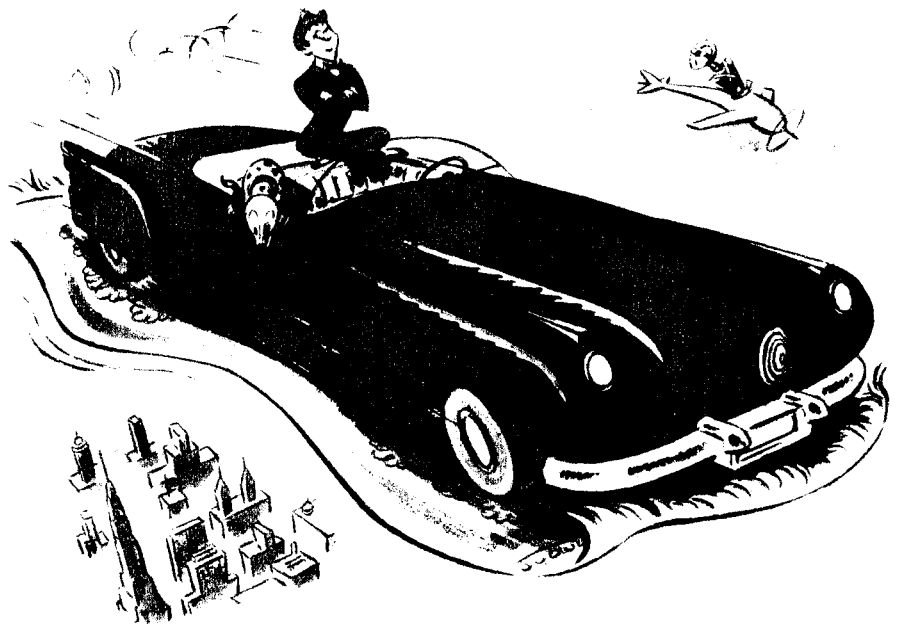
If your car feels like *this*... it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

Tough, long-lasting *Marfak* is made to take road punishment for 1,000 miles and *more.* Chassis bearings and friction points are protected *all the way* because *Marfak* resists squeeze-out, wash-out and shock. You know *Marfak* "sticks around" because you feel it — in that "cushiony" driving ease you enjoy from one lube job to the next. Ask for *Marfak* lubrication today at your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

BO BROWN

In Torquay, England, recently, the United Kingdom Bartenders' Guild held its first contest to select the champion cocktail mixer of Europe. The entrants comprised 237 expert barmen from 11 countries who mixed a total of more than 1,000 drinks of their own invention. The ingredients used cost nearly $4,000 and consisted of 500 different kinds of liquor including such rare liqueurs as *Dansiger Goldwasser* which contains flecks of gold leaf. The prize-winning cocktail was the Chocolate Soldier which is made with equal parts of brandy, dry vermouth and *crème de cacao* and two dashes of orange bitters.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the most appalling crimes in World War II was crowded out of the news because it occurred only four days after the Allies had landed in Normandy. On the morning of June 10, 1944, about 150 Nazi soldiers in trucks arrived in Oradour, France, formed themselves into three groups and went off to carry out the orders of their commandant. Without a word of explanation, one group lined up and shot the 250 men inhabitants, another herded the 500 women, children and aged into the church, locked the doors and set fire to the building, while the third group burned down every home in the village. The next day the German commandant was asked why he had destroyed the innocent community of Oradour and murdered its entire population. And he, slightly embarrassed, replied that "he was sorry, he had made a mistake, it was the wrong town."

* * * * * * * * *

Probably the largest and heaviest work of art that moves automatically to display itself is The God of Peace, a statue of an Indian that stands in the concourse of the Ramsey County Court House in St. Paul, Minnesota. Made by Carl Milles and installed in 1936, this $75,000 onyx figure rotates on its base to the right and to the left, 66 degrees in each direction. It is three stories in height and weighs 60 tons.

* * * * * * * * *

On February 12, 1908, six automobiles left New York on a westward race to Paris. It was the longest run of its kind and the most grueling sports contest in history. The entries were three French cars (none of which finished), one German, one Italian and one American machine—a Thomas Flyer. The route led across the United States, Japan, Manchuria, Siberia, Russia, Poland and Germany. Among the difficulties encountered were breakdowns, blizzards, broken bridges, impassable roads, trackless wastes and the inability of the drivers, at times, to obtain fuel and other necessities. The German car arrived in Paris on July 26th, the American on July 30th and the Italian six weeks later. But as the Americans had been given a 15-day credit for obeying the rules and the Germans a 15-day debit for breaking them, the American car was declared the winner. Besides being carried over 8,000 miles of water, the Thomas Flyer had covered 13,400 land miles in the 168 days.

* * * * * * * * *

The mongoose, a 16-inch weasel-like animal, is a domesticated house pet in India because of its ability to kill even the largest snakes. In other parts of the Orient it is kept as a mouser because it likes to hunt and eat rats and mice. But the mongoose is banned by law from some countries, as it has been from the United States since 1902, owing to the situation brought about by its importation to Jamaica in the 1870s. To rid the sugar plantations of a plague of rats, several pairs of mongooses were brought there and they multiplied so rapidly that they soon wiped out the entire rodent population. The mongoose then turned for food to chickens and birds that preyed on insect pests. Consequently, these insects increased to such an extent that they began to damage the crops as much as the rats before them.

* * * * * * * * *

In the latter part of the 19th century, a rumor was circulated in the United States that electricity would be a miraculous healing agent if it could be applied to the human body. Charlatans soon capitalized on the story by flooding the market with phony articles that were supposed to generate electrical energy and cure any ailment from pinkeye to paralysis. Among these products were shoes, corsets, belts, finger rings and adhesive plasters. Most incredible of all was a liquid preparation known as "Electric Liniment."

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Lady Borden Ice Cream comes to you *fresh as it's frozen*, ready to dip out of its distinctive Burgundy-colored package. You'll find it featured at Borden's Ice Cream dealers'.

Portrait of a new and wonderful ice cream by Borden

Lady Borden Ice Cream

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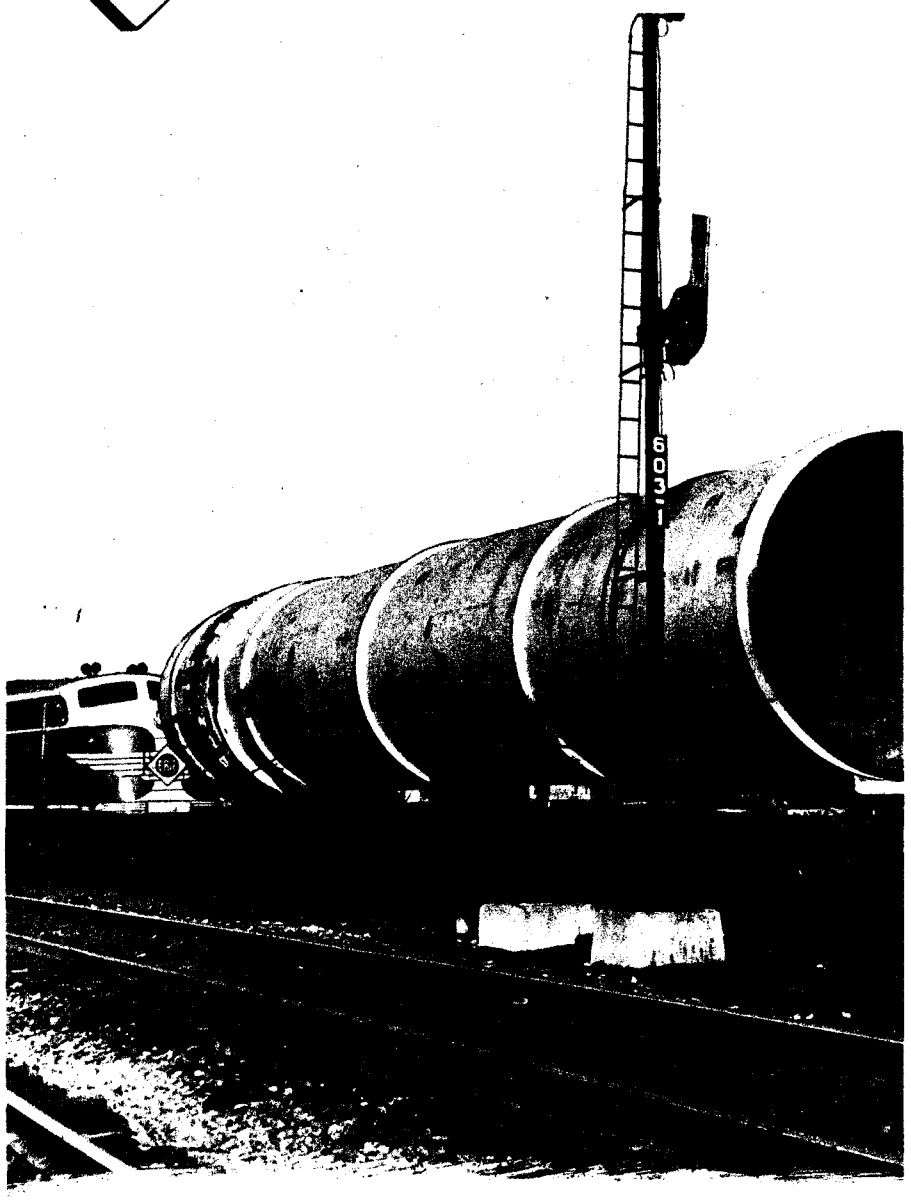
ERIE . . . Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading



Why the big ones come our way

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This advantage, along with the Erie's famed heavy-duty roadbed, explains why so many oversize shipments are routed over the Erie—the railroad with a fine record of service in the safe, dependable transportation of both passengers and freight!

Erie Railroad

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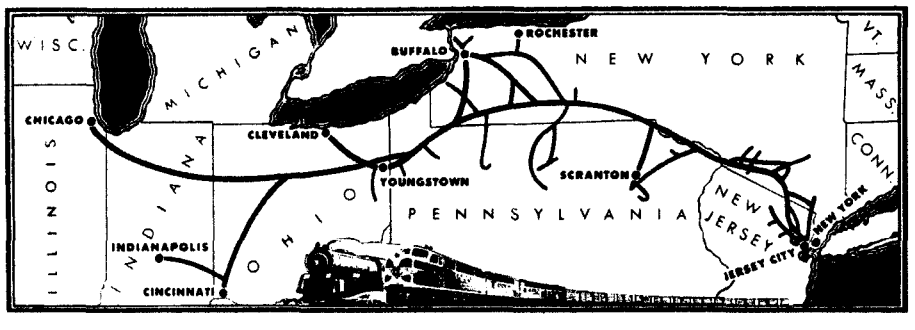
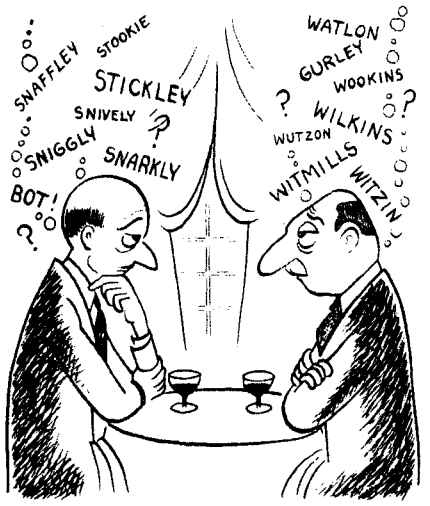


The Face is Familiar

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

If you can't remember names, don't worry, pal. Nobody else does



CHARLES E. MARTIN

I'VE just been through another of those fiascoes that happen to a man (me) who can't catch the name of anybody to whom he's introduced and who can't remember the name if he does hear it. But today, in the company of a couple of other guys similarly afflicted, I came out ahead and some of my old confidence has returned.

I could tell any psychiatrist that my trouble dates back to my late teens when I was once invited, by a girl I knew, to an Atlantic City Yacht Club dance. When I called for her at her home I was introduced to her school roommate, whose name I forgot in 18 seconds. An hour later the boy who was supposed to have taken my girl's roommate to the dance phoned and said he'd sprained his ankle, so my hostess pleaded a sudden headache, handed me two admission tickets and asked me please to depart with her school friend. I did.

All went well for half an hour, then the music stopped abruptly and left us in the middle of the floor next to a couple I knew vaguely. After some idle chatter during which I tried desperately to remember some names—any names—the guy I was talking to came out point-blank and demanded an introduction. I gulped, blushed, turned to the girl and blurted my confession. She gave me a justifiably horrible look and said, "Miss Winslow."

I think we shuffled through one more listless dance (wishing we were somewhere else, preferably in solitary confinement) before I drove Miss Winslow miserably home. I hope she happens to read this. Although I haven't seen her since, her name is forever branded in my brain, and any apology I might make would be 27 years too late.

That experience atrophied every effort I've made since (until today) to still the panic that arises whenever I've been faced with the task of introducing somebody to somebody else. It was with me during college where I couldn't introduce my own fraternity brothers to visitors; it was still with me when I moved my then bride into an apartment house I'd occupied for two years and found myself unable to introduce her to neighbors.

My understanding mate caught on fast. In the elevator, up or down the 16 floors that separated us from the lobby, my wife would stand in a corner and pretend she didn't know me, while I traded idiocies with somebody I'd known for two years but suddenly realized I didn't know at all except as the man with the red hair (Mr. Tauch or Torch) or the woman with the mole (Mrs. Kimberly or Timberman).

To get back to what I said in the beginning, I wandered into a favorite luncheon spot not more than two hours ago and was beckoned to a table by a Tom Bakeless (or is it Cakely?) and another man I'd never seen before.

"Hello, Garvey," said Tom to me. "Meet Bot Snarkly (I think he said). Bot, this is Garvey Wilkins."

All at once I began to feel better. We ordered lunch and made talk of sorts. Then Tom suddenly snapped his fingers and said, by George, he just remembered he was supposed to be having lunch with somebody else somewhere else and he was damned sorry and would we excuse him? Bot and I said, sure, sure, and Tom left.

So there we were. I was sitting with a man whom I couldn't address by name (after all, you can't just come out and call a man "Bot" or "Snarkly" unless you're sure) and he was sitting with (so far as he knew) a guy named Garvey Wilkins. I didn't care how he felt about the matter but there existed the awful possibility that one of my friends would drop by and require an introduction. It was this incipient crisis that inspired the Great Idea.

"What line are you in?" I inquired with as much interest as I could muster.

"I sell tarks and splankets for the Whizzdorn people," I thought I heard him say.

"Oh," I enthused. "Do you have a family?"

"Yes, sir," he cried, obviously glad we were on some common ground. "I just happen to have some new pictures here." He reached for his wallet, which was what I had planned, and opened it to exhibit some snapshots. I merely glanced at the revolting pictures. What I gave a long, squinting look-see was the name engraved inside the wallet. There it plainly was: ROBERT T. SNAGGLE.

At last, after all the years, I had the upper hand. And it paid off. A few minutes later a friend of Snaggle's wandered over and Snaggle introduced me as—uh—Gurvey Witmills. I didn't even hear the newcomer's name but it was nevertheless my moment.

"Glad to meet you," I said slowly and distinctly. "Any friend of Robert Snaggle is a friend of mine."

Snaggle seemed flabbergasted. "You're the first man," he said to me in awe, "who ever got my name right the first time. How do you do it?"

I waved a deprecating hand. "Just a matter of concentration," I said.

What I didn't add, however, was I gave up my campaign as of that moment to have names abolished and numbers sewed on coat lapels. From now on I'm simply going to assume everybody knows everybody else, and if I'm confronted with the necessity for an introduction I'm just going to have a terrific coughing fit and let the strangers work out the problem themselves. THE END

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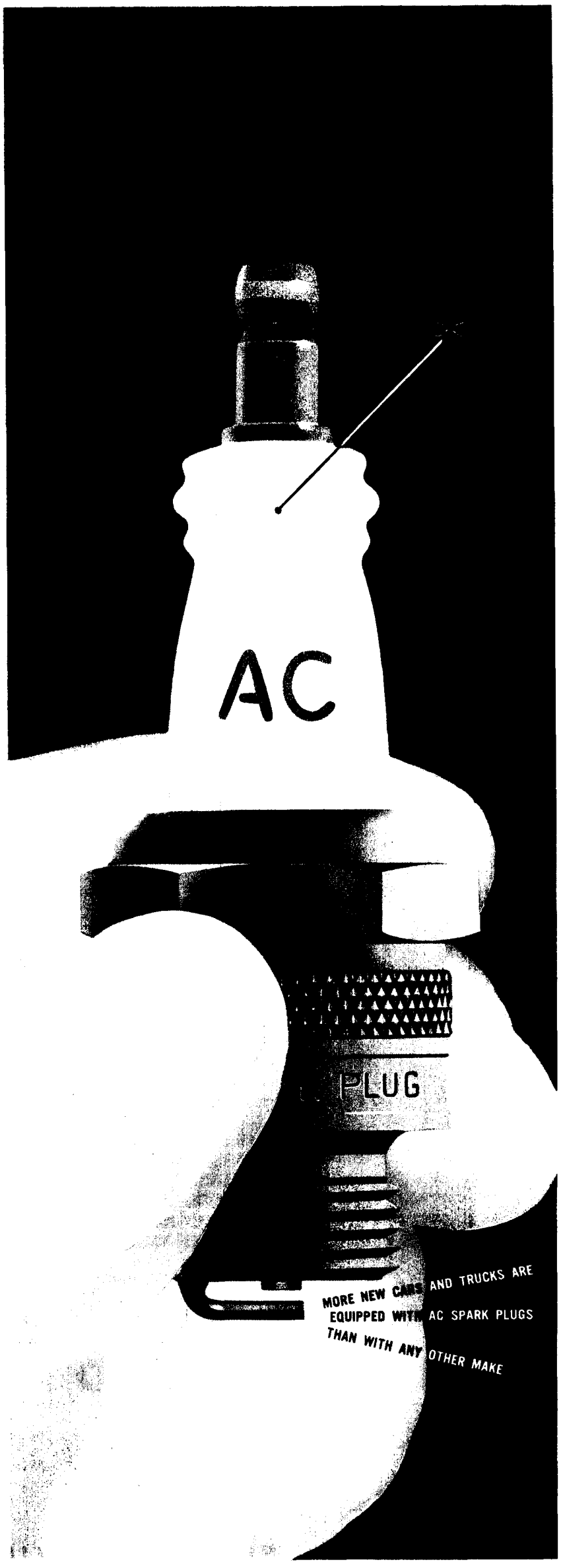

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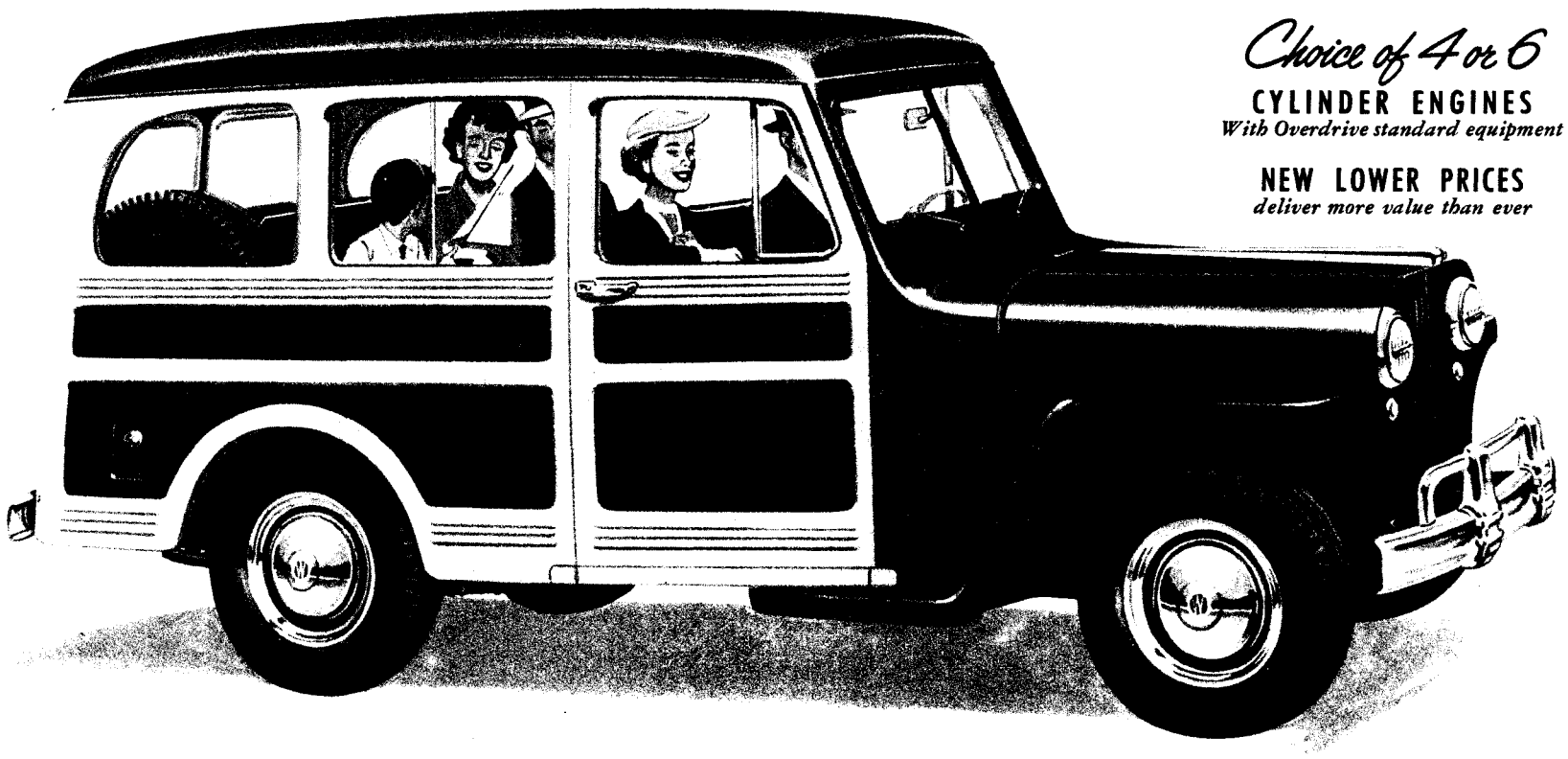

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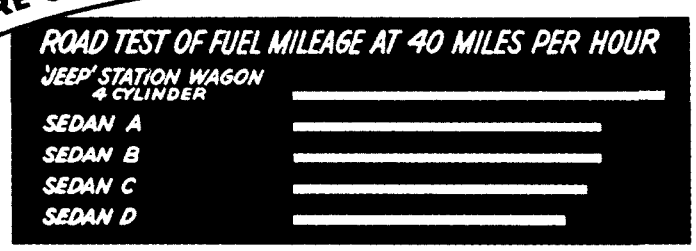
MORE GAS MILEAGE



In recent road tests, at 40 m.p.h., against four light, standard-model sedans, the 4-cylinder 'Jeep' Station Wagon gave 4½ to 7 more miles per gallon!

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Collier's
SEPTEMBER 3, 1949

Deadfall

By DONALD HAMILTON

Paul Wesson was not guilty of any crime against his country. But he had known the wrong girl once, and now he knew her again . . . Beginning a tense story of espionage and adventure

PART ONE OF THREE PARTS

TWO men were waiting in the alcove outside the main office when Paul Wesson came to work that morning. They had the brief cases and the neat, brushed, shave-shine-haircut-and-the-works look of salesmen, and he paid them no particular attention as he went past them and up the stairs. He had nothing against salesmen so long as they stayed out of the laboratory. He did not think of the two men again until an hour later, when Dr. Lowery, the chief chemist, came into the balance room where he was weighing out samples for analysis.

"Wes," Dr. Lowery said, beckoning, and abruptly Wesson realized who the men must have been. There was only one thing Doc would take him aside to tell him with just that expression on his good-natured, aging face.

He put the weights back into the box at his elbow, closed the box, and closed the glass front of the analytical balance. Dr. Lowery waited for him outside the door.

"Mr. French wants you in his office, boy. Better put your coat on."

Wesson saw the sympathy in the older man's eyes; and he did not have to ask the question and have it answered. He nodded, put his notebook away in his desk, and turned away, pulling off his acid-stained laboratory smock as he went into the locker room, which also served as reading room and reference library for the laboratory personnel.

The girl outside Mr. French's office downstairs said to go right in. Inside, Mr. French was waiting behind the big executive's desk. There was no friendliness or sympathy in his curt greeting. He did not ask Wesson to sit down. The two men Wesson had seen earlier were sitting side by side on the maroon leather sofa under the photomural that showed the building in which they were, as it had looked when the sign ZENITH PETROLEUM CORPORATION across the front was bright and new.

As the door closed automatically behind him, shutting out the sound of the typewriters in the outer office, Wesson became vaguely aware of the steady vibration caused by the paddles turning in one of the big mixing kettles down in the plant; and he remembered that he was supposed to be there when they shot the steam to it to bring the temperature up: Nobody in the plant seemed capable of learning to

The man did not get his hand back in time. The rod whined, and slashed down on his wrist

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read a thermometer. But the attitude of the heavy, well-dressed man behind the desk told him that it was not going to be any of Paul Wesson's business if this or any subsequent mix got overheated.

Wesson looked away from Mr. French to the two men on the sofa, regarding them with some curiosity. They always had the same look—when you looked closely—of trained competence. He had missed it this morning only because, after two years, he had no longer been watching for it. He wondered what happened if you kicked one in the face. Alcatraz, probably.

You would think there would be some kind of statute of limitations on damn-foolishness, he thought bitterly. You would think that six desperate months of trying to find another job after being discharged from a government laboratory for keeping the wrong company, and a year and a half of hard work at the one he finally did land, would entitle a man to the right to kick himself in private for being a sucker for a girl with red-gold hair. . . .

THE men began to ask their questions. He said he had no idea where Marilyn George was. He said he had not seen her, or heard from her, since the day she had vanished, two years before, in Washington, D.C. He said he had no reason to think she was here in Chicago. Nobody in the room, he could see, believed him.

Then Mr. French took over, clearing his throat and saying heavily that he wanted to be fair; if there was any mistake here, he wanted to know about it. Otherwise, Wesson could understand that the company would not be needing his services after today.

"But I didn't know—"

He checked himself. Mr. French did not have a romantic nature. No reason you could offer for having, even unknowingly, associated with the wrong people, would be good enough for Mr. French. There were plenty of eager, stainless young chemists to be hired; there was no need for anybody to risk employing one who'd played around with a girl now wanted by the F.B.I. Mr. French clearly felt that there was no percentage in having people around who had been exposed to smallpox, leprosy, or sedition, even if they showed no immediate signs of breaking out in spots. . . .

Upstairs again, he found the door to the chief chemist's office open, and walked in. Jane Collis, Doc's secretary, was standing by the desk. Wesson looked at her a little blankly, as if he had never seen her before. She was a small girl with medium-to-dark brown hair, a nice mouth, and glasses which she wore without apology so that after a while you forgot about them until she reminded you by having to wipe them, laughing, after you had kissed her. Well, it was tough about that, he thought.

A shiny quart sample can was her immediate reason for being there—Doc liked to pass on all customer's samples before Janie typed up the labels—but from the way the two of them had looked up when he entered, Wesson knew they had been talking about him, waiting for him to return. He had told Dr. Lowery the truth when he applied for the job here, and had told Janie after he had started seeing her, off and on, in the evenings—long before he had bought her the ring that she was still not wearing by the terms of the agreement between them. The secrecy had been his condition, not hers. He was glad of it; it made him all square here if he could keep them from going out on a limb for him now.

Feeling their eyes on him, he grimaced and made a gesture as of a knife across his throat. You had to take these things with an air. A sense of humor was supposed to help.

"Oh, no!" Jane said softly.

Dr. Lowery asked, "Did French—"

"My services are no longer required."

"I'll talk to him, Wes," the older man said. "For one thing, I'm supposed to do the hiring and firing up here in the laboratory—"

Wesson said, "Never mind, Doc."

There was a short silence. Then Jane asked, "But what did those men want, anyway? Why can't they leave you alone?"

Wesson shrugged. "I don't know. Routine checkup, I suppose."

"After two years?" Dr. Lowery frowned. "It seems a little unreasonable. You haven't . . . done anything that might—?" He broke off, rather embarrassed.

"I haven't seen her or heard from her," Wesson said, grinning abruptly as he understood what the older man was driving at. "Honest, Doc. I've been good; that's what hurts."

Dr. Lowery said, "I wasn't doubting you, boy. I mean, she might have tried to get in touch with you, or written you; that wouldn't be your fault. I just want to know the exact situation, so I know what to tell French when I see him. Maybe you'd better tell me the whole story from the beginning; I never asked you for the details. Just who was this girl you were mixed up with, anyway?"

WESSON glanced at the girl by the desk; it was always a little uncomfortable to discuss one girl in front of another. "I don't really know," he said. "She called herself Marilyn George, but I gathered later that wasn't her real name. She worked in a government office in Washington. One day I had to get some stuff from that office for the lady where I was working; and she happened to be the one who looked it up for me. It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship." He made a wry face. "I saw quite a bit of her for a while; enough that I had a hell of a time later proving I hadn't slipped her any confidential information from the lab. I never did prove it; how can you prove a thing like that? They just couldn't prove I had, so I wasn't arrested, but of course, they fired me on general principles. I had lots of company; apparently she'd had a collection of boy friends in strategic places, and some of them had made substantial contributions. That was proved. Naturally they wanted her testimony badly, but she got away from them."

Jane asked, "But didn't you suspect—?" and then broke off, coloring a little. They had never talked about it. It was just something he had told her because she had a right to know it; but he had let her know he did not want to talk about it. "I mean," she said awkwardly, "a person like that . . ."

"She wasn't any kind of person you'd think," he said. "She was just, well, a nice-looking kid with kind of reddish hair. She never asked me to tell her anything. If she had, I'd have told her to go jump in the Potomac." After a moment he went on, "Of course she had some half-baked political notions, but who the hell worries about—I mean, we didn't talk politics much."

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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"Please?" she said, holding her cigarette steady in front of him. He said, "Certainly," and lighted it for her. His heart pounded as he turned back to the bar

The older man suppressed a chuckle. "Well, that's not important right now," he reminded them. "Let's remember that French has a valid point: It doesn't help the company any for the F.B.I. to be nosing around. But if Wes can show them—You haven't been associating with anybody else who might have attracted their interest? You haven't joined any organizations, or gone to any meetings?"

Wesson said, "Damn it, I've never joined a political organization in my life, Doc. Before, I was too busy earning my way through college, and then fighting the war after a fashion, to pay any attention to that stuff. And do you think I'd be fool enough *now* to get near any kind of radical outfit, even if I wanted to, which I don't? I mean, I hope I have a few brains, even though they don't always show." He grinned at them without amusement. "If I've been associating with any subversive characters they're right here at Zenith, Doc."

"What do you mean?" Dr. Lowery asked sharply, startled.

Wesson was taken aback by the realization that, in his position, he could not afford to make such remarks, even jokingly.

"I'm sorry, I was kidding," he said. "I just meant that everybody I know in Chicago, except for my landlady and a couple of bartenders, is right here in this building." After a moment, he said, "If nobody minds, I'd like to go look up those bartenders."

Dr. Lowery said, "Well, maybe it would be a good idea if you took the rest of the day off. I'll talk to French after lunch." Then he went on argumentatively, "It isn't as if he could claim you were dangerous here. Even if you *were* working with those people, what harm could you do here? We haven't any secrets that a good chemist couldn't learn in two days by analyzing stuff he can buy on the market. French certainly can't think you're going to blow up the place. When he calms down a little—"

Wesson saw Jane Collis's *(Continued on page 60)*

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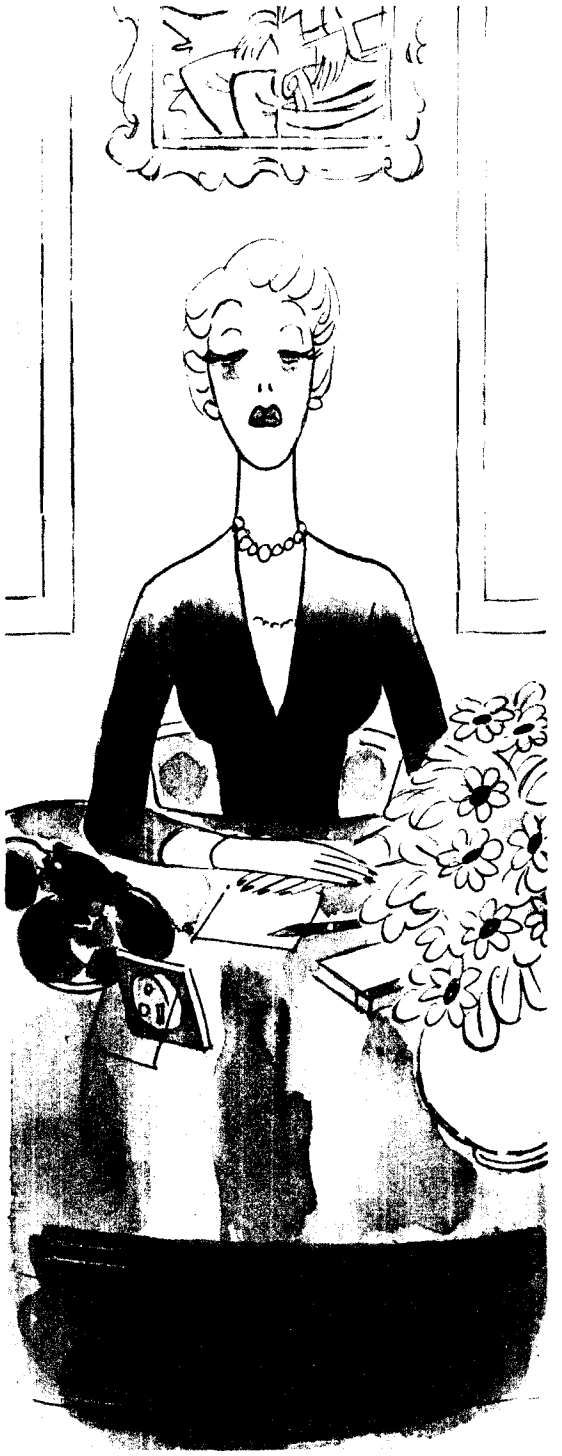
Literary Adviser—You dash off witty notes that help the publisher guess on manuscripts



Receptionist—In this job you will meet many important men. You can pick the very best

Teaching—Here is the worst market for your charms, a poor risk if you fancy a high-paid husband

GOOD J 3S *for*

WORK, as you know, is unnatural. Look at the animal kingdom. Ask yourself if its highest creatures are the busy bees and the industrious ants. Bees and ants work hard all day, and what do they get for it?

Such higher animals as the purring pussy by the fireside or the well-fed spaniel on the sofa have long ago learned how to live luxuriously without work. And so can you.

Look around you carefully, and you will agree that only one of the higher animals is willing to spend his life at hard labor.

That animal is Man—not Woman, of course.

Intelligent women have discovered that there are far better things to do with their time than waste it in drudgery.

This is written for girls on the eve of their careers. Here are a number of jobs. Merely select the one that seems least unpleasant to you. All have great drawbacks, of course, otherwise the men in charge would be trampled to death by the crowds of women rushing to work for them.

But every business or professional career can be short for an attractive girl. Perhaps only a few months, perhaps even less than that. No feminine nervous system is strong enough to resist the ravages of paid work over many long years. There is a higher career, one in which you never get exhausted, never get out of bed one moment before you please, and never lack money to buy anything that strikes your fancy. This career is marriage. But it must be marriage to a man who enjoys gratifying your every whim, and who always has the funds necessary for this good purpose.

Secretarial Work

Alone all day with an important man!

That is the alluring picture of the private secretary's life, as painted in the catalogues of the secretarial schools.

Actually, it is the smallest part of what can happen to a girl who understands this kind of work. For if you know how to captivate and control high executives (including company presidents) your fortune is immediately made.

You will move very soon from your typewriter to the altar, and from the altar to the big house at Oyster Bay or Palm Springs, the triplex apartment on Park Avenue, or wherever else you want to make your home.

Don't make the common (and fatal) mistake of letting the Boss choose you. Choose *him!* The supply of lonely top executives who sadly need the services of attractive and capable girls is absolutely inexhaustible.

Let the Boss see at a glance how much happier he will be with you than with any other girl in the office.

Of course, you will first select him carefully for such qualities as looks, kindness, size of income, sobriety, freedom from marital entanglements. . . . Surely *you* know what you want in a man.

If you and he like each other at first sight, nothing else matters. You will quickly find yourself sharing his luxurious private office. And then?

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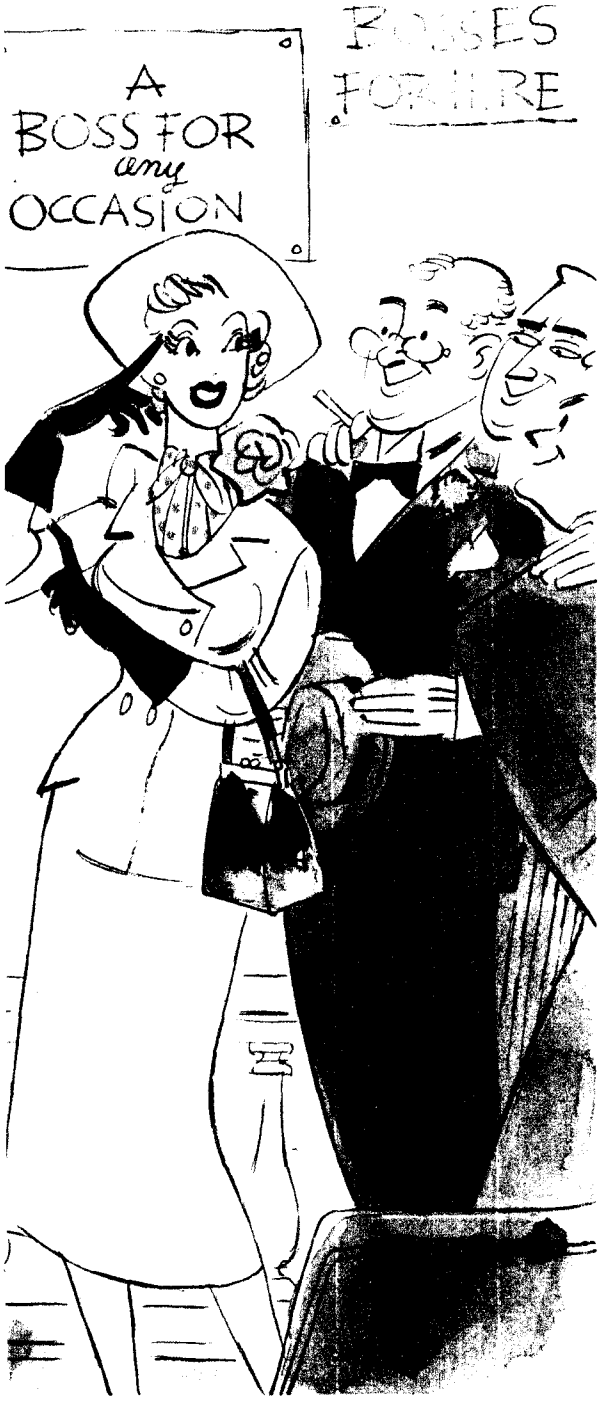

Secretarial Work—If you know how to control executives your fortune is immediately made

Science—For the quiet type. You sit in a lab instead of a lap and worry about cosykomesterol

Salesgirl—Nice work but being a millionaire's wife is easier. Use tact and patience

GOOD JOBS FOR GOOD GIRLS

By HARFORD POWEL

What a wonderful new world opens up to you!

The bigger the Big Boss is, the more he will seem to you, in his private office, just a great, big, blundering boy.

The more celebrated he is in his work, the fewer practical things he will be able to do. You will find yourself playing nursemaid, doctor, confidante, and psychiatric nurse to this important and, let us hope, heart-free man. Soon you discover how much practical help and spiritual uplift a beautiful, young girl can give to a weary, older man.

Receptionist

In such a popular job as that of receptionist, you will meet many important men.

Wedding bells have almost started to ring for you as soon as you are properly performing the duties of this position.

As a receptionist (or deceptionist, if you prefer), you must *never* laugh at a man. His eyes may pop. He may flush lobster-red, merely because he is kept waiting. But be tactful. If wealthy, he has high blood pressure and a high idea of the value of his time. He demands to see the manager in tones which suggest that he wishes to tear that manager limb from limb.

But no man is ever too furious to strike up a conversation with a beautiful, responsive young girl.

As an office receptionist you can always delight any male caller merely by remembering his face, his name, and the man he hopes to see. His delight will ripen fast into admiration, and admiration is an imperceptible distance from love.

Be truly grateful if destiny calls you to be a receptionist or hostess. This is your chance to learn all that is best and worst in masculine nature. And you earn while you learn! Simply select a popular pitch, and be as careful about clothes, make-up, perfume, and manners as if you, not the company's products or services, were on sale.

And why not?

You will have so many offers that you should tarry, not marry, until you have picked the very best.

Some married women have been heard to say that the best is none too good.

Dietitian

Is the way to a man's heart through his stomach?

You can test the adage by becoming a Dietitian. Or, if you need a little money, a Nutritionist.

The longer and fancier the name of your job, the more you can charge for your services.

Where is it best to start? Try a hospital.

The patients cannot walk out on you. And indeed, they cling to life so desperately that they will eat almost anything you may dump on their trays.

Doctors are soft touches, too. The average doctor is a needy, pallid, little man, so distracted that he will actually smack his *(Continued on page 56)*

Good Jobs for Good Girls is taken from Harford Powel's book of the same title which Vanguard Press will publish September 14th.

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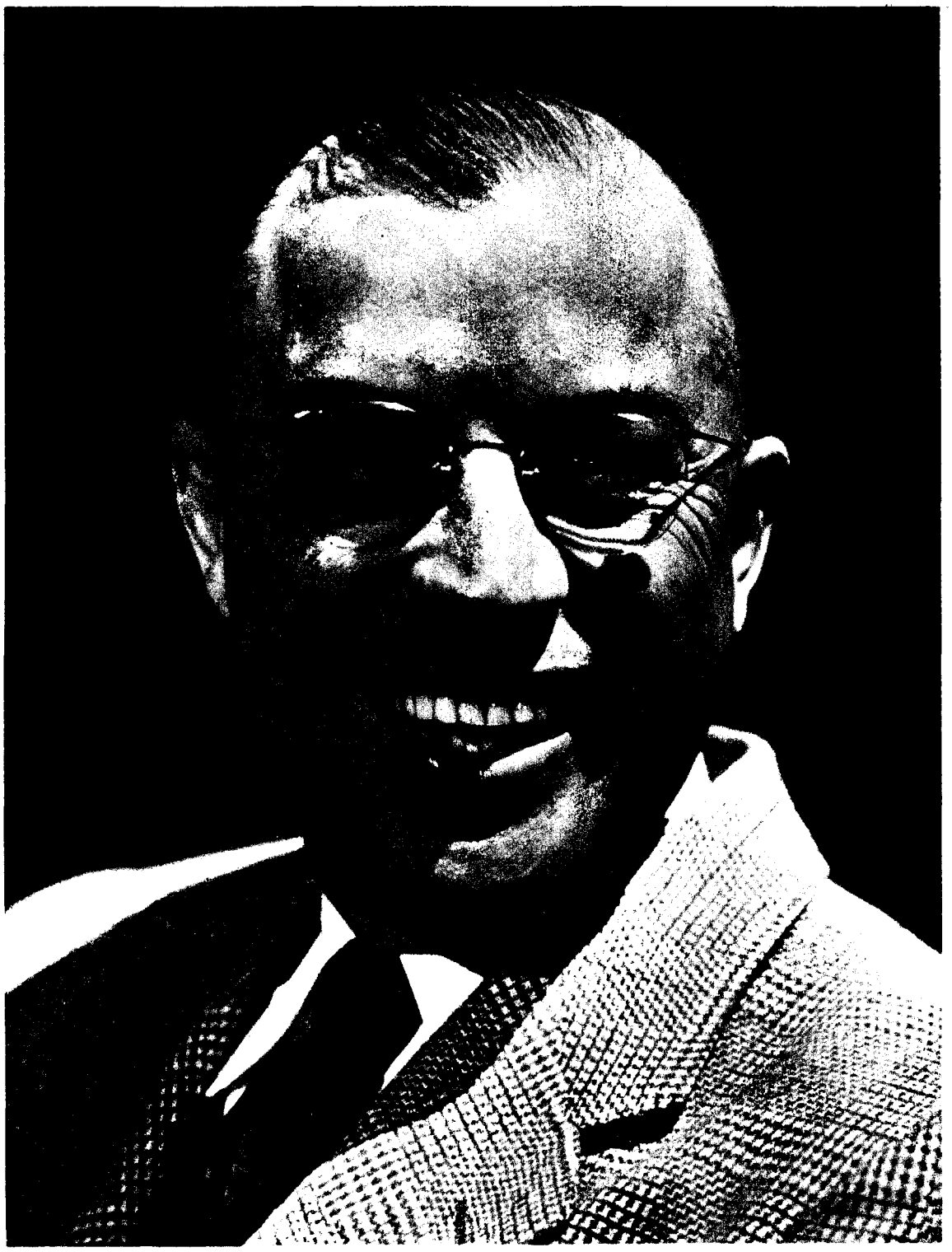

Another Eisenhower

By HOLMES ALEXANDER

Milton Eisenhower is heading straight up. In Kansas they'll give you odds that he'll be the next governor, then the Sunflower State's U.S. Senator, and after that?

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

IT IS a sporty, long-distance bet that Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, president of Kansas State College and General Ike's youngest brother, will be elected governor of Kansas in 1950. If you want to parlay the wager over a period of years, lay the money this way:

Milton Eisenhower will succeed Governor Frank Carlson, who will in turn succeed seventy-seven-year-old Clyde M. Reed in the U.S. Senate. After serving the traditional limit of two 2-year terms as governor, Eisenhower will replace Andrew F. Schoeppel, Kansas' junior U.S. Senator, who is expected to retire gracefully.

If you prefer to hedge possible losses by betting on a sure thing, here it is:

The name of Milton Eisenhower (he's only fifty) will be industriously tossed around during the next two Presidential seasons as a progressive Republican.

Milton Eisenhower was a prominent, popular figure in Washington—he was, among other things, a trouble shooter for Franklin D. Roosevelt long before most capital correspondents ever heard of his brother Ike. Yet the meteoric rise of the general was so bright that the soldier got all the attention in the crazy political year of 1948. Everybody knows by now that Ike had influential support for the Presidential nomination on both major tickets. It is hardly known at all that Milton could have had the Republican and the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator in Kansas.

At the invitation of retiring Senator Arthur Capper and former Governor Alf Landon, Eisenhower drove to Topeka in the summer of '48. He was offered their backing for the Republican nomination. Shortly afterward he was propositioned by H. J. (Jimmy) Yount, C.I.O. secretary-treasurer, who wanted him to run as a Democrat and promised farmer-labor support. Eisenhower preferred to continue his work at Kansas State and in the United Nation's Educational, Social and Cultural Organization.

Will his attitude be different in 1950? He has no comment at this stage. He doesn't have to have any. Despite some cynicism on the subject there are cases where the office seeks the man. The office of governor is now quietly stalking Eisenhower in the guise of Kansas State College alumni, farm and livestock leaders, wide-awake internationalist organizations, the state's most influential newspapers and the dominant Republican powers.

The last mentioned are scrupulously off-record, but I can state as a fact that an Eisenhower boom will not be opposed by the present governor or the two U.S. Senators. Also I have it from Political Action Committee sources in Washington that the C.I.O. will probably endorse him, regardless of party label. Obviously the Eisenhower candidacy can quickly move from a state of no-comment to no-contest.

Whatever greatness finally comes to Milton Eisenhower it cannot be said to have been thrust upon him by circumstance or lucky accident. Milton is a self-made success, a lifelong battler against subjective handicaps. Back in the early 1920s his professors at Kansas State saw him as an intense, industrious youth who was likely to succeed on effort alone. His fellow students considered him slightly on the aesthetic side—a grind, an academic glory hunter, a teacher's pet. He was no forceful character and never very popular.

Neither the faculty nor the students at Manhattan, the town where the college is located, seemed aware of the inner struggle which the boy's ambitious spirit was waging against his self-doubt, his supersensitiveness and—most formidable of all—his near mediocrity of mind and talent. Many of them were greatly surprised when he arrived at the top as a college president.

A psychiatrist would find plenty of significance in the facts of his youth. Milton was born in Abilene, Kansas, on September 15, 1899, the baby of a family which had already produced five muscular, fist-fighting brothers. His parents had hoped for a

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daughter and they made the cruel mistake of treating Milton like one. They let his hair grow long and kept it in curls until he was old enough to be aware of a "difference" between himself and other boys—a quality he betrayed as late as his college days.

Nature, conspiring with his parents, made him a weak, semiafflicted child. At four he came down with a nearly fatal case of scarlet fever. His mother and his brother Earl, quarantined with him in a single room, nursed him through the illness, but he remained frail and feeble for many years and the disease affected his eyesight. There were times at college when fellow students had to read his assignments to him. He still wears specially designed glasses, carries a slight squint and has a nervous tic in the left eye.

For the rest, Eisenhower's physical appearance, now as then, is inconspicuously average. In height, weight, posture and mannerism he is a man who fades into the crowd. Like a live wire, his forcefulness and authority are not noticeable except upon personal contact.

In a well-off family Milton might have been pampered entirely out of following a career. Luckily for him the Eisenhowers were bone poor. Hard necessities took him out of the home and toughened his fiber. He tells now how he always worked an hour before school and two hours afterward, and then did a nine-to-nine stint on Saturdays in a country store for four dollars pay.

Parents Were Mennonites

Milton's father, a Mennonite from Pennsylvania Dutch stock, was an intellectual dreamer. Able to read Latin, Greek and German fluently, he found those tongues of little use in storekeeping and went broke. In Milton's youth he made a poor living as a mechanic in a creamery. Friends of the family say that the father had the brains and the mother the brawn. Although her family had come to Kansas via Virginia, Ida Elizabeth Stover was of the same Mennonite Germanic strain as her husband, but she was a much more practical person. Until her death in 1946 she was the source and touchstone of her youngest son's vigor.

Because of his frailness this vigor had to be expressed in mental attainments—in music, writing and public speaking. Against the background of poverty, illness, subjectiveness and intellectual bents, those could have joined to form a repetition of the familiar pattern of the child genius. Only one element was lacking—the divine spark of superior ability.

Milton first entered Kansas State in 1918 as a cadet in the Students Army Training Corps, but left shortly after the Armistice in November. Returning as a freshman the next year, he thumped out classics on the piano only well enough to annoy his fraternity brothers who kept egging him to play ragtime. As a writer he turned out no juvenile masterpieces; instead he became editor of the campus semiweekly and the college literary magazine. He helped pay his tuition by writing for farm journals, the daily papers in Manhattan and Abilene and commercial house organs around the state.

He went in big for public speaking, not as an evangelist like his paternal grandfather but as a contest orator. He was possibly the best the Middle-West colleges had produced since William Jennings Bryan, who had starred for Illinois College 40 years earlier.

Although they did not carry him to genius, writing and speaking were the stirrups on which Milton Eisenhower rode to early success. When his mother's illness caused him to drop out of college during the 1919-20 term, he became a reporter for the Abilene Reflector. Charles Moreau Harger, its publisher, liked his work so well he made him city editor and held out even bigger promises. With a future that looked so promising Milton had some doubts about returning to college, so he went over to Manhattan and consulted *(Continued on page 57)*

The president of Kansas State College and his family pose for a vacation picture that would delight the heart of any campaign manager. From left to right: Ruth, 11, Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower and Milton, Jr., 18

General Ike in the bow and Milton in the stern fish together at Minocqua, Wisconsin. Milton had been a successful Washington administrator for about 17 years when Ike's rise overshadowed him for a while

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CHARLES HAWES

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A Young Man TRAPPED

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Even a long-suffering suitor like Walter has his breaking point. And one day—with the unwelcome help of three fiendish kids—he reached it

I HADN'T seen Betty in four days and you can never tell about a girl; in four days she might have changed her mind. Maybe by this time she loved me madly, passionately, but I wouldn't have bet thirty cents on the deal.

I went in the back door and there was a commotion in the kitchen. A blur went past me. It bore a vague resemblance to a small boy and it was followed by Betty. She was very decorative when she was stretched out in an easy chair or curled up on the davenport. But as she went around the corner she looked like she was trying to catch the last bus for home. She had one shoe on and the other clutched in her right hand.

She stopped when she saw me. "Oh, hello, Walter," she said. She blushed and put the shoe back on. "I was trying to persuade Leonard to go to bed," she said.

Suddenly Leonard came around again and bumped into me. Betty's mother came into the kitchen and gave me a big smile because she was on my side. She and Mr. Forbes were always telling Betty how steady and reliable I was. That was no recommendation to Betty. They might as well have told her I had leprosy, but they meant well.

"Leonard is my niece's child," Mrs. Forbes said. "There are a couple more around somewhere. Betty was going to tuck them in."

There was some scuffling in the dining room and two small girls appeared in the doorway. I got a hammer lock on Leonard, and Betty brought the girls upstairs. I held Leonard with one hand, undressed him with the other, and Betty took care of the other two. We got them all tucked in eventually, after I had pulled Leonard out from under the bed twice, and Betty had given the girls so many drinks of water you would have thought they were camels ending a nine-day desert journey.

Betty and I went downstairs and sat on the couch, our favorite spot each Friday night.

"I wasn't really going to brain Leonard with that shoe," Betty said. "Although I wanted to. You were very good with him, Walter."

Betty smiled at me. She was glad to have me around, but she was glad to have Mr. Cadwallader around, too, and he happened to be an Airedale.

The trouble with Betty and me was that I lived down the block. She knew me too well. I'd started carrying her books to school when we were in the eighth grade, and I made my original proposal the night I took her to her first formal. It had been going on ever since—no hits, no runs, no errors.

Friday night we usually went to the movies. I asked her and Betty said, "Do you mind if we don't tonight? We're going up to the lake tomorrow. I've got to pack the car."

"Start loading me up," I said. "Is Fred still up there?"

Fred Alstyne was new in town. While I hadn't made headway with Betty, I had discouraged a lot of local competition over the years. Fred was the latest.

I took off my coat, and half an hour later the back of the car was piled high with things to take to the cottage. Betty and I came back inside and resumed our sparring positions on the couch.

Someone coughed upstairs and then stamped heavily on the top steps. Betty's mother, who weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, came downstairs sounding like an elephant.

"You don't have to do that, Mrs. Forbes," I said. "I wish you did, but you don't."

"I wish I did, too," Mrs. Forbes said. "We've had a trying day, Walter. Those children!" She raised her hands. "I'm taking them up to the cottage because it's more indestructible than this house. Betty and I will go up in my car and Mr. Forbes will take the children in his coupé. He's on a business trip—he'll be getting home late tonight."

The phone rang at that point and Mrs. Forbes went into the hall to take it. I heard her sputtering and then she hung up and came back to the living room.

"Your father!" she said to Betty. "He's not coming home tonight. He has to stay over—so he says—and he's going to drive up to the cottage tomorrow without coming home. It's a put-up job. He doesn't want to drive Ann's children to the lake, the coward!"

"But the car's packed to the gills," Betty protested. "We can't tie them on the top."

"I'll come over in the morning," I said, "and take them up in my car."

Mrs. Forbes thought it would be a wonderful idea if I would promise to stay over the week end. Betty murmured in a weak sort of voice that she thought it was wonderful too. She didn't sound as though she meant it. When her mother went upstairs, Betty turned to me. Her eyes were soft and tender, and she put a hand on my arm.

"Walter," she said, "I'd love to have you come, but I have a date with Fred. He's taking me to a dance tomorrow night. I know how you feel when I go with Fred. You're the sweetest boy I've ever known, and I hate to hurt you."

"I've built up a lot of scar tissue by now," I said.

Usually on Friday nights I proposed to Betty. This time I decided not to propose. I said that in view of the trip ahead of us the next day we'd both better get to bed early.

She went to the door with me. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me. She looked as though she wished she could fall in love with me. Sometimes I had a notion that in the year 2,000 I'd come in tripping over my beard, and Betty would peer at me over her glasses and say in a cracked treble that she wished she felt differently about me. She loved me, but like a sister.

I CAME back at eight the next morning and Betty took me aside.

"We'll see you in the afternoon sometime," she said. It was a trip of about one hundred and fifty miles. "We'll have this afternoon," she said. "Fred won't call for me until about eight o'clock. We'll have a few hours."

She smiled at me and squeezed my hand. I helped them lock up the house and we started off in tandem formation. I was trailing Betty and her mother. I had the three children sitting in a row on the back seat. We had gone four blocks when something hit me on the back of the head and knocked my hat over my eyes. I saw a truck coming at me and I got over to the right, driving blind, and rammed into the curb just as I jammed on the brakes. I took my hat off and turned around. The three kids were sitting up ramrod straight. They didn't say a word.

Finally the boy spoke. "I'm sorry, mister," he piped up. "I meant to hit my sister."

"Well, be careful," I said. "I have to get you at the cottage in one piece."

I started up again. I had just left town and was starting to roll when someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was the boy.

"Parm me," he said politely, "but I have to go to the bathroom."

I pulled into the next gas station and told the attendant I didn't want any gas.

"How about you, girls?" I *(Continued on page 44)*

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She was frozen by a voice that said, "What you doin' here?" She saw it was Jeff Dupres, the deputy sheriff

Monday Come Home

By JOHN ANDREW RICE

She was a hunted outcast with a price on her head. The reward was only twenty-five dollars—and Razor Belle knew she was worth more than that

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT J. LEE

WHEN she reached the edge of the swamp, the woman dropped the heavy feed sack and heaved her huge body onto a lightwood stump. She sat for a while, letting drops of sweat fall unheeded from brow to cheeks; then, with a sudden swift motion, she wiped the sweat from her forehead with a fold of her apron and began to fan herself. Her broad hand flashed back and forth, showing now bright yellow, now sooty black; but at a sound coming from the field she stopped, holding her hand suspended in mid-motion, turned her head cautiously and looked along the way she had come. The broom sedge of the barren field was rising slowly, stalk by stalk, and effacing the path she had made. That was the sound she had heard. She began to fan herself again.

She looked down at the stuffed feed sack that lay at her feet. At the bottom of the sack an area of spreading grease brought forth a grunt of satisfaction. That was butts meat, a slab of salt pork big enough to last two weeks, or more, if she saved every drop of fat. Midway up the sack another, greater, treasure brought forth a deeper grunt and sent her left hand feeling into the pocket of her apron.

Ten feet away, the beginning of the swamp showed itself in a pool at the foot of a cypress tree—dark brown water the color of a glass of tea. Without removing her hand she slid down from the stump and, when she got to the water, eased her body onto her haunches and drew the razor from her pocket. For a moment she let it lie in her palm, then she opened it and began to wash off the reddish-brown stain from blade and handle, moving it through the water with gentleness and pride.

The stain came off readily, except at the joining of blade and handle, where she had to use the nail of her forefinger to gouge *(Continued on page 67)*

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A Russian to Keep Your Eye On

By A. M. ROSENTHAL

What Andrei Gromyko reports to the Kremlin about the United States may have important bearing on our relations with Red Russia. He is the man who interprets American thinking to the grim officials of the Soviet Union

IT WAS only six years ago that the name of Andrei Andreivitch Gromyko first appeared on the front page of an American newspaper. He had just been appointed Russian ambassador to the United States. He was thirty-four, boyish-looking and green. Forty now, he is the new number two man in the Soviet Foreign Office, has deep lines in his face and is credited with knowing more about the United States than any Russian in Moscow.

Since the day when the Russian radio announced laconically that a young chargé d'affaires in the Soviet Foreign Office would replace Maxim Litvinov, the name Gromyko has become familiar to every reading American. To the people of the United States, Gromyko has come to mean a lot of things: the veto, Russia in the United Nations, the insolent walkout, the often caricatured stereotype of the black-haired, square-shouldered Soviet diplomat.

Photographs of the sober-faced Gromyko have appeared thousands of times in American newspapers. There have been anecdotes, quips, speculations, fantasy. But Andrei Gromyko has never had any intention of satisfying the U.S. public's curiosity about what makes a Russian diplomat run and what he eats for breakfast. He doesn't even like to be known as the man of mystery.

"My personal life," he is fond of saying, "can be of no interest to anybody."

But the truth is that Gromyko is one of the most important men in the world so far as the United States is concerned. As the Kremlin's First Deputy Foreign Minister, he is the man who interprets the United States to the officialdom of the Soviet Union. News of his appointment had hardly grown cold when rumors began to appear in the American press to the effect that he might become Soviet Foreign Minister, succeeding Andrei Y. Vishinsky. In any case, if there is a Soviet move to lessen tension with the United States, Gromyko is a man who will do part of the planning and a good deal of the carrying out.

The story of his real importance is coming out in driblets now. A lot of it has never been printed; a lot of it may never be printed. Stripped of all the speculation and interpretation that is going to be woven around it, the facts are that Gromyko, before he was called back to Moscow, had been talking with leading American citizens on the possibility of hammering out a settlement between the United States and the Soviet Union. The talks were cautious and nobody made any commitments, but Gromyko has been the man in the middle.

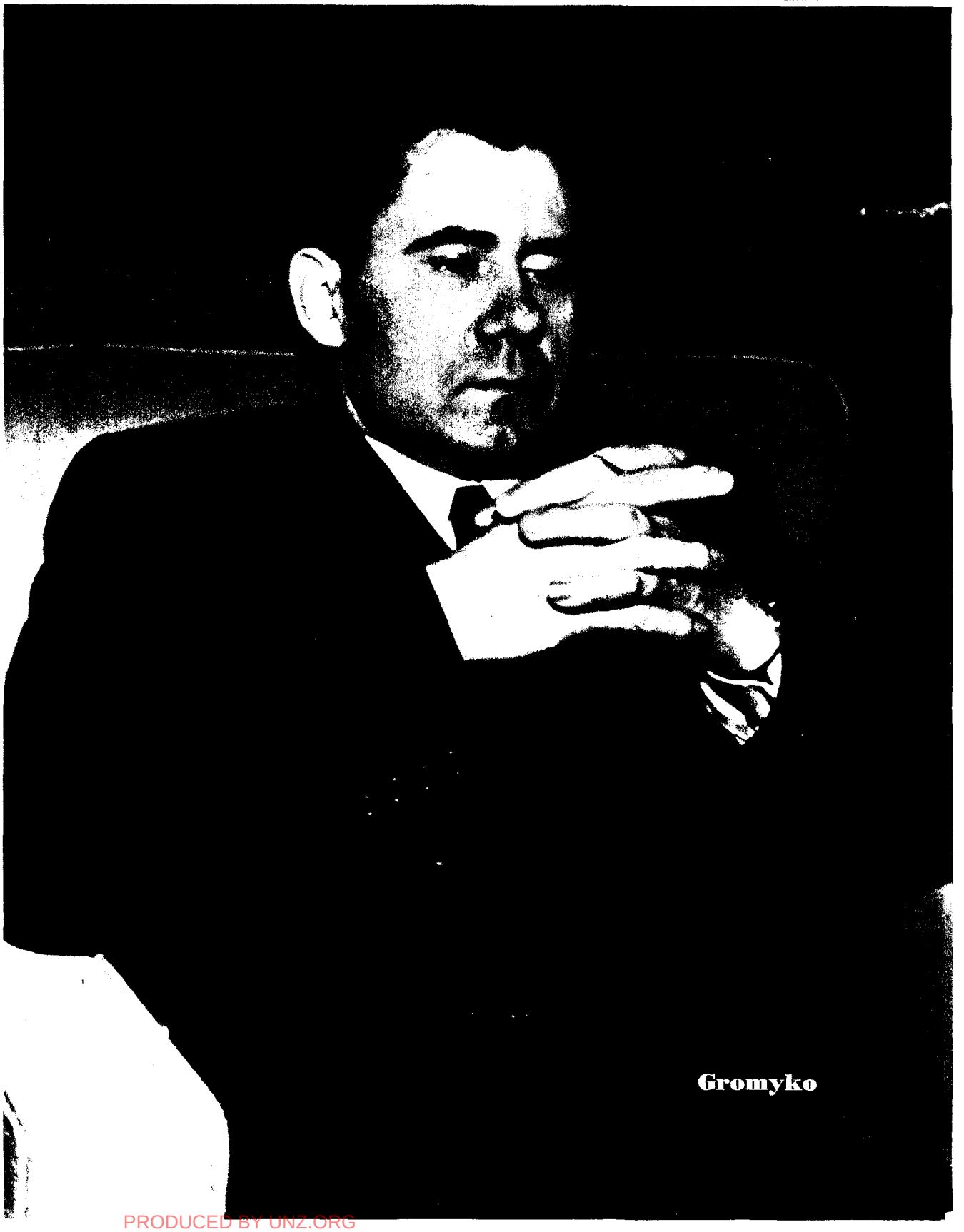
Initiative for these talks came from both the Russians and a small group of Americans. Gromyko apparently had instructions that allowed him to feel his way carefully and try to sound out American opinion. And some Americans seem to have had a strictly unofficial go-ahead from the State Department to talk to Gromyko for whatever it was worth.

From what can be pieced together Gromyko started his interviews in the spring of 1948. It was the Quakers who helped to start things rolling. They worked through their American Friends Service Committee, the group that won the Nobel peace prize in 1947 and has a record of quiet and impartial aid to the wounded and the suffering in two world wars.

On April 21, 1948, the committee ran a full-page advertisement in The New York Times. The ad suggested that the U.S. and the Soviet Union have another try at getting together, at least to see if there weren't ways to avoid war.

The Quakers hoped that a committee of influential Americans might be formed to study the possibilities. As soon as the ad appeared some of these influential Americans *(Continued on page 34)*

LEO ROSENTHAL



Gromyko

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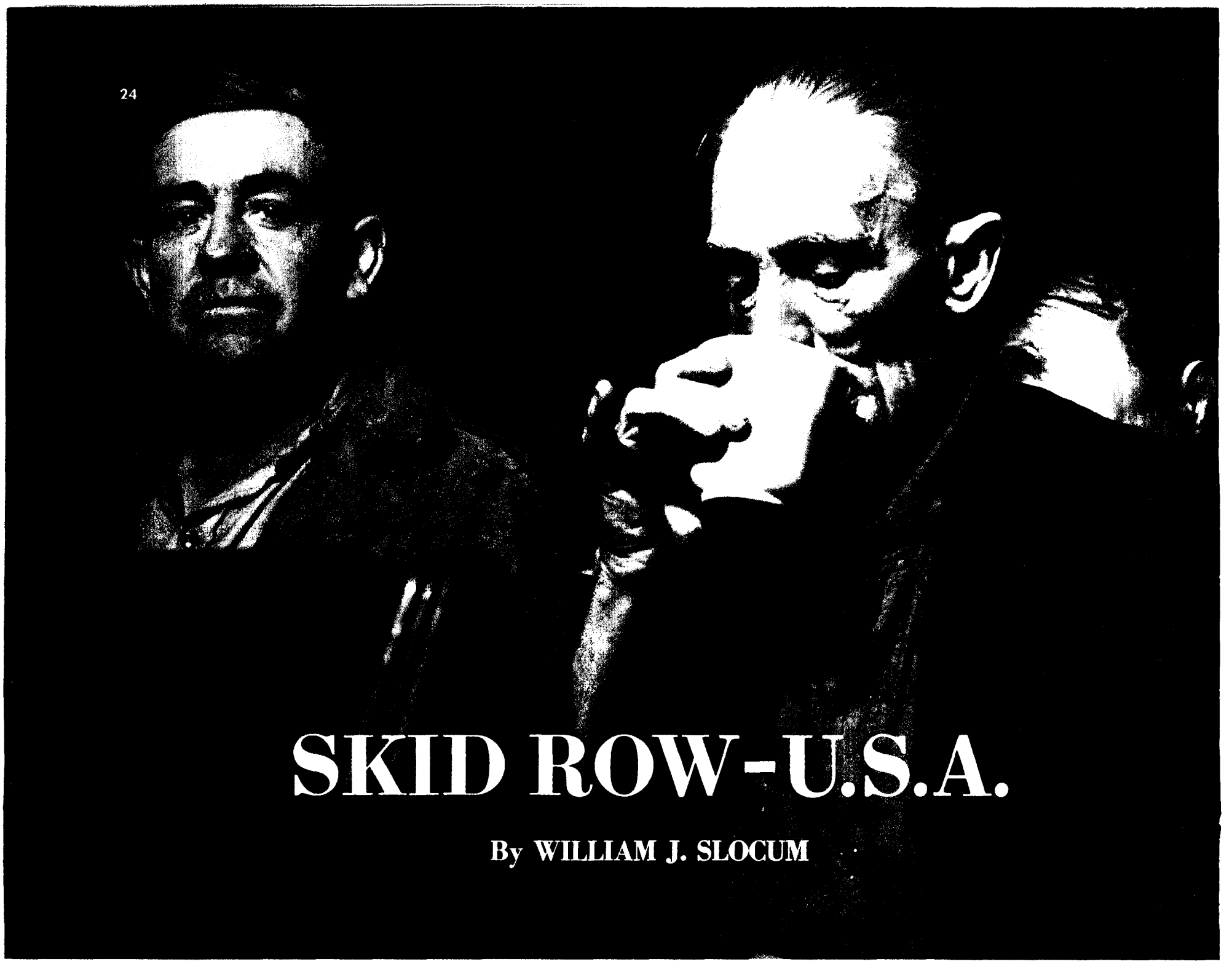

SKID ROW-U.S.A.

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

When they need it men can always get coffee and soup from Skid Row missions. But giving them handouts isn't the end of the responsibility

Within our cities there is a world of living dead where lonely, despairing Americans seek escape from themselves

The author of this two-part article traveled 8,000 miles to get a close-up of Skid Row, U.S.A. Every city and town with a population of 5,000 or more has its own human jungle. Crumbling tenements and filthy alleys mark the end of the road for thousands of Americans. Part 1 dealt with the way vagrants go about getting a drink, a flop or an occasional stake. But what is society doing to rehabilitate these men?

CONCLUSION

A WEIRD little tale was recently unfolded in Chicago that somehow managed to encompass everything that goes to make up Skid Row, U.S.A. A bum was found dead in the Madison Street jungle and they carted his body off to the morgue. His pockets were crammed with identification, so officials were able to notify a Wisconsin family that their father had departed this world. The wife and a couple of daughters came on and identified the remains.

The body was taken back to Wisconsin and buried with full American Legion honors. A $1,500 insurance policy was settled and all went well for two weeks. Then the family received a peremptory note from the morgue giving them 48 hours to claim Father or off he would go to potter's field. The family, baffled by this development, came running to the Desplaines Street police station, which has jurisdiction over the Madison Street Skid Row.

Captain Joseph Graney quieted the women and told them the morgue had originally made a mistake in concluding the body was that of their father, and the family had compounded the error by identifying the strange corpse. While the captain was talking to the ladies, however, they showed him a picture of their father, taken a decade before. Captain Graney looked at the picture and bellowed, "I saw this same guy last night in front of the Star and Garter. He was plastered. Wait here a minute."

Graney hopped into a squad car. In five minutes he was back, dragging behind him a very live and reasonably sober gentleman. It was, indeed, Father himself. As soon as the initial shock had worn off Father spoke. "Fooled you, didn't I?" he gloated. "You thought I was dead, eh? Sorry to disappoint you." With that he made a vulgar noise in the direction of his wife and requested the captain's permission to return to the peace and quiet of his flophouse.

The possibility of intended fraud is remote and unimportant to this grisly anecdote which capsules so much of the Skid Row story. Father did not merely dislike Mother. He hated her. Father's respectable family and his war record suggest he had not long been an anonymous alcoholic. Father had recently been "jack-rolled" while drunk and it is reasonable to suspect that the man who later died was the one who had picked his pockets. That would explain how Father's identification papers were found on the corpse.

One drunken derelict preying on another, sudden death and the completely broken family, these are Skid Row—the American jungle.

In New York, a Bowery tavern owner named Sammy Fuchs made an effort to do something to help the bums who wanted their relatives to be notified in case of death. From them he accepted

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

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envelopes which the bums numbered and sealed. Inside they put the names of their next of kin. Sometimes papers to be forwarded were included. The bums in turn carried little notes on their persons reading : "In case of death tell Sammy Fuchs to open Envelope 17." Or Envelope 11, or whatever the identifying number would be.

"I sent off dozens of telegrams," Sammy told me. "I never looked at anything except the address. I know one envelope contained papers which were supposed to secure a big estate for a Skid Row woman's illegitimate son. She told me about it before she died and I hope the kid got it. I sent one telegram to a rich Pennsylvania banker to tell him his son rolled off an East River pier and drowned."

Early this year burglars broke into Sammy's saloon and carted off the safe which held the envelopes.

Sammy runs a Bowery saloon that has a dual personality. From 8:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. it is just another Skid Row dive. From 9:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M. it becomes a sight-seeing mecca for thrill-hungry out-of-towners. The hour between eight and nine is used to clean the place up and create atmosphere by lining up prop Bowery characters. After nine o'clock ancient entertainers sing with great gusto, and a benevolent old man, well into his sixties, plays the meanest piano I've heard in a long time.

Experiments in Rehabilitation

Sammy has made an interesting experiment in rehabilitating Skid Row characters the country over. He straightens them out, buys them clothes, pays a month's rent and gets them a job. He estimates it costs him about $350 per man to do a complete job. He has experimented thusly 18 times and claims four of his rehabilitation projects are still off Skid Row.

"You can't let 'em live on Skid Row and expect 'em to stay sober when they see all their friends drunk," says Fuchs.

Another Fuchs theory—"The only ones who have a chance to straighten out are the young ones"—is an opinion universally shared by policemen and judges all over the country. The scientists at the Yale Plan Clinic, where the problem is being studied carefully, confirm that the young are *not* beyond redemption, but in measured academic tones Yale suggests that Sammy, the cops and the judges are nuts. "A young alcoholic has very little reason to *want* to sober up," they point out. "He has never experienced the rewards of a normal man's life—family, children and a job."

According to Dr. Robert V. Seliger, first-rate psychiatrist and executive director of the National Committee on Alcohol Hygiene, Inc., 30 to 40 out of every 100 alcoholics may be helped back to health by modern psychiatric treatment. They are sick in the same way that a man may fall ill of pneumonia, or smallpox, or diabetes.

As Dr. Seliger points out, alcohol itself does not cause alcoholism. To the millions of Americans who drink regularly or occasionally without letting alcohol interfere with their lives, liquor is a refreshment, a part and a symbol of gracious living. But most alcoholics drink to excess seeking escape from emotional ills.

Missions do what they can to help the sick and despondent on Skid Row. They are everywhere there, beckoning all with signs of gold and blinking neon. But to the men on the Rows, they represent only a place a man can get soup, coffee and bread.

I entered a mission on a Sunday afternoon. Services had started, but I was greeted by the preacher. "Welcome, brother," he said. "Get yourself a book."

I got a hymnal and took my place among 20 other men. Fifteen were Skid Row bums, clean, hung-over, shaking and miserable. The other five were well-dressed by any standards. Four were businessmen who had been saved from Skid Row. One was a visiting clergyman who had come to listen to the sermon.

We sang three hymns. Then the businessmen rose in turn to tell their stories. A sermon followed this, and when it was ended, the preacher asked whether anyone felt called upon to speak up. The room was redolent with the aroma of hot soup and coffee, and the hungry men were concentrating on that. There was no thought of talk.

We sang three more hymns and then it was time for grace. The minister said it, trying not to look self-conscious as he gazed down upon the bowed and frowsy heads of his sick and hungry congregation.

After that the men rose and formed a line for a tin cup of soup, a half cup of coffee and a slice of bread. They gulped the food and left hurriedly.

Alcoholics Anonymous Gives Aid

Hard-working members of Alcoholics Anonymous are another force for good along Skid Row. Faith is specifically mentioned in six of the 12 steps of the program for recovery the organization uses.

Alcoholics Anonymous is everywhere, in the jails, the courtrooms and the hospitals. Sometimes A.A. members are received with open arms by officials, sometimes they are brushed off as tiresome nuisances. They keep insisting that a drunk doesn't belong in jail, and that, when he does get to a hospital, he should receive the same care he might expect if he were a well-to-do citizen.

New York City is a case in perfect point, illustrating the conflict in official attitudes. At Bellevue Hospital A.A.s are sometimes brushed off by some busy and impatient doctor. "I didn't spend half my life studying medicine merely to take care of weak-willed drunks," he will complain. But at Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, run by the same City of New York, A.A.s are welcomed. Its members and interested doctors sit in joint committee to see how they can better co-operate in helping the penniless alcoholic.

The district attorney of San Francisco bows a reverent head in the direction of the "South of Market" chapter of A.A. which works in Skid Row. In Los Angeles, A.A. teams of two patrol the Lincoln Heights court 24 hours a day and any Skid Row bum who needs a cup of coffee or a double-header of rye to stave off the d.t.'s gets them and no questions. The "Alinon Club" in Newark is fighting a good fight in a rough part of the country. "Alinon" has to its credit the rare case of a woman who spent 16 years on Skid Row and has been "dry" two years now.

In New York City the Twelfth Step House at 53 Barrow Street has turned an apartment house basement into a refuge for any man or woman who is willing to walk the short distance from Skid Row. He can get anything that a group of human beings who are themselves pretty poor can give him: food, a suit of clothes, a job and that precious thing, an understanding ear.

Twelfth Step House was started by an A.A. who wanted to do something for what his group calls "low-bottom drinkers." A "high-bottom drinker" is an alcoholic who has a little money, a home and some friends to help him through his travail. A "low-bottom" is one who has nothing. Last January this man, who is not rich, paid $50 to cover a month's *(Continued on page 40)*

An Editorial

Skid Row, U.S.A., is the end of the line. When a man gets there he can't go any lower. He can only go up—or out. Helping him up is not easy, for he is one of the most perplexing members of society, as well as one of the most pathetic. He is neither insane nor a criminal, but a man who has surrendered to adversity and sought oblivion at the rock-bottom social level.

Alcoholism is the first and most evident obstacle to getting him back on the beam. But, as William J. Slocum suggests in this article and the preceding one, alcohol most likely is not the only problem, or even the basic one. It may be only a symptom. It is easy to say that drink has driven a man to Skid Row. But what drove him to drink?

That question can never be answered easily. Sometimes it cannot be answered at all. But an encouraging number of men are being helped to find the answer as the understanding of their problems increases. One of the leading contributors to that understanding is Alcoholics Anonymous, where a man who still wants to come back can find inspiration and advice from others who have overcome desperate difficulties that most of us cannot even imagine.

The story of Skid Row is not new or pleasant. But it presents a situation that has to be faced. Intelligent studies like Mr. Slocum's can help society to regard the inhabitants of Skid Row not as congenital bums, but as troubled, unhappy men who, with patient and intelligent aid, may perhaps resume their places as useful citizens.

DAN WEINER

Perhaps the best known of the Skid Rows in the country is the infamous stretch of steel and concrete jungle where New York derelicts gather. It's the Bowery

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The HAS-BEEN

By JOEL REEVE

The team was looking for a kid, a fighter.

Was there any fight left in Jim Dale?

JIM DALE got off the bus and waited for his bags to be dumped on the platform. Last night's drinks had caught up with him; his morning would be ruined. He leaned against the building, dizzy for a moment as the heat of the Southern town overpowered him.

The town was called Azalea. Its baseball team, in the State League, was the last stop on the way out of baseball. This was the end of Jim Dale.

Well, he had asked for it. He recovered his balance and picked up a suitcase. His glove and his spikes were inside it, the same glove he had used in the big leagues that last year—right after the war, the year they couldn't let him out because of the ruling about servicemen. But he had been finished then. The four years of the war were the years he should have made his pile instead of fighting Japanese and picking up whatever it was he had picked up; it was not an *illness* that doctors knew, it was something else: a kind of spirit-rot.

So he hadn't been any good, and now he was thirty-six, and he had lost his money in the hurricane which ruined his Florida citrus crop and destroyed the trees, and he had lost Grace. And nothing much mattered except that he had to play out the string. That's why he had not refused to report to Azalea, where Grace's father was manager. He had to make the motions of going the whole route, right to the end.

Other war victims lost an arm or a leg, he thought, but Jim Dale always did things the hard way. He lost his spirit.

He found the hotel, and a fine fleabag it was, too. The room was unbearably stuffy and hot and he went downstairs and asked about the ball park. The clerk, a wizened character, squinted hard at him.

"H'mmm—you must be Jim Dale. Mah name's Culbreath. You look kinda beat-up. Reckon you kin do us any good?"

"Could be," said Jim wearily. "Where's Pop Gleeson live?"

Culbreath inaccurately spat tobacco juice at a box full of sand. "Down Carey Street. On'y white house on the street. *He* won't be glad t' see yuh."

"Could be," said Jim. "Thanks."

Culbreath muttered, "Big game comin' tomorra and what do we git? A drunk has-been."

"Big game?" Jim repressed a grin. "You got a big game?"

"We kin win," said Culbreath fiercely. "Gleeson's got a buncha kids and we're goin' agin those other old bums from the leagues, those Gladstone bums, and our kids could win—if we had another good kid could fill in for Jackson. Azalea ain't never had a pennant afore. *You* wouldn't understand that. It ain't no big game to you, that's for sure!"

"Okay, Mr. Culbreath. Okay. I'm all cut and bleeding." Jim walked out of the hotel. The sun beat down. He took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves.

He was a tall man, with strong arms and legs and sloping shoulders. The sweat poured off him as he walked up Carey Street to the white house. His eyes darkened and he ran a hand nervously through his cropped brown hair as he climbed the porch. Yet his hand was steady as he rang the bell.

A youth answered and Jim realized that this was Danny Gleeson, grown up. The youth said, "Hello, Jim. You haven't changed much."

"Can't say the same for you, kid. Seven years—you must be nineteen. And playing ball, too! Whew, am I that old?"

They went into the house. It was cool. A big electric fan hummed. Danny was medium-sized, husky, quick-moving, with the Gleeson blond hair and blue eyes. There was a piano in the room and on it a cabinet photograph of Grace. Probably taken for her new husband, Jim thought, wrenching his eyes away from the picture.

Danny said, "Pop'll be in—he's figurin' angles for tomorrow. Gladstone's got those big-league veterans—"

"Bums," Jim corrected. "Old bums. Culbreath told me."

Danny did not smile. "The town's wrapped up in the team. The league's trying for a higher rating, you know. It means a lot to Pop. He's never given up hope of getting back into the big time—Have a chair, Jim. I'll get you a beer, huh?"

Jim said, "Yeah, Danny. A beer. That's fine, kid." He sat where he did not have to look at Grace's picture.

IN a moment Pop Gleeson came in, carrying the beer. Danny did not reappear. Jim said, "You don't have to be nice, Pop. This is business. Thanks for the beer."

Pop Gleeson's eyes were deep-set, thoughtful. He had a seamy, brown face, and unlike most other fifty-odd-year-old ex-athletes, his jowl line was still firm. He said, "No doubt you need it. No doubt you tied one on last night. I would, if I was dropped from Jersey to Azalea."

Jim said, "Right, Pop. I tied one on."

The older man shook his head. "It's not booze, though. That's not what's wrong with you. You go to the booze only when you can't handle the other thing, the thing that drove Grace away—"

Jim Dale's voice was hard and abrupt. "That's enough of that. I'm here to play ball, not to discuss Grace." (*Continued on page* 64)

Jim went down, rolling, pain shooting through him. Nason, overrunning the base, tried to sink a spike in Jim's calf. Jim slammed the ball at Nason's knee

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

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Ten ground rules on Why We Get

By MURRAY CAMPBELL

IF THERE'S one thing a hundred million or more people in this country alone would like to know, it's why they sometimes get so unexplainably, irritatingly tired—and what they can do about it.

And if there is anyone who would like to be able to give each of us a nice, clean-cut answer to that problem it is every doctor and psychiatrist in the nation. These busy (and often tired) men spend fully a third of their working day trying to help people who aren't sick or in pain—but just tired.

"I can close my eyes and hear about a third of my patients," a noted psychiatrist told this writer. " 'Doctor, I'm not ill. I don't hurt anywhere. I don't have any emotional problems. I'm just tired all over.' This often comes from people who have not been doing much work either. Irrational, isn't it? But then fatigue can be the most irrational, illusory and evasive sensation a man or woman can have."

As an example he cited a fatigue-pattern with which all of us are familiar in one form or another. Mr. X, a businessman, has not had a particularly busy day. Yet somehow, come five o'clock, he suddenly feels so sodden with weariness that he can barely get to the elevator. Then halfway down the hall a colleague presents him with two seats for this evening's performance of South Pacific. Exit, as if by magic, all weariness. Illogical from start to finish, isn't it? But most of our fatigue *is* illogical —especially in its origin.

Perhaps half a dozen or so times within your lifetime the basic and surefire solution to the mystery of fatigue has seemed at hand. These times could probably be described as a series of eras with such names as Low Blood Pressure, Focal Infection, Glandular Malfunction, Vitamin Deficiency, Faulty Elimination and Overwork.

Each of these eras has probably produced—via pill, tonic, policing of teeth, patented health foods or advice to "take it easy"—its modest share of "cures." And each has undoubtedly produced its millions of alumni who still get unexplainably tired as dogs—and who will probably go on getting unexplainably tired as dogs until they discover and learn how to make personal use of the few ground rules that science has caught human fatigue obeying.

The business of this article is to present these known rules. Knowing them won't exempt you from sometimes getting tired any more than knowing the Federal Income Tax Law inside and out will save you from paying some tax. Knowing the rules can, however, help you to choose the most advantageous form and to claim every honest deduction and exemption in sight.

Some Fatigue Is Normal

Two of the ten rules follow common, everyday logic, so let's start with them. Here is the first:

1. *A certain amount of fatigue is perfectly normal in any worth-while human life.*

This, of course, refers to the tiredness that comes at the close of an honest day's work. Spend a day shoveling coal or tending babies or selling ladies' wear and you have a right to feel tired. It makes perfect sense that Mother Nature should suggest in this way that you've seen enough coal, babies or ladies' wear for one day and now need and deserve some recuperative rest and fun. This is as logical as the hunger you feel when you need and deserve a meal.

This "earned" fatigue has, by the way, a first cousin which is also completely rational. Suppose you're doing your coal shoveling in a cellar that's inhumanly hot or peddling your ladies' wear with the store bore cackling into your ear. You'll probably be tired before you've tossed many shovelfuls or rung up many sales. This is Nature's way of tipping you off that you're working under conditions of which she does not approve—and of suggesting that you'd do well to let in some cool air or get rid of the bore. This "warning" type of fatigue, coming on before you've turned out much actual work, does much the same sort of "alarm" job that pain does in an abscessed tooth or an infected appendix.

If you never experience these "earned" or "alarm" brands of fatigue you can be pretty sure of one of two things. Either (a) you aren't doing much work in this world or (b) you are working under conditions fantastically free of the upsetting sights, sounds, surroundings and people with which most of us have to put up.

If you do experience these two legitimate types of weariness and they don't dissolve with a night's rest or with correction of working conditions, something is wrong. You may possibly be overworking —though this, as you may be annoyed to learn further along in this article, is not very likely. It's much more probable that fatigue is using you as the goat for one of its caprices—which we shall be examining presently. But first let's look into rule 2, which contains the one other known source of "legitimate" fatigue:

2. *About 20 per cent of fatigue not connected with actual work comes from physical illness, overt or hidden.*

In a way this percentage seems unflatteringly low but doctors have pretty much accepted it as

You get tired **and probably madder than Satan when the wife cooks up one of those evenings of culture and caviar, but it's not her fault that you're the kind of cad who can't take opera**

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TIRED *and tips on staying fresh*

par for the course since the announcement of the important investigations of Dr. Frank N. Allan, of the Lahey Clinic, Boston. At the annual meeting of the American Medical Association in 1944, Dr. Allan reported on the cases of 300 men and women who came to the clinic complaining of chronic weakness and tiredness. All 300 of these people felt so helplessly weak and tired that they were sure they were sick.

Sixty of them, Dr. Allan discovered, really did have physical ailments that could cause weakness and tiredness. But there were two striking things about these physical ailments. One was their diversity—there were *24 different illnesses* divided among 60 people. Of these 24 illnesses the most common were chronic infections of one sort or another—diabetes, heart disease, severe anemia, nephritis (inflammation of the kidneys), tuberculosis and some nontubercular pulmonary infections.

But even more striking was this sentence in Dr. Allan's report: *"Certain conditions such as vitamin deficiencies and endocrine disorders, considered common causes of weakness by both the public and the medical profession, actually were rare (one case and four cases respectively), and not a single case of weakness due to liver trouble, 'poor elimination' or low blood pressure was encountered."*

In short, no matter how "sick" chronic weakness and fatigue may make you feel, the chances are only about one in five that you actually are physically ill. And if you are there is no standard thing that might be afflicting you.

Is there a "moral" in this discovery? You bet your life there is. If you feel chronically and unexplainably tired, look first for a physical reason. But don't look for it in the advertisements or in bridge-table conversation; get a physical check-up. And don't be put off with a brisk, fore-and-aft sounding with a stethoscope or a squeeze on the arm with a blood-pressure dingus; insist on a real, no-stone-unturned check-up. If your own doctor is too busy (or too tired of tired people) to do this job on you, go to some other doctor or to a hospital for it. It may solve your whole problem of weariness—or at least help you to live with it intelligently.

It Doesn't Make Sense

We move now into another category—one in which fatigue does not make sense. It doesn't make sense because it does not result from work done or from the strain of illness. Dr. Allan found the remaining 240 of his 300 tired people dragging themselves around in this category. These men and women were, he reported, "suffering from what might be termed 'benign nervousness.' This was classified as chronic nervous exhaustion, when severe and prolonged, and as nervous fatigue when mild." And so we come to the third rule:

3. *About 80 per cent of fatigue not earned by work or caused by illness is "psychological."*

You can take that or leave it, but the more closely you examine the fantastic ground rules governing fatigue in this "psychological" category and the more candidly you observe your own fatigue as it responds to these antic rules, the more likely you are to take it—and leave most of your fatigue. Here goes:

4. *We almost never get tired doing things we enjoy doing.*

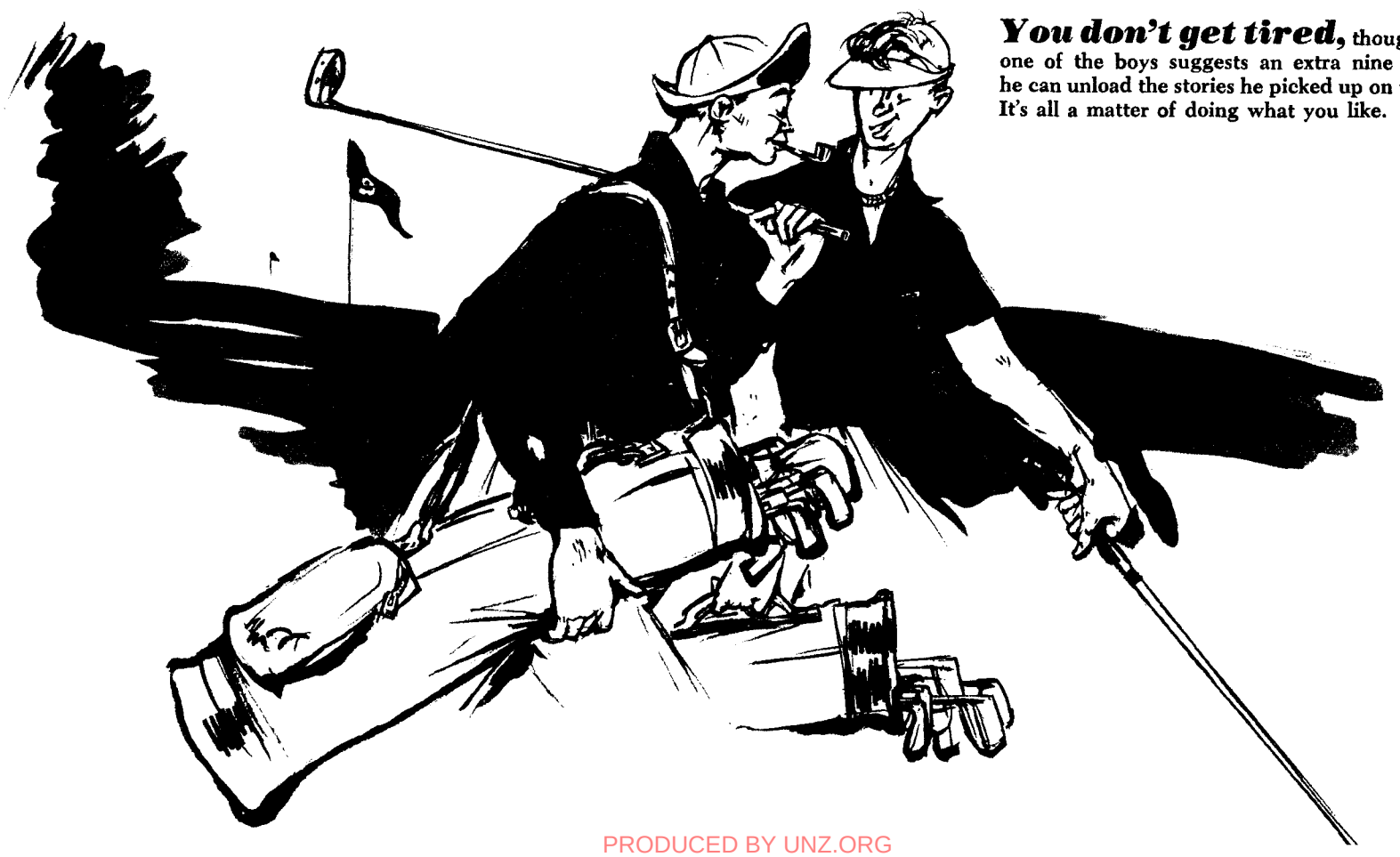
This is true regardless of how much effort we put into doing them and whether or not they would tire practically everyone else. People who like to dance till dawn, for instance, don't get tired dancing till dawn. In fact, if they also like golf they'd just as soon go from the dance to the golf course.

If you've ever been stuck with playing week-end host to one of those tireless characters you don't need any psychologist to convince you that they exist. Actually, unless you're a pretty grim person, you're probably like that about some things yourself. Practically everyone has some hobby or other activity at which he can spend hours happily oblivious of time, effort or weariness.

This activity may, if you're especially lucky, be the workaday job at which you earn your living or otherwise justify your existence. There are people who enjoy their work so much that they have to be chased out of the office at night so the cleaning woman can get in. Such folks are often back the next morning before the place is officially open—and like as not with a brief case load of work done at home.

Or the liked activity may be something completely senseless, something which would have most of us moaning with weariness in a few hours. Not long ago Dr. Franz Alexander, well-known Chicago psychoanalyst, and Dr. Sidney A. Portis, professor of internal medicine at the University of Illinois, made an exhaustive study of a group of people who, in carrying on the ordinary business of daily life, got so overwhelmingly tired they could scarcely walk, eat or talk.

One of these was a middle-aged housewife who spent practically every minute of her waking hours stretched out on a couch voraciously reading. She did this day after day, week after week, month after month. Most of us would have been off the couch in a few hours, or certainly in a day. But she liked it fine. It was only when she put her feet to the floor or even thought of putting her feet to the floor that she felt overwhelmed *(Continued on page 70)*



You don't get tired, though, when one of the boys suggests an extra nine holes so he can unload the stories he picked up on the road. It's all a matter of doing what you like. Simple?

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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COLLIER'S PHOTOS BY DAVID PESKIN

She had fancy dates and fancy pants at Wimbledon and got beat. But now, she says, she'll work and be a

Good Gussy

By JOHN M. ROSS

THE tennis courts at Wimbledon are just as sacred in their way as Westminster Abbey. Only the great belong there, and even they are expected to be appropriately solemn at all times. So when Gertrude Augusta Moran showed up in this year's tournament with a three-inch frill of lace flirting from her panties, thousands ahed and ohed. The lace alone would have been sufficient to boggle all the eyeballs in the grandstands. But "sufficient" was never enough for Gorgeous Gussy. Whenever she ran, the panties showed; when she slowed to a walk, she wiggled.

For five days in a row Gussy was front-page news in the space-starved London papers. Writers who couldn't agree on anything else concurred in the opinion that she was the choicest thing to swing a racket since the days of that dazzling French star, leggy Suzanne Lenglen. Sports readers the world over read and took it for granted that Gussy would end as the Wimbledon Queen.

And what happened?

Gussy lost out in the third round to a tiny Chinese upstart, Gem Hoahing, whose height was somewhat less than twice the circumference of the most expressive part of Gussy's sweater.

At that point Big Bill Tilden and some younger stars who had tabbed Gussy as a future great abandoned hope of ever seeing the gal crowned national champion of anything but the mixed doubles competition at the Stork Club. Her sex appeal could keep her on page one as long as there were men to squire her to the night clubs, but tennis fans would have to look at the fine-print summaries on the sports pages to find out what Miss Moran *wasn't doing* on the courts. At least it seemed that way to the inner few who knew that the reason for Gussy's Wimbledon floperoo was her insistence on scoring all her love games on the social circuit.

A woman first and a tennis player second—so ran the formula of Miss Moran. During one phase of her life she abandoned the game entirely for fear it would make her legs look knotty. She really wanted to win the title at Wimbledon but practice in New York on the way over just wasn't as gay as doing the town each night with movie star Burgess Meredith. And she fully intended to improve her strokes after she reached England, but how could she possibly have been rude to that long, blond rich man from Belgium, Philippe Washer? That's the way Gussy had always been and at twenty-six, she was getting a little old to change.

Nevertheless, Gussy says she has changed. She says dates are taboo until the 1949 United States National Championships are over at Forest Hills, New York, this September 5th. To protect her stronger half from her weaker self she swears she left all her dinner dresses and evening gowns at home in California.

"Everyone's been telling me I can be champion if I only try," Gussy told me recently. "Well, now I'm really going to try.

"And," she added slyly, "I'm not wearing those lace panties again. They hurt my concentration."

Gussy probably could shovel snow at Forest Hills and still draw record *(Continued on page 71)*

The lace that launched a thousand excited ooh's at Wimbledon made Gussy Moran a favorite with the ogling gallery but it didn't help her ragged game

**Everybody spells it Gussie but Gussy*

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The Auction

By FRANK ROONEY

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

I'M BID a hundred and fifty. Who'll say one seventy-five? One seventy-five for this splendid piece of furniture. Going once for one fifty—going twice for one fifty—going three times—and gone to the gentleman on my right for a hundred and fifty dollars."

The gavel came down on its block like a hammer coming down on a nail. Elizabeth shuddered and Lee Bannister, holding his daughter tightly by the hand, picked up her overnight bag and led her outside. Bannister had taken his daughter to the auction specifically to kill a half-hour before train time and because he thought it would amuse her. Apparently it hadn't.

Pausing for a moment at the edge of the sidewalk, in the pleasant warmth of the late spring day, Bannister wondered if he had forgotten anything. There were the train tickets in his pocket. Elizabeth's trunk was already at Grand Central. He would leave Elizabeth with her mother's relatives, and then tomorrow he would fly to South America.

He hoped he wouldn't have to stay there longer than the four or five months originally planned. That depended on business, of course. Supposing—He looked at Elizabeth and then looked away again quickly, before she could catch his expression.

God, he thought, I hope there won't be any more of those arguments among her mother's people about who's to have Elizabeth when and for how long, and who's to have her next for how short a time. He didn't think he could stand any more of those. They should have better sense than to discuss things like that in front of Elizabeth. Still they would take good care of her, as they had done before. There was nothing permanent in the arrangement; it was simply a vacation for Elizabeth with various members of the family. When he got back, he would take her home again. . . .

In the taxi he smiled reassuringly at Elizabeth who, aware now that she was eleven years old and growing up, was sitting very gravely on the bouncing leather seat and pulling her insufficient blue dress over her thin bony knees. He wasn't sure whether or not the blue dress and the matching blue purse with its long shoulder strap were right for an eleven-year-old girl. But since his divorce two years ago he had had to do a great many things for Elizabeth which he wasn't sure were right—settling her in school, supervising her diet, encouraging her to paint. Dorothy, his wife, had simply remarried and gone to Europe with her new husband, leaving Elizabeth in his custody. For that, at least, he was grateful. The two of them, Dorothy and Elizabeth, had sustained him through three and a half years of foreign service. He was perhaps resigned to losing one of them. He could not have borne to lose both.

"Did you ever buy anything at an auction, Daddy?" Elizabeth looked intently at him.

"Not me. I wouldn't know a bargain if it walked up to me and said, 'Hey—I'm a bargain.' "

She didn't smile. "They're fun—sort of. But they *are* vicious, aren't they?"

Vicious? He'd never thought them anything but amusing.

"Will everybody be there, Daddy?"

"Everybody?" he said, bewildered for a moment. "Oh, you mean your mother's family. I suppose so. It's a sort of reunion for them."

"I'll kiss everybody except Uncle Colby," she said. "He smells like a punch bowl."

"What do you know about a punch bowl?"

"Uncle Colby had one at his house the night mother got sick. And then she smelled like a punch bowl, too."

"Well, people have to have fun," Bannister said lightly.

"That's not funny, Daddy." Elizabeth's voice was prim.

No, he supposed it wasn't. But then that all belonged to the past and it was over and done with now. Someday he would explain it to her, reasonably and fairly.

At Grand Central he bought Elizabeth a magazine featuring color reproductions of great paintings, and an afternoon paper for himself. Later, on the hot, dusty train, with the suitcase on the rack above his head, he opened the paper and made a pretense of being absorbed by the news. Glancing at Elizabeth, he saw that she was apparently very interested in a Cézanne landscape.

Bannister had been very proud of her perception in the gallery that afternoon. That had saved her, he thought, after Dorothy had left them—her painting and something else, something sturdy and resilient inside her. Perhaps she had inherited some of his own stubborn independence; the thought gave him a foolish and outrageous pleasure.

Peculiar, what she had said about the auction. Now what was vicious about it? People sat and bid among themselves, the auctioneer urged them to go higher, and finally sold the article to the highest bidder. Children sometimes had strange ideas. . . .

They got off the train in the beautiful clean suburb, a half-hour from New York, and took a taxi to his father-in-law's home. Old Mr. Evelyn was as usual extremely courteous and extremely stiff; but Mrs. Evelyn, Dorothy's mother, was soft, round and sometimes very ready to cry. They led Bannister and Elizabeth upstairs into the handsome drawing room where they said hello to Dorothy's two sisters, their husbands, Dorothy's brother and his wife, her Uncle Colby, Mr. Evelyn's two brothers and their wives, and a dozen other people—cousins, relatives and in-laws of the Evelyns. Altogether, Bannister thought, a handsome and numerous family.

Elizabeth kissed everybody, including Uncle Colby, performing this duty with a grave courtesy that Bannister found very touching. And watching these people, his relatives by marriage, respond to her, he thought that their love for Elizabeth, although possessive and sometimes inconsiderate and arrogant, was at least genuine. In time perhaps they would realize how sensitive and intelligent a child Elizabeth was. Still—

LATER, after a rich and varied buffet supper, they sat quietly out on the terrace, drinking coffee and smoking in the soft evening air. Elizabeth was there too, watching the birds dipping over flower beds in the garden, and the water falling in the lovely bronze fountain. It was Uncle Colby, pulling at a long Havana cigar, who started the conversation.

"Well," he said. "I don't see why—so long as Bannister is letting Elizabeth stay here for a couple of weeks—we can't have her up to the lake for at least ten days."

"But we asked for her first," Dorothy's brother's wife said. "After all we *are* going to the mountains and you know Elizabeth will love them."

"I'll be gone for at least four months—maybe longer," Bannister said desperately. "I don't know what's coming up in South America. Business is still pretty shaky down there."

"We want her down at the beach," one of Dorothy's sisters said. "She can do wonderful water colors there."

"That's not the point," Dorothy's other sister said. "She can have all summer in Maine—"

The voices went on and on, not even stopping when Elizabeth jumped up and ran into the garden and stood poised over the fountain like a wingless bird. The voices went on—and Bannister sat with lowered head, trying to light a cigarette, saying over and over again to himself, "Going—going—going," afraid to say anything else lest his heart stop once and for all. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

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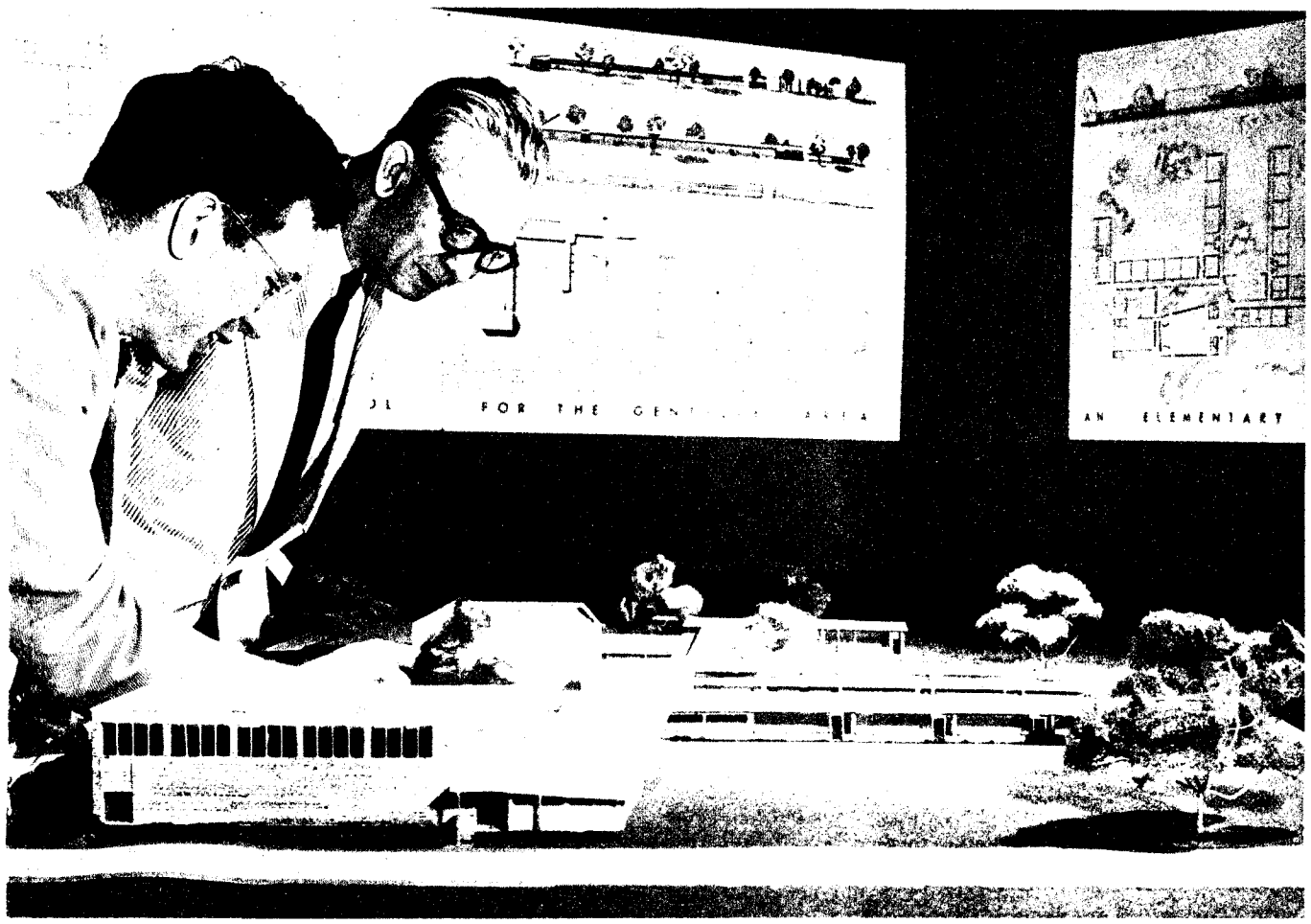
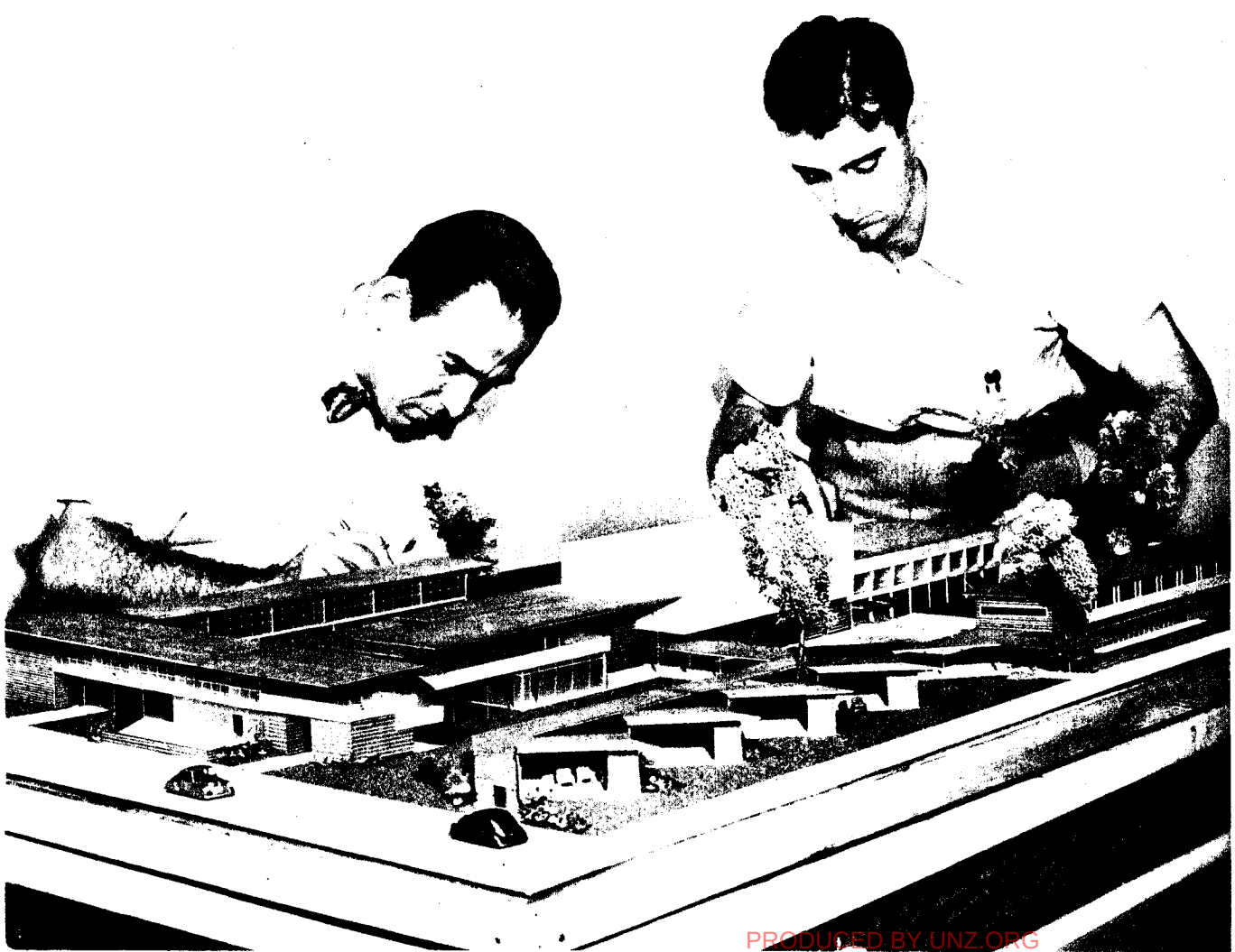
The CHILD *is the Monument*

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH



Thirty thousand people attended an exhibit of revolutionary school construction designed by students of Prof. Charles Colbert, Tulane. Colbert, left above, and Edwin Eley, assistant head of Orleans Parish Public Schools, check the exhibit. Below, Emile deArmas and Philip Roach finish a model

TULANE PHOTO SERVICE



Ex-G.I. architectural students have roused New Orleans with an idea—a school that is designed to fit children!

TWO years ago a group of architecture students at Tulane University decided that real life was preferable to an ivory tower. Most of them were ex-G.I.s, which had a lot to do with it. Combat experience in places all the way from Guadalcanal to Bastogne had given them a strong inclination to get things done. So, instead of planning castles in the air, for practice only, they designed a real school building for a suburb of New Orleans.

That was just the beginning. Next, they had to sell their design to the school board and the public. Their campaign was so successful that the whole subject of architecture—usually considered the province solely of experts, high-brows and dreamers—is now of lively interest to Mr. and Mrs. Ordinary Citizen in New Orleans.

The new school plans brought on a series of refreshing rows in which the students, the schoolteachers, the P.T.A., the school board and any number of women's groups and civic organizations all waved their arms and hurled epithets in the best democratic tradition. The upshot is that New Orleans is about to get its first really modern school; a school designed according to young, antitraditional and up-to-the-minute ideas. People are saying that the boys have hit upon a new way for a university to play a useful part in community life.

Their sleek and streamlined model school building is the type of architecture known as "modern" or, better, "functional." But the students put their ideas up to the public, simply by asking, "Why not build the school to fit the child?"

The whole architectural rumpus in New Orleans dates back to an announcement by city officials, in December, 1947, of a $40,000,000 school building program. The group of 20 sophomores, all architecture students at Tulane, immediately decided to help by preparing designs for the first of the new schools which was scheduled to be built in the suburb of Gentilly.

The work was supervised by their youthful assistant professor, Charles Colbert. He is also an ex-G.I. who graduated from the University of Texas in 1943. Colbert is the same age as most of his students and younger than some. Together they had the firm backing of Professor Buford L. Pickens, head of the Tulane School of Architecture.

Their first move was to make an elaborate survey of basic requirements for the proposed school: costs, site, foundations. But they went much further than that. They took the somewhat revolutionary step of studying the people who would use the building; what were *their* ideas? To find out they went from house to house interviewing teachers and parents of Gentilly school children, and incidentally spreading new ideas as to what a well-planned school could be and do.

The young architects told the mothers about a survey of 169,000 elementary school pupils, made in Texas a few years before, showing that 18 per cent of the pupils had eye trouble in the first grade but 82 per cent had it by the time they reached the eighth grade. They explained that one purpose of their designs was to create *(Continued on page 73)*

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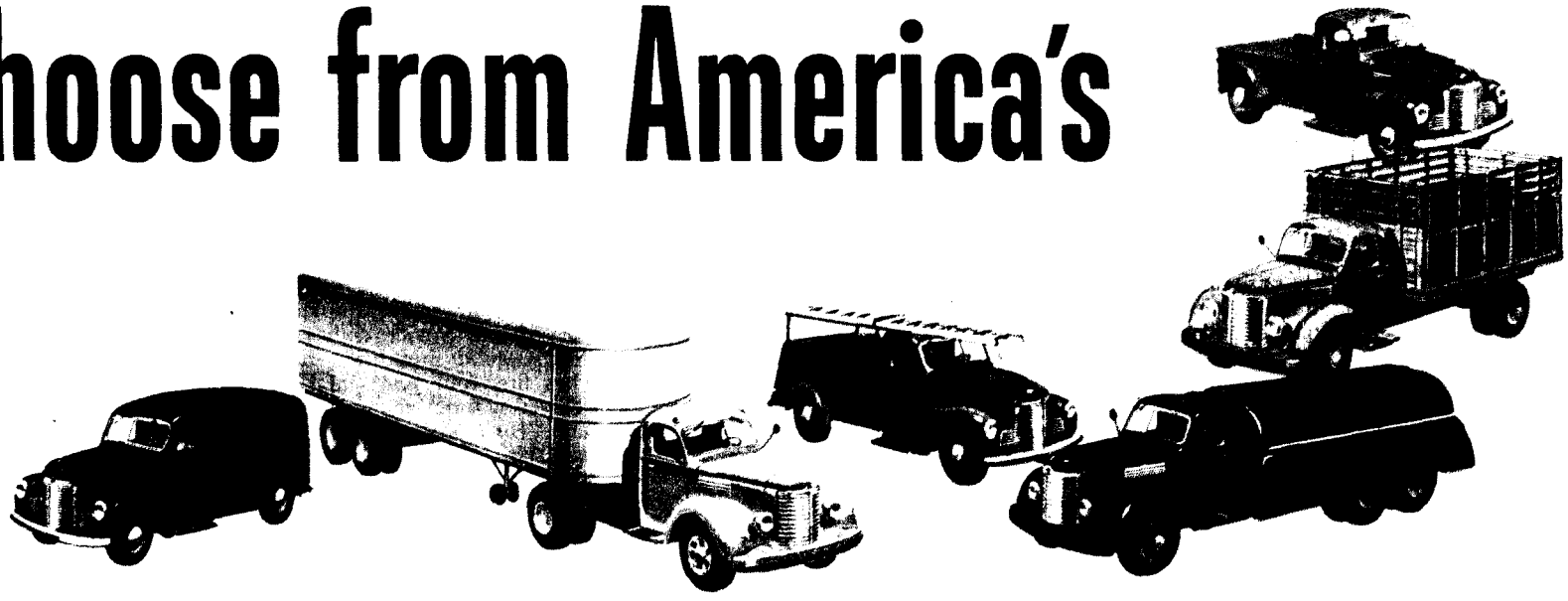

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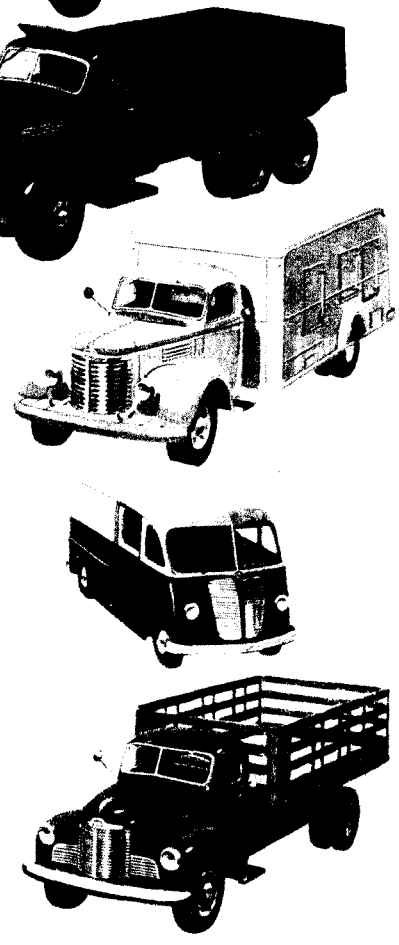

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A Russian to Keep Your Eye On

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

suggested the Quakers themselves take on the job of talking to the Russians. The Friends didn't leap joyously at this. But, as one of them put it, they decided to see what they could do to avoid war "for the good of our souls." They got in touch with Gromyko.

They are a deliberately unspectacular group, the Quakers, and they deliberately chose an unspectacular basis for their talks. That basis was something called "cultural exchange." The Quakers feel that the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are doomed to continue snarling at each other unless and until some system is set up under which the ordinary citizens of the two countries can get to know how the party of the other part feels about things. Gromyko seemed interested.

From that, gradually and slowly, the talks spread into wider fields—into politics. And into those talks, sometimes held at Gromyko's Park Avenue offices, came other American citizens. When Gromyko gave up his post as Chief U.N. Representative of the Russian Delegation, he handed on to his successor, Jacob A. Malik, the job of keeping the talks going. He told Malik that he had the very highest regard for the integrity of the Quakers.

The Quakers Made Suggestions

After more than a year of these conversations, the Quakers made public a carefully phrased document. It argued that the Soviet brand of Communism and the American brand of capitalism both show signs of sticking around for a long time and that the two systems better get used to the idea. The State Department, it said, was in a position to do three things that might lead to Soviet concessions. At least, the Quakers said, it was worth a try. The three suggestions were: Renewal of East-West trade, building of a single, neutral Germany and placing the atomic bomb stockpile under United Nations seal. Many Americans called the Quakers naïve.

The State Department took no immediate public notice. But a copy of the report was in the hands of Secretary Acheson. And, by this time, in the hands of Mr. Gromyko.

Gromyko's part in this affair has loosed fountains of guessing. Sober-sided people in Washington and at the U.N. are drawing this conclusion from his unexpected sociability: There is no basic change either in the policy of the United States or of the Soviet Union. But for the first time in a long time elements on both sides seemed to be trying to see how many doors could be kept open simultaneously. How long any one of the doors could be kept open remained the kind of mystery the Kremlin likes to create.

But, in the long, hot '49 summer, the cold war continued unabated. If there was any hope of an "understanding," Washington gave no evidence of it. On the contrary, our capital openly conveyed the impression that Russian-American relations were more grimly dangerous than ever before. Our statesmen talked of the possibility of sudden attack; they emphasized over and over that our security from Communism rested on arming Western Europe.

People who watch international affairs are wisely leery of adding up the hints the Russians have been throwing out lately. But they do seem to agree that whatever the Russians have in mind that is temporary or lasting, propaganda or substantial, Gromyko is in the middle of it and a man to watch.

Gromyko and his assistants have always been shy about handing out any personal information about the man. Most Russian diplomats are similarly reluctant. (Malik once told shipboard reporters that he was "as old as Gromyko, but I'm not really sure how old Gromyko is.") For some time, nobody was quite sure how old Gromyko was. Then three years ago he owned up to thirty-seven. That was on his birthday on July 18, 1946, the day Bernard Baruch had a cake with candles waiting next door to the meeting room on the Atomic Energy Commission. That was the day, too, that Gromyko got rid of his undertaker's black and came out in a snappy ensemble of brown.

Gromyko's home town is a tiny place called Gromyki, in White Russia, near the city of Gomel. He has said that most of the inhabitants of the town bear his name—a kind of clan name derived from the Russian for "thunder." He was too young to be a member of the inner circle of the old Bolsheviks. The son of a farmer, he was only eight years old when the October revolution shook the world, but the local heads of the Communist party must have spotted him early as the kind of youngster who could be trained for Soviet-brand leadership. He was given every educational advantage. He worked furiously and fulfilled that promise.

Gromyko has never discussed his early life. But it is a good guess that his teens and twenties followed the pattern which was routine for selected Soviet youths of the period—study, indoctrination, discipline, study. By 1936 he was in Moscow, working for his master's degree in economics.

The academic period of Gromyko's career lasted two more years. He spent these teaching economics at the Academy of Science in Moscow.

At that point there was a sharp break, a new line for Gromyko's life. He went into the Foreign Office in 1939 and began his training as an expert on the United States. He began to study English. He moved into the American section of the Foreign Office, and quickly took it over.

Gromyko's knowledge of American economy, American life and American habits was all book learning till late in 1939 when the top men in the Foreign Office decided that he should study them at firsthand.

They sent him to Washington as counselor of the Soviet embassy, an astonishingly good spot for a man of thirty. His first four years in the U.S. capital passed without anybody noticing him much. He was shy to the point of diffidence. He kept in the background, and very properly left the floor to Ambassador Constantine Oumansky.

In November, 1941, he moved into public view very briefly as the host at a tremendous party to celebrate the Russian Revolution. This was a period of great good feeling between the United States and Russia and 2,500 people showed up to eat caviar and sturgeon and drink champagne and vodka. Gromyko didn't seem to be having a very good time but stood stiffly in the reception line, uncomfortable in diplomatic gold braid.

The announcement that he would succeed Litvinov was made made by Moscow on August 21, 1943. That was the first time his name hit the front pages and most of the comment was on his youth. That seemed to irk Gromyko a little.

"How old does a man have to be in America to be old?" he often asked.

A few days after his appointment he left his home in the suburbs of Washington, where he lived with his wife and his children, Anatoli and Milya, and called at the White House to present his credentials to President Roosevelt.

He made a stiff, formal little speech which had a warm word for the American-aid-to-Russia program. The people of the Soviet Union, he said, appreciated the military matériel and foodstuffs which the United States was sending.

Gromyko never made much of an impression in Washington. People thought of him as merely a stereotype of the Russian civil servant and the Soviet citizen. His official duties seemed to consist mostly of carrying messages to the State Department and occasionally the White House. He also had the job of handing out medals to Americans and once gave one to General George C. Marshall, whom he denounced a few years later as the archenemy of free people.

Russia's decision to make Gromyko her United Nations man was what really pushed him into the American consciousness.

During the laborious bargaining and painstaking construction work which marked the formation of the United Nations, it was Gromyko—even while Molotov was nominal head of the delegation—who carried the bulk of the load for the Soviet Union.

He was busy at all the early conferences that made headlines then and are almost forgotten now: Dumbarton Oaks, San Francisco, and London.

His opponents conceded that he carried out his instructions perfectly.

In 1946, when Moscow announced that he would devote his full time to the U.N., it was considered a hopeful sign. At the very least, it meant that the Soviet thought enough of the U.N. to assign it one of its hardest workers.

Gromyko soon became the United Nations number one drawing card. The veto first put him in the spotlight—he cast most of Russia's 30. The walkout on the Iranian case made him famous.

Gromyko Walked Out

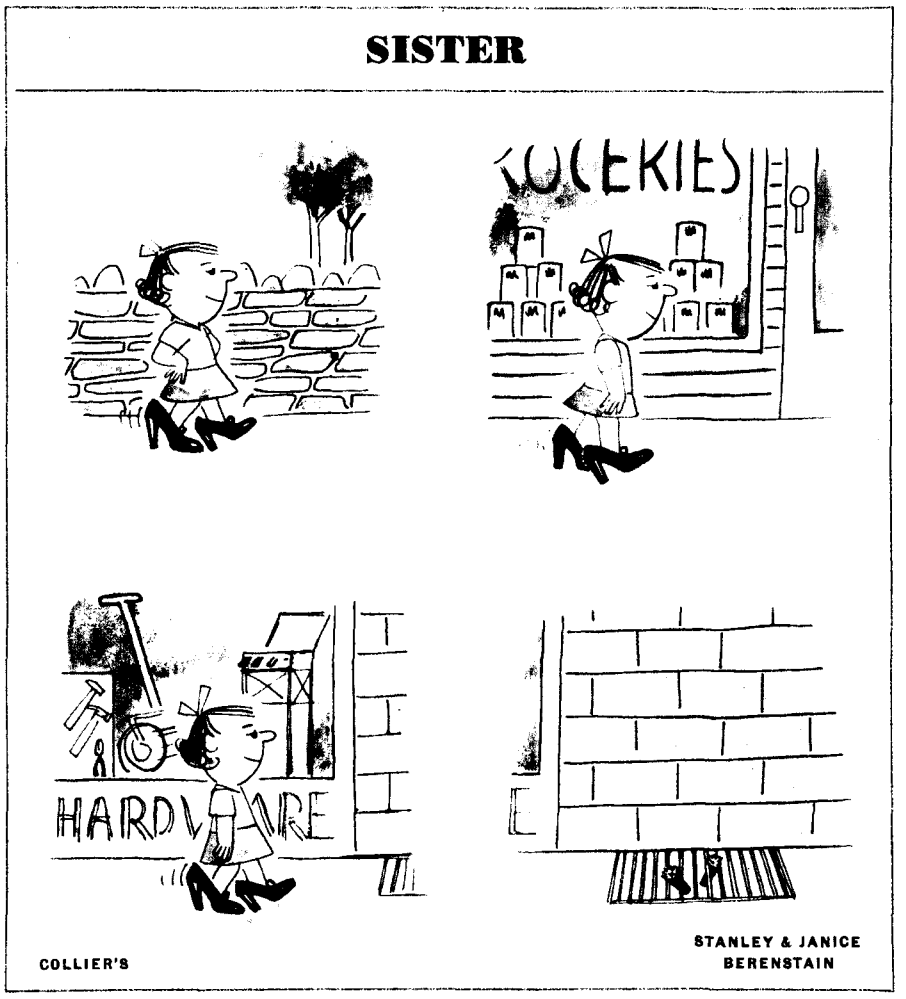
The Iranian crisis centered on the presence of Russian troops in Iran. Gromyko declared it was none of the United Nations' business. The showdown came on March 27, 1946, when the U.N. Council refused a postponement. Gromyko took the floor and said in Russian that he could not "participate further in the discussion." Quite properly he waited for French and English translations of his remarks, then gathered his papers, stuffed them in his pocket, took off his glasses and led his advisers out of the room.

Gromyko then simply refused to say when he would come back. Perhaps he enjoyed the world's suspense. Once he told a crowd of reporters outside the consulate that he was going to a council meeting at 610 Fifth Avenue. He climbed into his limousine and sure enough stopped in front of 610, but only for a red light. He toured Manhattan for half an hour and then, while the reporters waited patiently outside 610, went back to the consulate on Sixty-First Street. Whether this was Russian humor or indecision has never been explained.

The walkout lasted 13 days, 21 hours and 46 minutes. When Gromyko returned to his green-backed chair at the council table, a new phrase had been added to American slang. "To pull a Gromyko" meant taking a walk. Baseball announcers began using it.

After that, no one could challenge Gromyko's position as the chief attraction at the U.N. On the day of one of his important speeches there were more than 5,000 requests for the fewer than 400 public seats.

There is a good deal of truth in the crack that Gromyko has more sex appeal than anybody at the United Nations except the Yemenite princes. (Apparently nobody can compete with their robes and daggers.) The irreverent call him the U.N.'s Sinatra. The United Nations guards have trouble keeping autograph fans away. Their vigilance,



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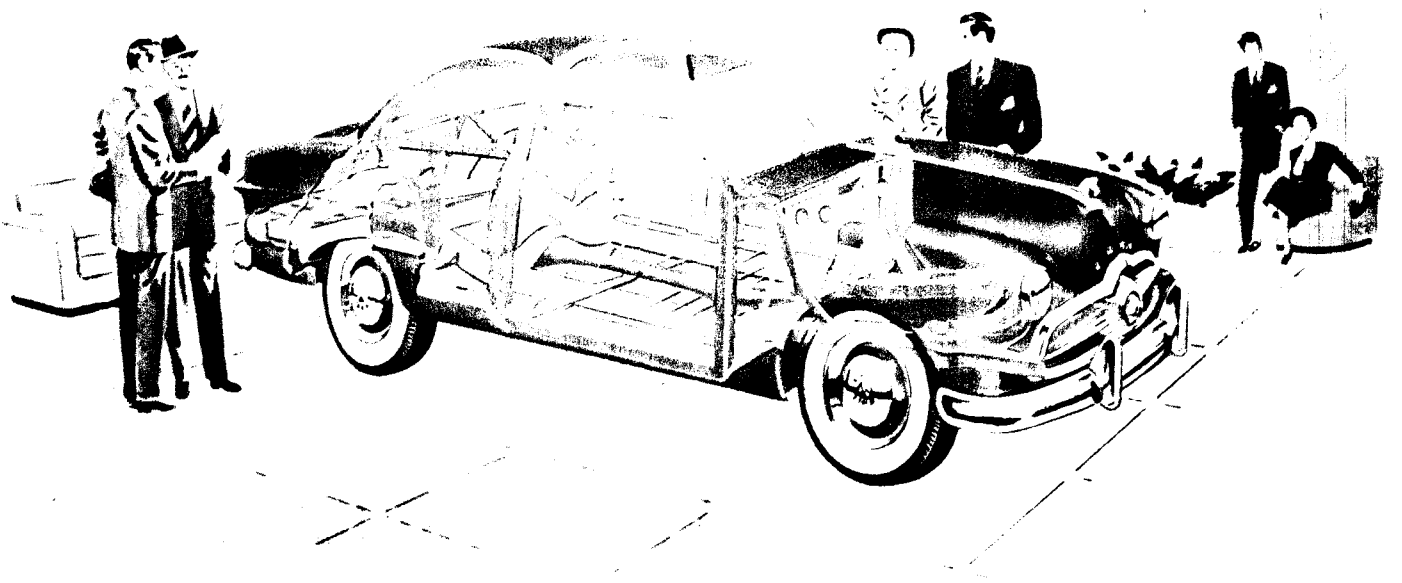

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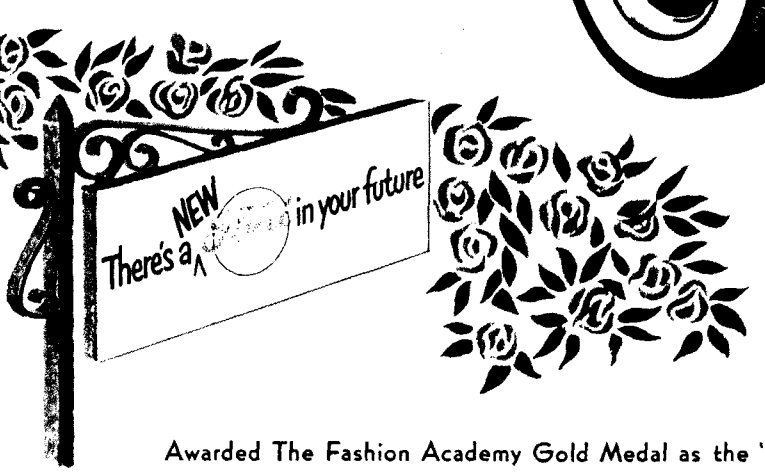

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coupled with Gromyko's own dislike of the autograph book, have made his signature worth two or more of any other delegate's.

In his early days at Lake Success, Gromyko was completely standoffish. He was always in a hurry and seldom very polite about it. Time and the American press have loosened him up a little. It took quite a while, but eventually he got to know most of the regular correspondents by name and would even trade a few mild jokes with them. "Aren't you going to blame the Soviet Union for the bad weather?" was one of his favorites.

Often as not, Gromyko asked more questions than he answered. They were always innocuous—frequently on the mechanics of the newspaper business.

Gromyko kept up a dutiful interest in American life. He even paid a couple of visits to baseball games at the Yankee Stadium but so far as could be observed he was not amused.

In the days when everybody was seeing flying saucers, Gromyko took it as an interesting American phenomenon. His official comment was:

"Some attribute it to the British for exporting too much of their Scotch whisky into the United States. Some say it is a Russian discus thrower training for the Olympic games who does not realize his own strength."

Gromyko sometimes likes to show off the fruits of his study of American history. Somebody remarked once that it was wonderful how active Baruch was at his age. Gromyko looked across the room at another U.S. representative, John Hancock, and said:

"How about John Hancock over there? He signed your Constitution and still is going strong!"

American Communists Shunned

Gromyko liked American movies, and went several times a week. He made a comment to George Barrett of The New York Times that has embarrassed the Communist party in the United States ever since. He remarked that his favorite American movie was Gone with the Wind. But to the Communists of the U.S., G.W.T.W. represents a glorification of the slave system and the Southern cause in the Civil War.

The slip can be explained by the fact that Gromyko kept aloof from the Communist press in the United States. He could be seen reading The New York Times or the New York Herald Tribune and sometimes the New York Daily News. But nobody ever saw him settle down with a copy of the Daily Worker. When he had been in the U.S. more than two years, he was introduced to a Daily Worker reporter by a member of the "capitalist" press.

Gromyko's relations with the press are governed by a few iron rules. He will not pose for a picture. He doesn't protest if pictures are taken but always ignores any request to "do it again." And he never has given shipboard interviews. When his ship docked this spring, he locked himself in his cabin and the Polish and Czech delegates who came aboard to pay their respects were turned away by one of Gromyko's aides who thought they were more reporters.

Gromyko's English was halting and awkward when he first came to the U.S., but by the time he left to become First Deputy Foreign Minister it was fluent and idiomatic—sometimes startlingly slangy.

One reporter put a blunt and very undiplomatic political question to him and followed it up with, "That's the $64 question."

Gromyko's answer was, "Well, I've lost $64."

He was painstakingly careful to make sure that his Russian speeches were translated correctly. He didn't like the way one Security Council interpreter took the correction. Mr. Gromyko said a quiet word to Assistant Secretary General Sobolev, who was in charge of Security Council affairs, and that was the interpreter's last council meeting.

Gromyko's fellow delegates stand in awe of his ability to work. For a long time he was the sole Russian delegate at important meetings. He would sit three or four hours in the Security Council, take a break for lunch, go back to three more hours of Atomic Commission meetings, come out for private talks with other delegates, and finally go home to read documents, prepare reports for the Kremlin, review the work of his subordinates, prepare the next day's speeches, and outline tactics.

Gromyko is a hard man to work for. He's the kind of boss who wants direct answers and doesn't like replies starting with "I think." He once furiously bawled out a subordinate who had kept him waiting. His attack was typical:

"What kind of protocol is it to keep me waiting?"

The Russian language has a familiar form of "you," but nobody in the Soviet delegation has ever been heard to apply it to Gromyko.

Aside from ship photographers (Hey, Andy, over here, will you!) the only man who ever first-named him in public was former Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius. Gromyko always seemed to be a little embarrassed by Stettinius' joviality. He never reciprocated by calling Stettinius "Ed."

Gromyko did not unbend at Lake Success, nor as host at the parties which he held in the Soviet consulate, or in the very swank Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Center. He was a stiff host. He would stand for hours in the reception line, never leaving it to mingle with his guests. He didn't drink but would hold a glass of Scotch and water in his hand.

So far as the food was concerned, the Gromyko parties were always the best of the season. When they were held at the consulate, there were always huge tables loaded with black caviar, thick slabs of sturgeon, crisply roasted suckling pigs, delicate hams and fat turkeys. There were also cases of Scotch, vodka and champagne, but somehow nobody seemed to get drunk.

All of Gromyko's fellow delegates showed up at his parties. All of them were genuinely interested in Gromyko as a prototype of the Russian ruling circle. They credit him with an expert's knowledge of parliamentary rule, with an immense knowledge of the U.N. and with a stupendous sense of self-righteousness.

One delegate, who has known him for years, said, "You know, Grom doesn't think he is right. He knows he is. And he really can't understand why you don't know it, too."

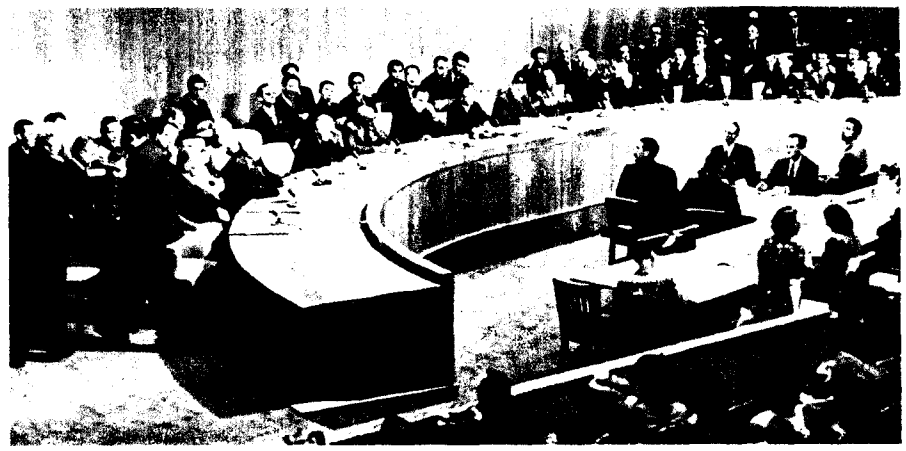
Diplomats who work with Gromyko concede that he is an extremely good international poker player. But they feel, some of them, that he lacks one important factor in the make-up of a good diplomat—elasticity. They think that he sticks too closely to the letter of his instructions to become a shaper of policy.

"An errand boy," they call him in moments of irritation.

It's admitted quite freely that with more power, perhaps a seat in the Politburo, Gromyko may be able to improve his footwork as a diplomat. But almost any one of the delegates at the U.N. would be willing to say—some of them have said it—that Gromyko has come out on the short end of one diplomatic battle after another because he just would not or could not give an inch.

Gromyko obviously suffers from an anxiety complex on what the chiefs back home are thinking. He is a fanatic on the record, insisting always that it be letter-perfect. Informally, he may make agreements with other delegates to smooth the path of a debate, but on the record he is uncompromising.

During a recess of a meeting of the Atomic Energy Commission, Frederick H. Osborn, United States delegate, suggested that the delegates get together the next day, in private, at the offices of the U.N. on East Forty-second Street, New York, to talk affairs over among themselves. Gromyko agreed and it seemed settled.



WIDE WORLD

When Gromyko walked out of the U.N. Security Council in 1946

Toward the end of that day's meeting, however, Osborn mentioned—on the record—that there would be an informal closed get-together the following day. Gromyko immediately demanded the floor and announced there would be no such thing, that any business the commission had to do would be done right out where everybody could see.

Osborn caught on and after the meeting tactfully told Gromyko he and the other delegates would be at the U.N. office the next day at 3:00 P.M. "for cocktails"—and perhaps a Russian representative would care to drop in. A Russian representative did drop in.

But despite all Gromyko's caution it was impossible for him to escape without any socially difficult moments. In July, 1948, Secretary-General Lie gave a farewell dinner for the Russian, who was on his way home. Some of the other delegates were a little miffed because Gromyko was the first departing Security Council delegate to be honored at a Lie dinner.

Things were quite pleasant. There was a lot of chatter, all of it amiable. Just after dinner the wife of a Western diplomat bounced up to Mr. Gromyko and said:

"We hate to see you go, Mr. Gromyko, just when at last we were getting to like you."

Then, without a pause, she raced on, struck by a great idea:

"Aren't you afraid of going back there? Why don't you stay here and become like Victor Kravchenko?"

There is no record of Gromyko's answer, but it is probable that he wasn't wildly complimented. He and Kravchenko once, through the press, called each other dogs.

Gromyko ran into trouble again when he attended a meeting in the U.S. delegation's office the day after Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk went to his death from his window in Prague. Masaryk was very much on everybody's mind. Before the meeting began the delegates stood around, trying clumsily to get conversation going. Gromyko looked out the window and said, "Nice office Senator Austin has. Light, airy and high up."

The inevitable popped from somebody: "Yes, don't jump."

He's Fond of Proverbs

At the council table or in the Assembly, Gromyko differs sharply from Vishinsky. Vishinsky is a dramatic, deliberately colorful, old-time revolutionary. He's a great believer in high-pitched speech; he is the emotional, red-faced, table-thumping kind of delegate. He bounces up and down like a yo-yo, shakes his finger furiously, yells enthusiastically.

Gromyko's speeches, on the other hand, are delivered in a monotone. Grim Grom, the Secretariat sometimes calls him. He likes to hammer his points slowly, stolidly and at length. He never shouts, no matter how bitter or sarcastic he may be.

His speeches cover the water front. He puts everything into them—arguments, epithets, quotations, quotations, quotations. His staff labors furiously to supply him with ammunition and his clipping bureau is enormous. He quotes newspapers and magazines from every part of the world.

Gromyko usually speaks in Russian and, like all Russian delegates, is very fond of a well-timed, well-placed proverb. He sprinkles them through all his major speeches. The audience usually knows when one is coming. Gromyko will look up from his prepared text and raise a finger to announce the proverb. These are some of them:

"Don't spit in a well; you may have to drink water from it."

Gromyko likes that a lot.

"One hand washes the other."

That's the Soviet version of "you scratch my back; I'll scratch yours."

"People in palaces think differently from people in huts."

Gromyko threw that last crack at the British delegate, Hector McNeil, during the General Assembly. McNeil replied by ribbing the Soviet delegation about its "well-walled" Park Avenue splendor, and asked what the Russian representatives knew about huts anyway. He advised them to visit a few New York delicatessens to find out about people who live in huts and other small places.

There was quite an aftermath to that one while delicatessen store owners pointed out that the British delegate didn't know much more about American huts than the Russians did.

Another Gromyko proverb—one that Molotov uses too:

"A child with seven nurses never gets fed."

Molotov first used it to denounce multiple trusteeship for the Italian colonies. A while later, when the Soviet put forward its own version of multiple trusteeship for the Italian colonies, Western delegates began quoting Mr. Molotov's handy proverb to Mr. Gromyko.

As chief delegate of the Soviet Union, Gromyko often presided over the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and sometimes took the chair temporarily in the General Assembly.

By the time he left the U.N. spot, Gromyko was a weary man. Political

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loneliness, the belief that his country was the victim of a gigantic war plot, the work, work, work were getting him. The schoolboy smoothness of his face had long vanished. There were deep lines etched into it. His temper had sharpened, and it flared easily now.

This new irascibility showed just before he left, when he gave a verbal lacing to a hat-room attendant who had kept him waiting and to an interpreter whose work he hadn't liked. He threatened to have them both fired. These incidents shocked Gromyko's associates, but his friends excused him on the grounds of his obvious fatigue.

Recalled for a Promotion

The Russians pulled Gromyko out of the United Nations in the summer of 1948. Obviously he has spent much of his time at home reporting on what he saw and learned in nine years in the United States.

The news that he was to be First Deputy Foreign Minister came on March 5, 1949, soon after Moscow told the world that Vishinsky would replace Molotov as Foreign Minister.

Gromyko is now a member of the Supreme Soviet, and wears the highest civil decoration of the Soviet Union. But he is still not a member of the policy-making Politburo. If he makes this he will move into the circle of men from which Joseph Stalin's successor will come.

On Gromyko's visit to the United States to attend the U.N. General Assembly last spring, he seemed highly aware of his new dignity. He adopted his old no-comment ways, and had his limousine come to the Assembly's back door so he could avoid the delegates' lounge entirely. He left most of the Assembly floor work to subordinates, and concentrated on high-level discussions and talks outside the United Nations.

On this trip Gromyko left his wife, Lidya, and his son and daughter at home, although they had been with him all the years in Washington and Lake Success. As always, he was completely close-mouthed about his family. He ignored personal questions and simply stared down the interviewer until the subject was changed.

For the Gromyko youngsters, life in Russia must be quite a change. Most of their childhood impressions were formed in the United States. Anatoli was seventeen when the Gromykos left America and Milya was eleven. Despite their studied isolation and their schooling by Russian tutors, Mr. and Mrs. Gromyko must have faced the problem that confronts almost every foreign diplomat—the Americanization of their children.

Anatoli was a special problem. Despite the lessons in aloofness that were drummed into him, he picked up Americanisms quickly. He developed a liking for fast cars and police once stopped him for speeding—and without a license. He got off with a warning and a notice to come in for a driver's test.

Mrs. Gromyko is a round-faced pleasant woman, much more given to idle, time-of-the-day talk than her husband. She always dressed plainly, just this side of dowdiness. She worried a lot about Anatoli and his future. She once startled a demure Long Island tea party by saying quietly that she and her husband used to lie awake nights worrying because in the event of war their boy would be one of the first to go.

When Gromyko left his U.N. job and sailed for Russia, ship news reporters as usual had another try at getting him to say something, anything. He kept his mouth tightly shut to all leading questions but at last he said something that gave a fair indication of his attitude.

"Did you enjoy living in America?" a reporter asked.

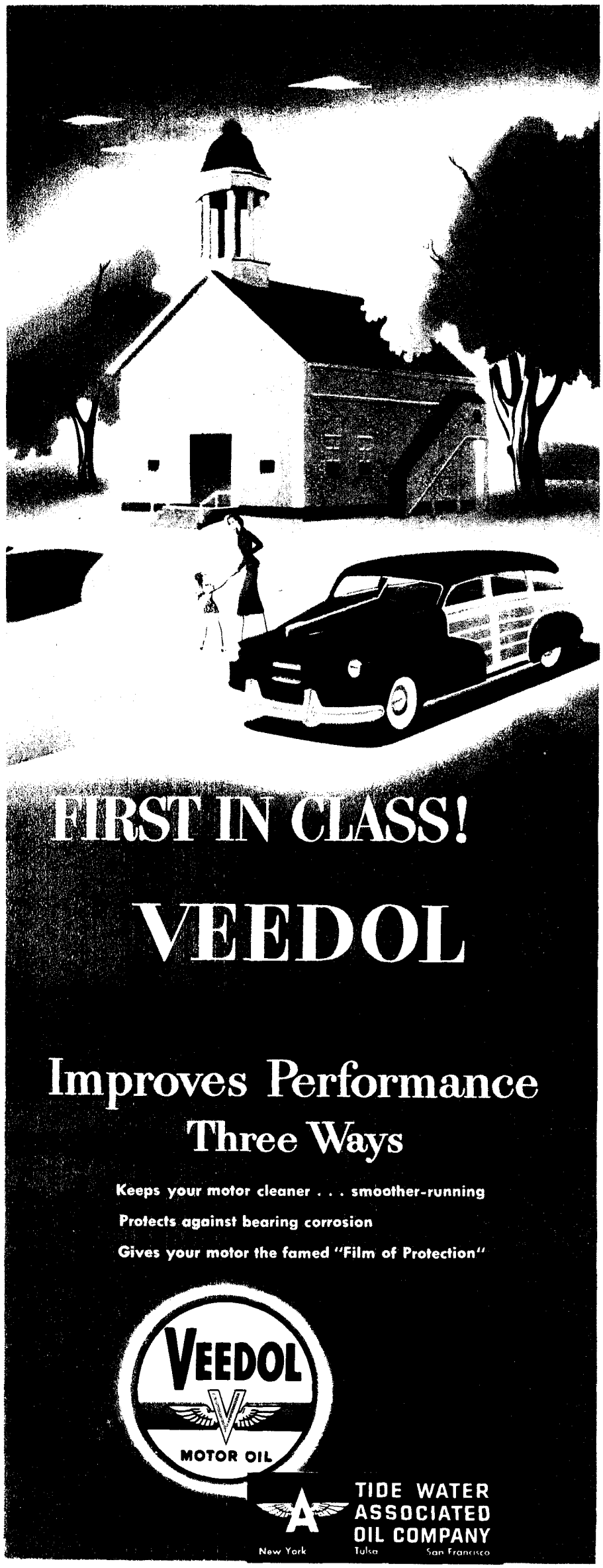
"I worked here," said Gromyko.

THE END

A. M. Rosenthal covers the United Nations for The New York Times.

"Don't you think we should leave now to beat the crowd?"

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY



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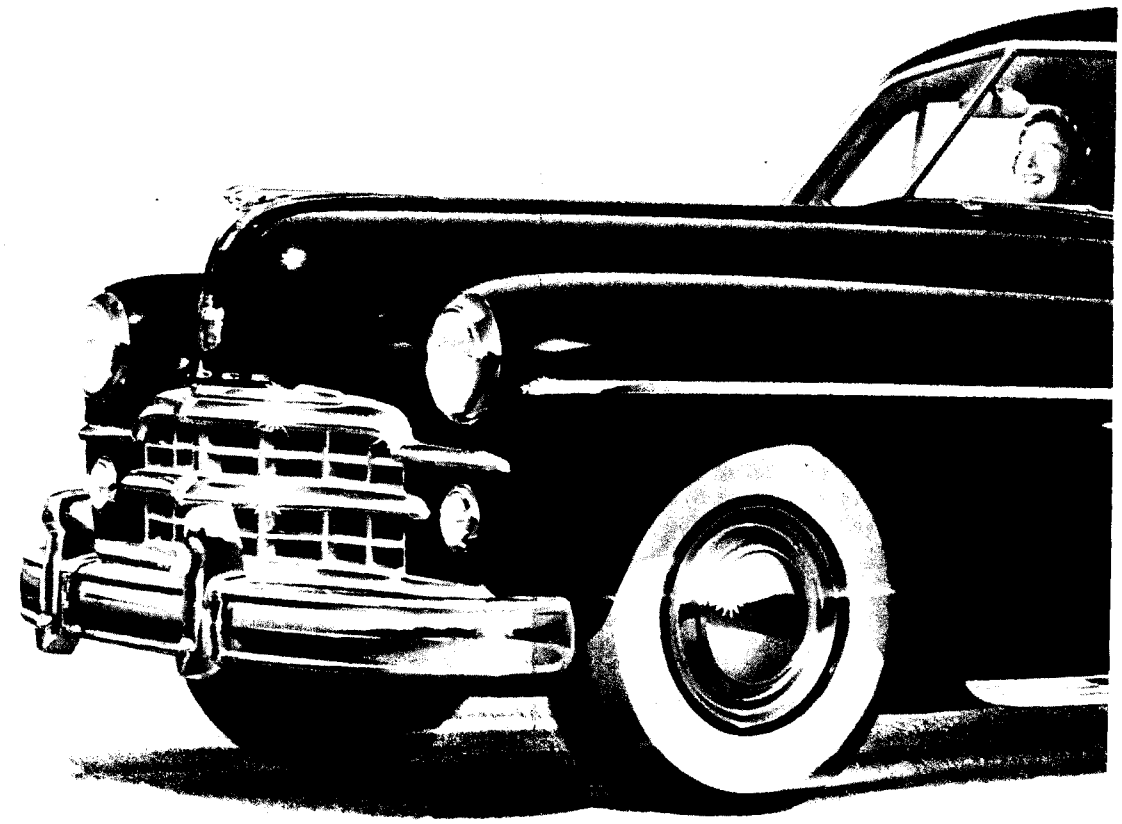

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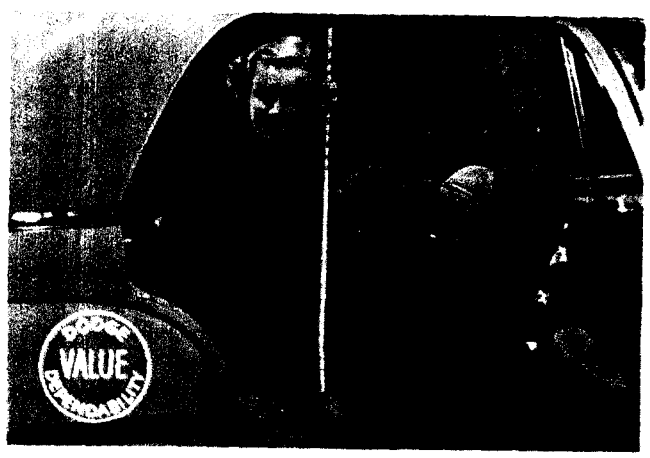

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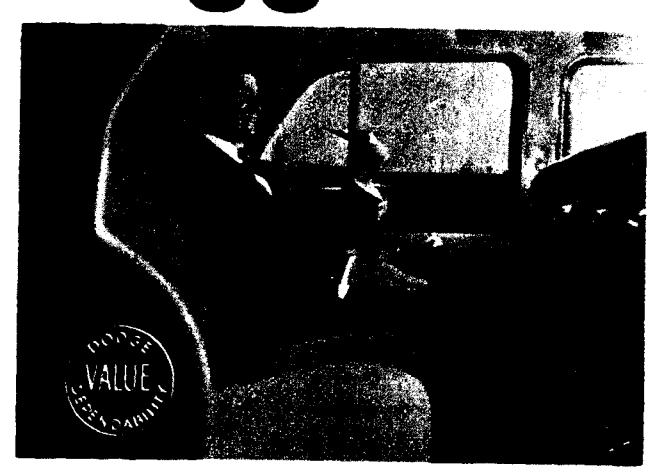

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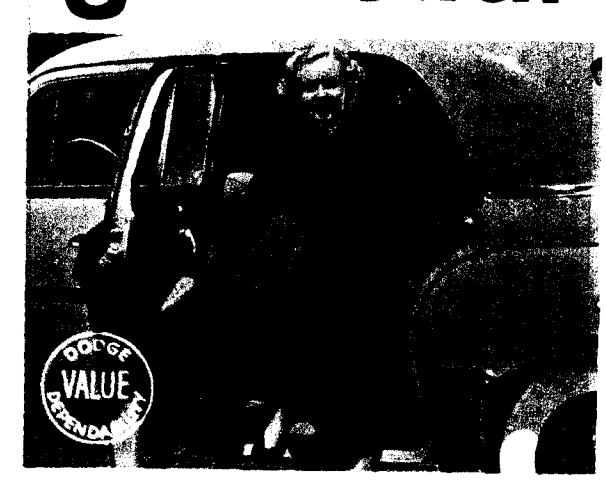

More For The Money! Easy in, easy out! Doors o w-i-d-e for greatest convenience. Arm rest is on d out of your way. You step in and out in one gra ful motion. No awkward squirming or twisti

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COMPACT OUTSIDE

THER...AND SO WILL YOU

1ST IN VALUE

NEW FUN L STYLING

NEW "GE " G

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NEW RIDI OTHNESS

NEW SAF MFORT

1ST

VALUE

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DGE

NEW "DECORATOR" INTERIORS

Smartly styled, today's new Dodge interiors are as beautiful as a modern living room. Every detail of upholstery, appointments and trim combine to produce true natural beauty . . . enduring beauty you love to live with.

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THE DODGE "MAGIC MILE"

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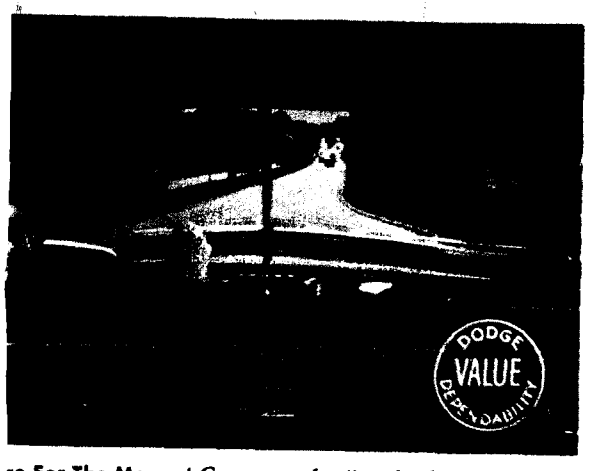

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More For The Money! All Dodge models give you the amazing and proven smoothness of Dodge gyrol Fluid Drive. New Gyro-Matic to free you from shifting available on Coronet models at slight extra cost.

THE BIG RUGGED

DOD

Just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

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Skid Row—U.S.A.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

rent on a basement which had been unoccupied since prohibition.

Other A.A.s pledged one, two, or five dollars a month to keep it going. It is open from noon to midnight. A Skid Row drunk walks in and he is soon talking to an A.A. who can truthfully top any story of degradation or misfortune the bum can tell about himself. He is given coffee and food, and, if he volunteers a request for help in sobering up, a silk-smooth operation begins.

First he has to "sweat it out." That's a three- or four-day process during which a man gets sobered up first and then goes through the agonies of the damned, fighting against a nervous system which screams for a drink. While he is "sweating it out," A.A. veterans of the same sort of personal hell talk to him, listen to him, walk with him through the night and even buy him a double-header if their expert eyes tell them his system *must* have a little alcohol. When sleep comes at last he is taken to a flophouse and his new friends buy him a night's lodging.

When the "sweating out" period is finished, the man gets a suit of clothes and a job. Twelfth Step House has an arrangement with a half-dozen hospitals to hire men it recommends. Since January more than 150 Skid Row drunks have been straightened out and returned to work through its efforts.

A.A. flatly refuses to compile statistics about cures it has effected because its axiom is, "An alcoholic is cured only when he is buried."

Every night 35 to 50 former Skid Row bums can be seen at Twelfth Step House. They sit around talking or listening to impromptu speeches—academic discussions of the problems involved in fighting alcohol. Talk and companionship are the very heart of the A.A. technique.

Everybody helps everybody else. I saw an old man hustle in and survey the room. He spotted a young fellow who was with a group which was heatedly discussing the effects of "sneaky-pete," a generic term for fortified wines. He nodded the boy away from the group and excitedly whispered, "There's a dish-washing job open up on Twenty-third Street. I couldn't take it on account of my bum arm. But I told them you'd be right up. Six bucks." The boy got his cap and was gone in half a minute.

Employed Make Contributions

No working member of Twelfth Step ever enters the place without a couple of loaves of bread and perhaps a hal bologna under his arm. They all try to contribute to the kitty, but one of the few rules of the place is "No contribu tions from men working one-night stands. Okay from those steadily employed."

The policeman is the Skid Row bum's mortal enemy; he is just as frequently his only friend. My own experience with policemen in the Skid Rows of America ran along the same line. In Chicago, Captain Graney told me, "We don't want you writing about Chicago's Skid Row. But you're going to write about it anyway, so we'll answer every question you ask us. Of course we're ashamed of our Skid Row, but if you can figure out an answer, you're smarter than I think you are. We give the bums all the protection we can. It's not enough, I guess. Still, if you assigned a cop to every bum on Skid Row, the bums would still get in trouble."

In San Francisco, Captain Leo Tackney of the Southern Station glowered at me and said, "I'm not going to tell you anything and neither is any of my men. It's bad for San Francisco. If you go into Skid Row, you go at your own risk. If you take any pictures, you'll do it at your own peril." I told the captain that the pictures would be taken. I also assured him I was going through his Skid Row.

Three separate times I walked all over San Francisco, rated by many as America's most charming city, always with the feeling I was being followed. I lost that feeling only after I dropped in for a chat with District Attorney Pat Brown. The D.A. agreed with Captain Tackney that Skid Row was bad for San Francisco but he also felt that it would be much worse if people stopped trying to do something about it.

I later learned why Captain Tackney was so irate. It seems they are making a movie about Skid Row—U.S.A. and the producer of the film has chosen Captain Tackney's precinct as the locale of the epic. It is a choice with which no man should quarrel.

I tried one more police department. That was in New Orleans. When I had finished my conducted tour in that city, I was stumped.

The first day in town I had asked kind and expert friends to tell me where New Orleans' Skid Row or rows were. They told me and I made arrangements to visit the jungle the next day in the company of a police department expert. However, there wasn't a bum to be seen anywhere, not even in the jails. Later I visited the same areas unaccompanied and found all the bums I ever want to see. I asked them where they had been all afternoon. They said it had been real hot, so they stayed off the streets.

No young man ever took up police work in anticipation of a career that would be spent chaperoning Skid Row bums. It is not surprising, therefore, that those assigned the task sometimes go about their duties with a maximum of muscle and a minimum of persuasion. But for every cop who makes enemies of the men he is supposed to help, there are two like Chicago's Steve Watson and Los Angeles' William Shurley. And there is the immortal "Book-Him" John McGinnis, also of Chicago. "Book-Him" John is now relieved of his arduous Skid Row chores and works with children, but his name is still revered on the nation's Skid Rows.

When a bum put in a work hitch as a gandy-dancer with the railroad—the name traces back to the jiglike step used in tamping down track beds—and quit, got fired, or finished his unwelcome job, he headed back to Chicago. He might have a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket and the unhappy knowledge that he would blow it all in a night if left to his own customs and habits. So he would seek out McGinnis and turn over the major part of his money to him. "Book-Him" John doled it out until it was gone, and after that John was always good for a touch.

The officer never lost a nickel through these loans. Usually the debtor paid off at the first opportunity. But if he went off on the railroad again or took to the hobo jungles, John would pass the word along that he was in default. The debtor would hear about it from every Chicago resident who crossed his trail. And if he found himself overlong in arrears, he also found himself barred from the mulligan stew, the bottle and the companionship of his fellow hobos or gandy-dancers.

McGinnis was a one-man warrant squad on Skid Row. If any flop resident was wanted, John only had to pass the word. "Tell McCarthy to get over to the station house. Somebody is looking for him." "Somebody" could be a relative, a friend, an insurance adjuster or even a warrant. It didn't matter. If McGinnis sent out the word, McCarthy came ambling into the police station within an hour.

Every morning, when the unhappy contents of a jail's drunk tank were lined up before a judge, McGinnis would stand at the court's elbow. Theoretically he was there to identify the bums, but in practice he would make recommendations. "Ah now, this is a nice lad, Judge," John would say as a shivering hangover stood before the bench. "A nice lad. He's been working and only been on Skid Row a couple of days. Let him go, Judge."

The next might hear, "Judge, this fellow's a nice lad but he's been laying around six months. He needs a doctor, Judge. Send him away for a while."

But John's favorite expression and the basis for his nickname was, "Now here's a lad been laying around drunk for six months. But a nice lad. Let me take care of him, Judge. I'll book him." John would wave the man aside until court recessed. Then the man, along with several colleagues, would be shepherded to a group of railroad labor representatives and John would persuade them to book the derelicts for gandy-dancing jobs.

Chicago's Steve Watson is in the McGinnis mold. He's in court every morning too with his advice, 90 per cent of it compassionate. I did hear him say to Judge Edward Pluczak, as one man came up for sentencing, "Judge, this is one of the best thieves this side of the Mississippi." The man got the equivalent of 30 days when he sullenly refused an offer to rebut Watson's estimate.

Steve walks his beat amid an endless salvo of greetings. When his charges attempt to shake hands, as they frequently do, Steve shows them his gloved hands and begs off with some excuse about a skin ailment.

I saw a young man laid out cold on Madison Street. He looked dead to me. Steve bent over him, applied some pressure behind his ears, and bloodshot eyes opened in an ashen face. The man managed a pathetic smile, "Hello, Steve," he said. "Please help me up, will you?"

In Los Angeles, William Shurley has earned the confidence of his charges. He will say to a man, "You're pretty bad off. I want you to go on in. Stand over by that lamppost until the wagon comes by." The man will stagger to the lamppost and wait until the patrol wagon, making its endless rounds, appears.

Out-of-Bounds for Bums

Most cities have off-limits areas for bums. The Skid Row resident who crosses Texas Avenue in Houston does so at his own peril; or he can expect a good clout if found panhandling around New York's Times Square. He is supposed to stay "south of the slot" in San Francisco; and in Kansas City he passes the Kay Hotel at his own risk. Boston cleans out its Skid Rows by making periodic promises of a year in Bridgewater for vagrants and drunks who are apprehended.

Some police departments attempt to enforce a "keep-moving" policy. I heard a crippled beggar, of extraordinarily handsome features and cleanliness, plead with a judge to let him off. "I've got relatives in Detroit and I'm going back to see them."

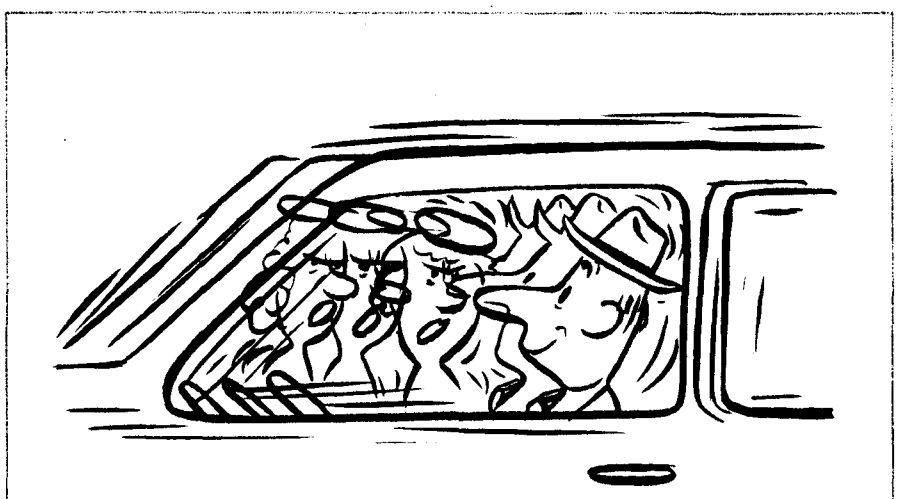
The judge said, "You're not going back to Detroit and you know it. If you do, Hitler and Mussolini will get you." The men who were lined up behind the cripple smiled. The cripple himself grinned one of those "you-ain't-just-talking-judge" grins. "Hitler" and "Mussolini" are a couple of Detroit policemen who have dedicated themselves to keeping Detroit's Skid Row population as fluid as possible.

No city overpatrols its Skid Row. Most municipalities seem to ignore their jungles. There is a universal theory among law-enforcement men that there is little or no crime on Skid Row. They couldn't possibly be more wrong.

The major criminal is the "roller," "jack-roller" or "mugger." He is the same man operating under a different name in different parts of the country. He steals shoes, shirts, pants, and even the underwear of his victims. Usually his prey is too drunk to know, but sometimes he attempts to resist and is hurt. I staked a battered old wreck in Kansas City, but when he saw me go to my pocket he said, "I'll meet you around the corner. If those guys see you give me anything, I'll get jack-rolled."

Almost any man found dead in Skid Row without a bullet or a knife in him died "of natural causes" so far as the cops are concerned. Public statistics keep tab on murders and since police efficiency is judged by those statistics, the cops try to avoid any additional unsolved homicides among the nonentities of Skid Row.

Before going into the details of how murder is committed on Skid Row, it is necessary to understand that the resistance and physical condition of most alcoholics is tremendously substandard. They hurt easily, they cure slowly and assistance comes tardily if at all. Nobody knows whether a man curled up in



COLLIER'S — "Must you beat time to the radio on the accelerator?" — GEORGE SMITH

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the hallway is suffering from too much sherry or a cracked skull.

Fist fights are common on Skid Row. Bottles make excellent weapons and they are everywhere. Bartenders and flophouse bouncers are busy men who frequently have only enough time to practice a bit of rudimentary jujitsu to invoke order and then "leave 'em lay." And of course the "jack-roller" takes many a life for a pair of shoes or the nickel and three pennies to be found in a bum's pocket.

Police Keep Watchful Eye

In most cities a patrol wagon, manned by policemen called "ragpickers," makes regular rounds collecting the pugnacious and the man so drunk he may stagger into a moving trolley car or truck. Bums who are sleeping it off are rarely bothered, unless they have bedded down in front of the chamber of commerce. New Orleans sends out the wagon only on call. The Second Precinct there, covering the beloved French Quarter, speaks proudly of an elderly client who regularly telephones and says, "Sergeant, send the wagon for me. The usual corner."

New Orleans and Los Angeles give the picked-up bum a chance to sleep it off before subjecting him to formal arrest. He gets a flat six hours. If he can make the 5:00 A.M. "kick-out" line and sign a false-arrest waiver, he is freed. In most other cities he must face the judge.

The police, the magistrates and the victims all agree that this is an expensive and useless procedure excused only by the fact that a man in the drunk tank is less likely to be injured.

Drunk tanks are the same the country over and they are shameful. Most of them have no facilities beyond bare, cold floors. The police claim they would be delighted to install cots and rudimentary plumbing, but the condition of the prisoners makes such sharp and unyielding objects a serious menace.

When court convenes, the night's haul is herded into a special corner of the room. The non-Skid Row citizens who seek justice are separated and their cases, usually domestic quarrels and landlord-tenant disagreements, are heard first. Then the Skid Row group is lined up before the bar.

The air of frustration that hangs over the courtroom defies description. The long weaving line of hang-overs is wrapped in hopelessness; the judge is baffled; so too are the prosecuting attorneys and the police. Everybody is licked and knows it.

Names are called and men answer. The old-timers—a history of 200 arrests calls for no undue interest—are resigned; the youngsters are frightened; and the rare gentleman from the proper side of the railroad tracks is confident he can talk himself free, even though he looks about apprehensively in fear that he may see an old acquaintance, such as his wife.

A few of the old-timers shrug, plead guilty and hope for the best. Most of them give it a bit of battle: "I've got a job waiting for me, Judge," or, "I'm getting out of town tonight, Your Honor," or "I'm a hard-working man, Judge. I just slipped a little last night." If the judge has enough interest, he will ask the hard worker to show him the palms of his hands. Calluses will support his story.

Frequently a man says, "Please, Judge, give me 30 days." Invariably it is to get hospital treatment for wounds or infections. Occasionally it's a desperate effort to get sober or something to eat. But generally the men are frantic to avoid jail.

It's a dreary procession spotted occasionally with high drama. I heard the father of a young newspaperman plead with a judge, "We have $15,000 to assure my boy complete medical and psychiatric treatment, Your Honor."

Before the judge could answer, the boy spoke, "Father, please. You know and I know it's just a waste of money." His father left, weeping, as the boy took another 30-day sentence.

A twenty-one-year-old ex-G.I., hungover and petrified, answered all questions in a quavering voice, his head hanging. He was asked what kind of a discharge he possessed. His head came up, he straightened and his voice was firm as he answered, "An honorable discharge, sir."

In Los Angeles the court told a young woman who had been picked up several times, "I'm going to send you to jail to sober up."

"No, Judge, please don't do that," she begged. "I'm in Sister Essie's show tonight. I've got a big part. I'm a very important angel." The important angel was freed to take her place in the religious pageant at Sister Essie's Skid Row mission.

Judge Edward Pluczak, of the Desplaines Street Municipal Court in Chicago, looks like a tough Army sergeant, but he is surprisingly gentle. He told me, "I'm sick and tired of meeting boyhood friends, college pals and members of the Chicago bar whom I once idolized. Sending these people to jail doesn't do any good. What I need is a nonprison farm where they could go to sober up. Nobody ever gave up liquor in a cell block."

San Francisco's realistic district attorney, Pat Brown, is in complete agreement with Judge Pluczak. Brown's theories are particularly apropos because his bailiwick is the drinkingest city in the United States, according to surveys published by Brown's own office. "I want a half million dollars to set up a rehabilitation center that is not a jail," Brown told me. "I want to stop the practice of tossing alcoholics in jail or freeing them to get stiff all over again. We won't straighten out very many, but if we can rehabilitate 10 per cent, the experiment will be cheap." All four of San Francisco's newspapers support Brown. Alcoholics Anonymous, Stanford and California universities are behind him, too.

Brown laughed and said, "I'll probably never be elected dogcatcher after saying this, but they're doing a magnificent job across the bay in Oakland."

Brown isn't the only man with an eye on the Oakland project. They are watching it at Yale, too. And they are watching it wherever municipal officials do not feel that Skid Row is something that should be kicked under the rug and ruled out of public discussions.

California Experiment Promising

Alameda County, which is Oakland, has rented an unused military installation for $1 a year. It is called the Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center and covers 3,300 acres. Alcoholics are given a choice of jail or the Center. It is not as obvious a choice as you might think, because at Santa Rita there are 550 acres of vegetables under cultivation and that means hard work for the physically fit.

Most of the inmates are sent there for 90 days but it is *not* a jail. When a man gets himself straightened out and healthy he can leave in less than 90 days. Alameda County Sheriff Jack Gleason says, "We give them psychiatric assistance, work and an opportunity to build up their health. I won't say how well the plan is working because it's too new. Give me two years. But it looks pretty good, so far."

To spare their sensibilities, the Skid Row patients at Santa Rita were separated from other inmates. The Skid Row group complained against this discrimination. "We're as good as they are," they argued. Now all mix together, and psychiatrists and policemen agree it is better that way.

Raymond McCarthy, executive director of the Yale Plan Clinic, thinks Oakland is on the right path. He told me, "The punitive approach to the Skid Row problem accomplishes nothing beyond making a city look neater.

"But," he added, "the majority cannot be helped by treatment on an out-patient level. They must be isolated for medical and psychiatric study. Jail is no good. Prison farms are just as bad. The Skid Row bum, to be saved, must have supervised freedom." McCarthy admitted "supervised freedom" is a top-notch contradiction in terms. "The sad fact seems to be," he said, "that these men and women must be institutionalized in an institution that doesn't exist today."

To that, and to all that went before it, I can add only this: I didn't meet anybody on Skid Row who liked it. I didn't meet anybody who ever expected to leave it alive. I didn't meet anybody who deserved to be there. It is a world of the living dead and an utterly fantastic exhibition of man's cruelty to man. It deserves as much study and research as cancer or heart disease because, like those scourges, it can happen to you and yours. THE END

RODNEY DESARRO

Garden Groan

When I have added cost of seeds
And DDT for killing weeds
And wear and tear on rakes and hoes,
As well as on my shoes and clothes,
And water during time of drought
And stuff for driving cutworms out
And liniments and disinfectant
And bandages (lockjaw expectant)
And loss of objects loaned to neighbors
And countless hours of sweaty labors. . . .

When I have added these, I say,
And totaled what I've had to pay,
That squash's yellow is, I hold—
Or ought to be—the glint of gold!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

P.A. means Pipe Appeal and Prince Albert

He's bound to be popular... he's got P.A.

● A man with a pipe has an extra masculine appeal for the ladies. And with Prince Albert in your pipe—you're headed for smoking joy and comfort. P.A.'s choice, crimp cut tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Get mild, rich-tasting P.A.—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

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The Legal Bride

By ROBERT CARSON

CONCLUDING THE HILARIOUS LOVE STORY OF A MAN-SHY LADY LAWYER AND A MOVIE COWBOY WHO WASN'T SHY OF ANYTHING

Ben hit the floor. The next instant, the cop had Hall by the collar. "Come on," he said. "The station's right around the corner"

The Story: The first law case she had ever handled led ABIGAIL JANE FURNIVAL into a series of dizzying adventures. Her client was BEN CASTLE, debonair cowboy movie star and playboy, with whom Abigail fell in love against her better judgment. She flew to Las Vegas with Ben in an effort to settle a gambling debt owed to HARRY KALLEN, a night-club owner with underworld connections. Abigail was introduced to RICKY, a mild-looking gunman who seemed to take a fancy to her.

In a hastily arranged ceremony, Ben and Abigail were married. JACK HALL, a young aviator, was the best man, though he opposed the marriage and was in love with Abigail himself. Kallen told Abigail he would take no action against Ben as long as they stayed married. She realized that Ben and his business manager, E. G. GRAVES, had counted on Kallen's having kind feelings toward her because he had once been saved from a jail sentence by Abigail's father, the late Vincent (Vinnie) Furnival, a famous criminal lawyer. Abigail agreed to stay with Ben on a platonic basis at his home in Bel Air, because she feared Kallen might carry out his threat. But she insisted that the cowboy reform his reckless way of life. She met his movie associates, JAKE HARRIS, a publicity man, and OTTO FRANCIS BIRGIN, president of Ben's studio. Convinced that Ben would never be anything but a playboy, Abigail left him and drove away in her car for a vacation in the mountains. She decided to accept the offer of a job as a law clerk with HARRISON F. CALHOUN, an old friend of her father's. Abigail's vacation was interrupted when her former roommate, ALICE NORMAN, telephoned to tell her that Ben was being held for the murder of Kallen and had named Abigail as his counsel. Abigail sped back to Beverly Hills in her car to meet Alice.

CONCLUSION

ALICE was on the corner as agreed, looking furtive and wearing a long, dark veil. She bolted into the car so fast that Abigail scarcely had to reduce speed or change gears. Extending a clammy hand, Alice patted her distractedly.

"You brave thing," she said. "This is the worst marital tragedy I ever heard of. You can't save the guy—he's confessed. Where are we going?"

"To the Hall of Justice," Abigail said.

"You were mad to come back," Alice said. "I had a feeling I was being followed. A.J., the consequences of this thing will pursue us to the end of our lives. Why did he do it—the cowboy, I mean? Wait a minute, I've got my veil caught in my teeth!"

"Calm down, for pity's sake," Abigail remonstrated. "You act as if you're going to jump from your girdle."

She drove fast but carefully, thinking the Castles were in enough trouble without the addition of a traffic ticket. There was the usual difficulty finding an unfilled parking lot at Civic Center, and then the ordeal of visiting the district attorney's office.

In the hallway outside the D.A.'s door they were spotted by an untidy fat man who whooped Abigail's name and summoned a small horde of photographers and reporters. The next instant the air was clamorous with insistent voices and the hollow pop of flash bulbs. Their entrance into the district attorney's office was a mob scene with Abigail saying, "No comment, boys!" and Alice trying to hit the photographers with her purse. Abigail identified herself to a secretary, and asked to see the boss. A providential detective ejected the newspapermen.

The district attorney received them promptly. He was a gray-haired man who appeared as harried as Alice, and lacked the helpful concealment of a veil. He spoke on an interoffice communicator, requesting the presence of a Mr. Porson.

"I've been wondering where you were, Mrs. Castle," he said. "This is a nasty mess, and it has attracted a tremendous amount of attention in the papers."

"I've been away vacationing in the mountains, and unaware of what happened," Abigail replied, "until Miss Norman, my friend here, telephoned me this morning. I haven't even read a paper. Would you mind giving me the details, sir?"

"I'll let Mr. Porson, the deputy district attorney handling the case, do that for you," the district attorney said. "In the meantime I must inform you that your husband has signed a confession, that he's being held without bail, that the coroner's inquest is tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, and that Mr. Porson intends to arraign him for murder immediately afterward."

"Oh, the poor cowboy!" Alice said. The district attorney glanced at her queerly.

"He has appointed you his counsel, Mrs. Castle," he said. "He has stated that *(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

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FOR PAMPERING TENDER SKIN, NO OTHER TISSUE IS "JUST LIKE" KLEENEX. GENTLE, ABSORBENT KLEENEX TISSUES SOOTHE SUN-BAKED SHOULDERS...THANKS TO THAT GENTLE PROCESS THAT KEEPS KLEENEX HEAVENLY SOFT

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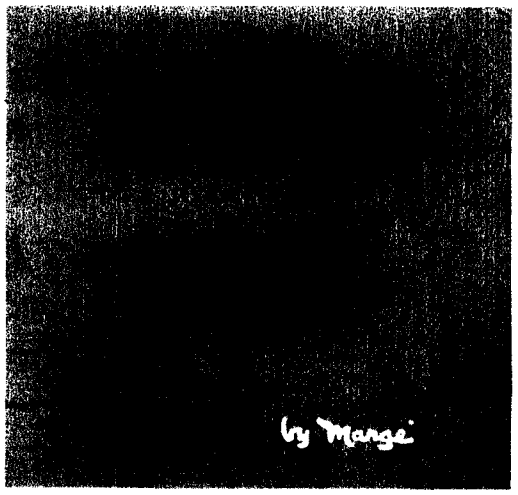

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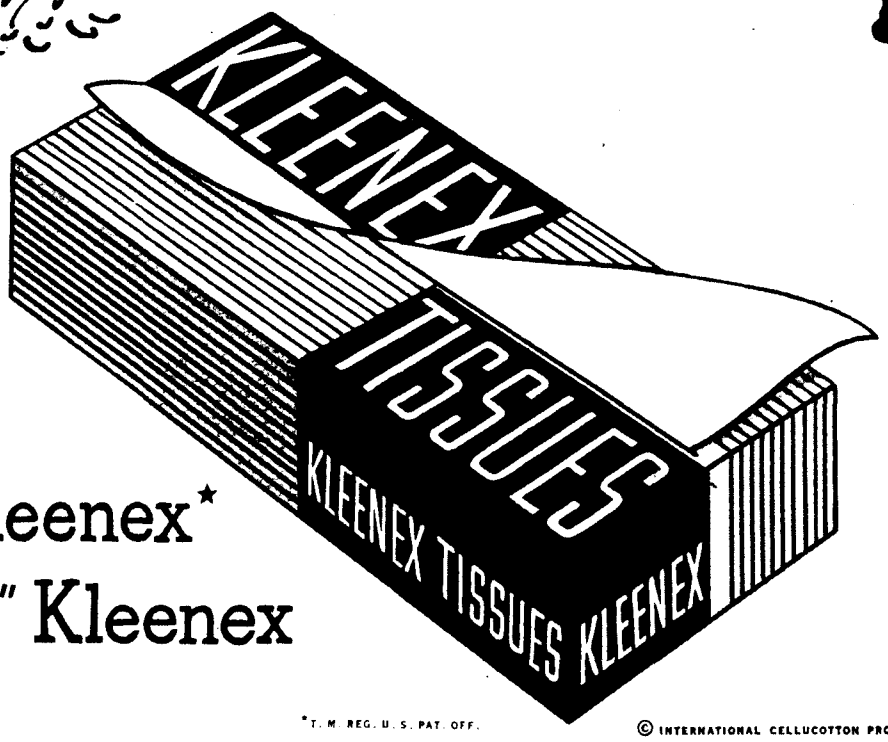
YOU CAN SEE AND FEEL THE QUALITY IN SMOOTH, SNOW-WHITE KLEENEX. COMPARE—AND DISCOVER HOW MANY WAYS THIS SPECIAL TISSUE SERVES AND SAVES. YOU'LL FIND IT PAYS TO REMEMBER... NOT JUST "TISSUES" BUT KLEENEX TISSUES



Only Kleenex* is "just like" Kleenex

America's Favorite Tissue

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A Young Man Trapped

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

said. Neither of them answered me; maybe it was an indelicate question. Leonard came back finally and got in the car. We started off again, and fifteen minutes later Leonard tapped me on the shoulder again.

"Parm me, mister," he said, "but my little sister has to go to the bathroom."

"Why the—why didn't she go at the last place?" I said.

"She didn't have to go then," he said logically.

"Well, watch for the next gas station."

We were on a beautiful stretch of highway with fields on either side. It was a fine stretch of road, but no one had shown enough business intelligence and gumption to put up a gas station.

We drove thirty miles before we hit a town, and I stopped in front of a restaurant. The little girl, Alfreda, picked up her doll.

"Leave the dolly in the car," I said.

She started to pucker up.

"All right," I said, "bring the doll then. You other kids stay here."

"Mama never lets us stay in the car," Leonard said. "We might be killed in an accident."

THE four of us trooped inside the restaurant and the proprietor, who looked like the head of the Maffia, came up and bowed.

"A table for four," he said. "Right this way, sir."

"No table," I said. "Where's the ladies' room?"

It was the insult supreme. I thought he was going for a knife, but he just flung out one arm in the direction of the rear of the restaurant.

"There you are, Alfreda," I said. "Straight ahead."

"Take me," she said.

"Now, look," I said, "this is not my department."

Her lower lip began to quiver.

I went over to the head of the Maffia and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around and gave me a sinister look.

"Pardon me," I said, "but do you have a waitress?"

He gave me a long level stare of hatred; then finally he called over a waitress. She looked sullen until I put a dollar bill in her hand. I saw the owner's face working. Over at the far side of the restaurant, Leonard was stealing lumps out of a sugar bowl.

I pretended I had never seen Leonard before. I looked at the ceiling and affected an air of boredom. After a while Alfreda came out, and we went outside and got in the car again. We got tied up in Saturday-morning traffic and crawled along in first.

Leonard made comments from the back seat.

"Why don't you go around that guy?" Leonard said. "Why did you get stuck in the slow lane?"

I refrained from discussing the subject with Leonard. We shook the traffic finally and were rolling across the countryside when there was a terrible scream from the back seat. I yanked the emergency brake. I turned around and counted one, two, three—they were all there. Alfreda was doing the screaming.

"It's her dolly," Leonard said. "She left her dolly in the restaurant."

"Your mama can buy you another dolly," I said. "That dolly was in bad shape, Alfreda—bald-headed and with only one arm." I hesitated. "All right, when we get to the cottage, we'll call up the restaurant and have them send it to you special delivery. Will that be all right?"

Alfreda stopped crying. She gave me a big smile and nodded her head sunnily.

"Well, that's settled," I said, and put the car in gear.

Leonard said, "What's the name of the restaurant? I bet you don't know the name of the restaurant even. How you going to call the restaurant you don't know the name of it even?"

I wondered how that kid had ever lived to be eight years old. Alfreda started crying again.

"Besides," Leonard added, "if you wait until tonight somebody will steal it." That was the clincher.

I didn't say anything. I started the car and made a U turn and drove back to the town. I fought my way through the traffic, and I had to park two blocks away from the restaurant. I walked the kids past the shoppers until we came to a dime store.

"Hey," said Leonard, "look at the water pistol."

I stopped the car.

"She does it every time," Leonard said. "She'll be all right now.". . .

Fifteen minutes later I put them in the back seat once more. We started off, and for ten minutes I got them to counting cows and horses to see who could count the most. Ethel said she had counted twenty-seven. Leonard said twenty-three. Ethel was recovered now. She gave Leonard a good paste in the eye, and silently I cheered her on. I was on Ethel's side.

But Leonard was made of stern stuff. He picked up Alfreda's dolly and threw it at Ethel. He threw it right out the window, and I had to stop again. I went across the highway and fished the doll out of the ditch. I went beyond the ditch and cut a branch from a sapling. I tested it for springiness and then carried it back to the car.

VIEWPOINT

"The trick is to sear them quickly on the outside to keep the juices in"

"Just scrape off the black and see if you can eat the rest!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

"Keep moving," I said.

"I got an allowance," he said, and ran inside the store.

With a girl in each hand, I charged in after him. We ran up and down the aisles, but we couldn't find him. We went outside and something splashed in my face. I thought it was raining. It wasn't. It was Leonard with a water pistol.

"Come on," I said, and we walked on down the street and inside the restaurant. The owner turned around and his eyebrows went up and he came over to me, walking stealthily.

I cleared my throat. "Could I see that waitress again, please?" I said. Without a word he summoned her. I crossed her palm with silver and she vanished into the ladies' room.

"Leonard!" I shouted. He was aiming the water pistol at the head of the Maffia. I was just in time.

The waitress came out with the doll. Alfreda took it from her, and we paraded back to the car. I put them in the back seat, one two three. I patted the oldest girl, Ethel, on the head. She hadn't opened her mouth the whole trip; she was an angel. She looked pale and delicate, a sweet child if ever there was one.

We bucked the traffic again. When we got out into the country, I heard unpleasant noises in the rear of the car. Leonard said, "Ethel just throwed up."

"You know what this is, kids?" I said. I made it go whoosh.

"Our mama doesn't believe in spanking," Leonard said.

"I do," I said.

I put the persuader beside me on the front seat and drove on. I was hungry and so were the kids, but I was nervous about feeding them. We came to a roadside stand finally and I pulled in. A man smiled at us from back of the hot-dog grill.

"It looks dirty," Leonard said.

The man's smile faded. "It's all right," I said.

"It looks disgusting," Ethel said.

I DROVE on without looking back at the man.

We came to a flossy-looking place sitting back from the road with expensive cars parked in the shade. Leonard and Ethel set up a clamor, and I drove in and parked.

I led the kids up under the canopy and inside a dimly lighted restaurant, with glassware and silver gleaming on white napery, and waiters moving silently across heavy carpeting.

The headwaiter was no dope. He got us the table closest to the door. He handed us menus the size of billboard posters; then he went off and got lost. Everything was à la carte.

"They got steak?" Ethel said.

"No, Ethel," I said, "there's no steak on the menu."

"What do you call that?" Leonard said. He put a dirty forefinger on the menu. "Sure they got steak."

A waiter was hovering near by, looking coldly at me.

"The steak is four dollars and a half," I whispered. "You don't want steak, Ethel."

The waiter sneered at me. Too cheap to buy the little girl a steak. He folded his arms and waited contemptuously.

"How about a nice hamburger?" I said. "Hamburger's only a dollar and a quarter."

"I'll have the shrimp cocktail," Leonard told the waiter, "onion soup and chicken potpie."

The waiter jotted it down. "Leonard," I said, "this is lunch."

The waiter gave me a thin sneer and waited.

"Bring the kids hamburgers," I said. They started to protest and I said, "One more word and we leave this place and we don't eat anything until we get to the lake." I let that sink in. "Bring them hamburgers," I said, "and milk. Bring me a cheese sandwich and a double rye and soda."

We sat and waited. The children talked. You could hear them from one end of the room to the other. I pretended I wasn't with them.

Finally I got my rye and soda.

Leonard said, "Mama says you should never drink when you drive."

THERE was a woman at the next table peering at us through the gloom. She asked her husband if he'd ever seen such untidy children, and he said no, he never had. The woman commented about the redness of my face to her husband. She told him it was the mark of a habitual drinker. I sloshed the ice around in my glass and drank my rye and soda. Finally the waiter appeared with our food.

"Go to it," I said. They sat on their hands.

"Look at the nice hamburgers with the French fried potatoes," I said. "Eat the nice hamburgers and the nice French fries, children."

"Where's the ketchup?" Leonard said.

I peered through the gloom for the waiter. He had vanished. We sat there. The hamburgers grew cold, the French fries curled up. Finally we found the waiter, who listened impassively to my request for ketchup, went disdainfully across the room and returned with it.

I didn't dare have another drink. I was too nervous to eat my sandwich. I sat and watched the children nibble. The restaurant was doing a land-office business, and the waiter, who was losing tips, brooded darkly in our vicinity.

When the kids finished the hamburgers, they wanted ice cream. "We'll get it on the road," I said. I paid the bill and ushered them outside. I got them in the car. We still had a long way to go.

I drove as fast as the law allowed and sometimes faster. Every now and then I heard shrill cries of rage and triumph from the rear seat. I picked up the switch from time to time and brandished it; then I crouched over the wheel again. I heard things bang against the sides of the car. I saw things go sailing out the windows; but I didn't stop until we rattled down the dirt road to Betty's cottage.

"We made it," I said. Leonard and Ethel staggered out of the car. Ethel's shoes had disappeared and Leonard had lost one sleeve of his shirt. Alfreda was asleep. I picked her up, and we straggled up the porch steps and into the cottage.

"Walter," Betty's mother said, "what in the world delayed you? We've been

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on pins and needles." She stared at Leonard and Ethel. "What happened to you? Were you in an accident?"

"He was drinking highballs," Leonard said. "He cut a big stick and drank highballs and tried to beat us up."

"Why, Walter," Mrs. Forbes said, "I'd have trusted you more than any boy I've ever known."

She took Alfreda from me and ushered Leonard and Ethel out of the room. Betty's father looked sternly at me.

"Walter," he said, "I'm a broad-minded man—but you might have waited to get here before you started drinking."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Forbes," I said, "but I couldn't wait."

"I see." Betty's father sounded glacial. "Perhaps we have never really known you, Walter."

Just then a bedroom door opened and Betty came out. She was dressed for the dance and she looked beautiful, but the scales had fallen from my eyes. I saw her for what she was, a trap for a guy like me. A fellow like me would look at Betty and think how desirable she was. But I didn't feel that way now. I looked at Betty and thought about Leonard and Ethel and Alfreda, and I knew I was not in love with Betty any longer. I was not in love with anybody, and I was never going to marry anyone. It was a great feeling of relief. I felt free as a bird.

"Why, hello, Betty," I said. "You look swell." I went over and held her hands and grinned at her. It was a wonderful feeling to know she was going out with someone else.

THE doorbell rang and in came Fred Alstyne. Betty looked at me. Her eyes filled with pity. She thought I was suffering; she thought this scene was tearing my heart out. I never felt better in my life.

"Run along, kiddies," I said. "There's a full moon—have yourselves an enchanted evening."

Betty stared at me. So did Fred Alstyne. I hurried them out the door. Then I came back and sat down. Betty's father was pacing the floor.

"Walter," he said, "I wish to have a serious talk with you. I hope you will not resent my assuming a fatherly attitude. I know you are hoping and planning to marry our daughter and I want to say—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Forbes," I said. "I will be happy to discuss any subject with you, but let me make myself clear on one point. I have no intention whatsoever of marrying Betty."

That stopped him. He gaped at me and began to sputter, but he didn't make sense for a while.

"Two or three weeks ago," he said finally, "I heard you propose to her."

"Oho," I said, "I *thought* I heard the stairs creaking. Betty said it was mice. That was two or three weeks ago, Mr. Forbes. In the interval I have changed my mind."

Mr. Forbes just stared at me. He was doing some heavy thinking, but from his expression I could tell he wasn't getting anything to add up for him. Mrs. Forbes came out and looked at me narrowly and sat down. There was a slight air of tension in the room. I picked up a detective story and began reading it. It was very quiet and I felt nice and relaxed, except for that undercurrent of tension.

Mrs. Forbes went out to the kitchen and I heard her saying, "Psst," and Mr. Forbes joined her. They stood there whispering for a while and then came back and stared at me again.

Finally they got up. "We're going to bed," Mrs. Forbes said. "Good night, Walter."

I got up. "Don't misunderstand me," I said. "While I have no intention of marrying Betty, I certainly think she is a fine girl."

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes just looked at each other; then she came over and kissed me. "Good night, Walter," she said. She was bewildered, but she'd liked me for a long time. Mr. Forbes followed her out of the room.

I SAT there and read the detective story until I heard steps on the porch. The door opened and Betty stepped inside. She hesitated on the threshold.

"Don't mind me," I said. "Come right in." I snapped off the bright reading light and the room was bathed in a soft romantic glow. "I'll get right out of your way."

"It isn't necessary," Betty said. "Fred's going anyway—aren't you, Fred?"

Fred's face was a study, but he had to go along with the decision. Betty closed the door behind her and I snapped on the bright light again. Betty sat beside me on the couch.

"Nice time?" I said. I flipped open the detective story and began reading again. It was a very exciting story.

"Poor Walter," Betty said. "Loyal, steady, faithful Walter. I've treated you shamefully."

"Oh, I dunno," I said, turning a page. "We've had a lot of fun."

"You know, Walter," Betty said, "I'm the kind of a person to whom the grass in the next pasture has always looked greener. You were always around. I've always taken you for granted. I could always fall back on you. Do you understand that, Walter?"

"Don't worry about it, baby," I said. It was a little hard to concentrate on the book and listen to Betty at the same time.

"There's always been somebody else," Betty said, "but they've never lasted. I've always come back to you. But I think, Walter, I've finally grown up."

In the detective story the private eye was going down a fire escape in the dark after the murderer. It was very exciting. I didn't say anything.

"When I was dancing with Fred tonight," Betty said, "I was thinking about you. I thought I was feeling sorry for you. And then I realized that I wasn't sorry, I was just wishing I were dancing with you instead of Fred."

The private eye got to the bottom of the fire escape and a pistol shot knocked his hat off. He dropped on all fours and began crawling along the alley.

"Walter," Betty said loudly, "you might have the kindness to put that book down while I sit here and practically come out and ask you to marry me."

I dropped the book. My hair stood on end and chills ran up and down my spine. I looked at Betty and she had never seemed more desirable. For a moment I felt dizzy, for a moment I was swooning toward her and then a piping voice said, "I wanna drink."

Leonard was standing in the room; good old Leonard, I loved him. I got him a glass of water and then went back to the couch and carefully sat down as far away from Betty as I could get.

"Betty," I said, "believe me, I appreciate the compliment. It is a great honor and I will never forget—"

"Hold it," Betty said. "Skip the oration." Her eyes were like saucers. "Are you trying to tell me that you aren't going to marry me?"

"That," I admitted, "is the general idea."

She stared at me. I wanted to take her in my arms and solace her, but I thought I'd better not. Something told me it would be disastrous.

"I see," Betty said. "I get what I deserve. I spurned your love and finally I killed it."

"Dead as a doornail," I said. "But we shall always be the best of friends." I picked up my detective story and found my place.

Betty sighed. She stared at me. She sighed again. Then suddenly she batted the book out of my hands and sent it sailing across the room. "You could at least put down that damn' book," she said. "I could kill you."

"Don't take it that way," I said. "You'll get over it in time."

She dried her eyes. "All right, Walter," she said. "I won't be seeing you after this."

"Why not?" I said. "I live right down the block."

"I couldn't stand it," she said. "Walter, will you do me a final favor? Kiss me good-by."

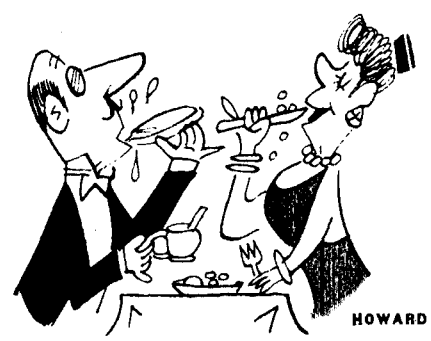
IT WAS not what you would call a hardship. Any Boy Scout would have been glad to do it. I stood up and took her in my arms, and time passed. Finally Betty pushed me away. "Good night, Walter," she said. "Good-by."

I was drugged. I didn't want to go. I decided that the best thing to do would be to take a quick look at Leonard and Ethel and Alfreda in order to strengthen my resolve.

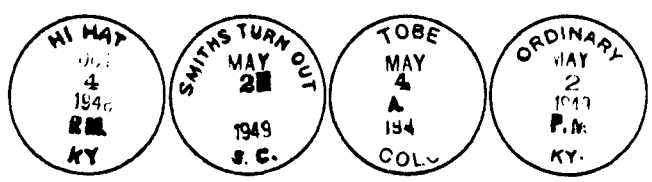
I went into their room. Moonlight came in at the window and shone on them. Their eyes were closed, their cheeks rosy and flushed. Alfreda woke up, smiled dreamily at me and went back to sleep. They looked angelic lying there, they looked like three cherubs—even Leonard. I wished crazily that they were mine. I stood there and stared at them and while my mind told me I was wrong my heart insisted that all I wanted to do was to marry Betty and have a Leonard, an Ethel and an Alfreda of my own. It was cockeyed but there it was.

I peeked out the door and Betty was crouched on the couch, her back to me. I straightened my tie and started back to her. I guess the same thing has happened to a lot of good men. THE END

Picture Postmarks

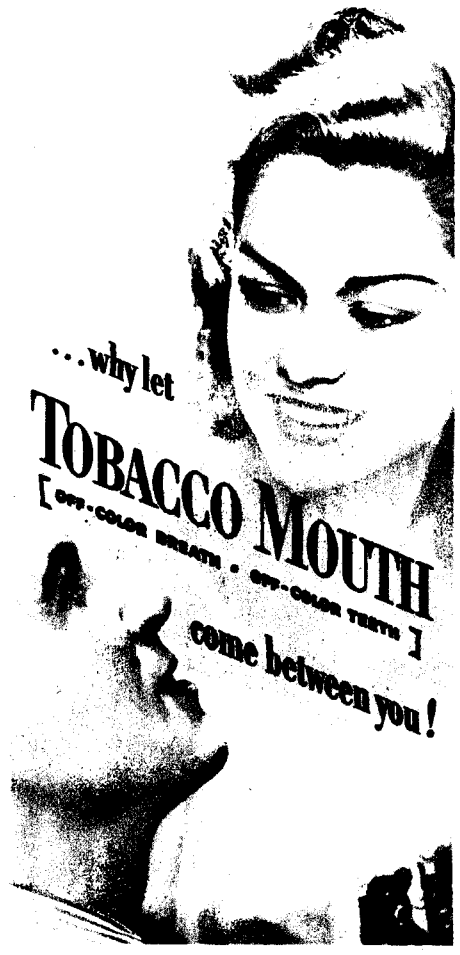


HOWARD SPARBER



FROM MRS. H. F. SIMONS, WILLOUGHBY, OHIO

Date tonight?



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Listerine Tooth Paste attacks tobacco stain, off-color breath.

Perhaps it seems a petty *little* thing. Perhaps you think it *couldn't* make a difference.

Well, don't fool yourself! That tinge of yellow film can spoil the softest smile . . . that over-laden breath can sour the sweetest words. So why take chances? Why risk "Tobacco Mouth"?

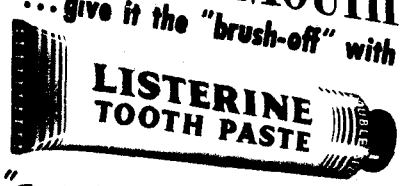
It's so easy to make sure you're not offending. If you smoke a lot, just play safe and use the new Listerine Tooth Paste . . . especially before a date.

There's a reason: Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam — a wonderful new-type cleansing ingredient that literally *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces. It removes yellow tobacco stain while it's still fresh . . . whisks away odor-producing bacteria and tobacco debris.

Why not get a tube of the *improved* Listerine Tooth Paste, and see for yourself what a thorough job it does. Just *feel* that Lusterfoam go to work! Use it regularly, and *know* they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis.

TOBACCO MOUTH

...give it the "brush-off" with



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

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Handsome Mario Lanza—

Celluloid Caruso?

By DWIGHT WHITNEY

SEVERAL weeks ago the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios of Culver City, California, held a preview of a musical called That Midnight Kiss. Midway in the picture an extraordinary thing occurred. A husky young operatic tenor sang an aria called Céleste Aïda, and a representative group of bobby-soxers stood up in the aisles and cheered. To appreciate the studio's surprise, consider that the youngsters could have achieved the same effect by announcing that their interest in football had suddenly been supplanted by a passion for nuclear physics.

Their spontaneous enthusiasm is just part of the growing body of evidence that one of the most exciting voices in music today belongs to a handsome, self-effacing young man named Mario Lanza. Lanza is not a crooner; and, as yet, he is not an established movie star. He has still to appear at the Metropolitan Opera House and he has never been starred in a Broadway musical. Yet, at twenty-seven, he is the possessor of a tenor voice of such technical brilliance and such emotional pull that it is already being compared by Lanza enthusiasts with the late Enrico Caruso.

Lanza can sing D flat over high C with the easy abandon of a champion high jumper clearing a garden fence. Jussi Bjoerling of the Met is the only other present-day tenor who can duplicate this vocal feat with the same ease. Hardened fellow musicians—men not given to sentimentalizing—have all but wept under the spell of Lanza's singing. Sergei Koussevitzky, who can be considered Lanza's discoverer, does not think he is being extravagant when he says, "There is no question of it. This *is* the greatest natural tenor since Caruso."

Lanza's teen-age admirers do not give a rap for erudite opinion. They know little of Caruso, much less that Céleste Aïda was one of the arias that made him famous. To Lanza's movie bosses this unconcern is expected and unimportant. It *is* important that the bobby-soxers gave simple emotional recognition to an intangible of success—the elusive *X* quality which distinguishes a good performer from a great one, and hence good box office from a bonanza.

"Look," explains Joe Pasternak, patient producer of the Lanza film, "this is the first time I can safely let an opera tenor sing without praying that the audience will close its eyes and visualize maybe Van Johnson."

Plans Career in Grand Opera

Lanza is looking beyond his future in motion pictures to a career in grand opera which promises to be one of the most exciting in the history of music. Edward Johnson, enterprising manager of New York's Metropolitan Opera, has been pursuing Lanza ever since the singer got out of the Army in 1945. The voice alone would be enough to warrant Johnson's most persistent efforts, but with the figure, face, and vigor of youth thrown in, Lanza looms as a once-in-a-lifetime operatic prodigy.

He has broad shoulders, a handsome face and piercing eyes. His looks and operatic talents provide a distinctly Latin effect. He is six feet tall but he gives the impression of being a still bigger man. He has a chest like a wrestler and the manners of an old-world diplomat. As one of his youthful female admirers scrawled on a recent preview card: "Wow! He slays me. Tell him he can sing me opera any time."

His bosses hope this will be the case. They wish he would sign himself over to them 12 months out of the year instead of only six. Lanza politely blocks such suggestions at the outset of any business discussion. He never asked to belong to music; but now that he does he feels bound to devote at least half his time *(Continued on page 53)*

At a preview performance of That Midnight Kiss with Kathryn Grayson, Mario's operatic tenor drew wild applause from bobby-soxers in the audience

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How to strike a NEW note ...with old favorites!

RUM RECIPES THAT RATE RHAPSODIES

The way guests praise these rum drinks is sweet music to the ears of *any* host. "Marvelous," they exclaim. And, "Say, how do you make these drinks so *smooth?*" It's Puerto Rican rum...rum the way Americans like it—not heavy or sweet, but light and dry. No wonder it's *America's most popular rum.* For a welcome change, make your next drink with Puerto Rican rum.

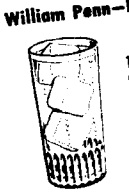
P. S. To know how really good Puerto Rican rum is, enjoy a jigger . . . straight!

DAIQUIRI COCKTAIL as made at the Statler Hotel—Boston

1 jigger white Puerto Rican rum
Juice ½ fresh lime (or ¼ lemon)
1 teaspoonful sugar

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into glass. It's not just a Daiquiri, it's the light . . . smooth Daiquiri—as distinctive as Puerto Rican rum itself!

RUM HIGHBALL—as made at the William Penn—Pittsburgh



1 jigger golden Puerto Rican rum (smoothness itself!)
Add ice, soda, ginger ale or water

Here's the best way to judge how smooth and mellow Puerto Rican rum actually is. Try it in a satisfying highball or sip it straight...you'll love it!

RUM RICKEY as made at the Statler Hotel—Detroit

1 jigger white Puerto Rican rum (it's so light!)
Juice of ½ fresh lime (or ¼ lemon)

Pour smooth, delicious Puerto Rican rum in glass with ice cubes. Add soda. Now taste the glorious flavor of a Rickey at its best—made with mellow satisfying Puerto Rican rum!

There are many fine brands
—this name on every bottle

Puerto Rican Rum

Light *and* Dry—
not heavy and sweet.

PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, SAN JUAN, P. R.

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The Legal Bride

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

unless you represent him, he will conduct his own defense."

"It's incredible!" Abigail said. "From what I know of him, he wouldn't have killed Harry Kallen—he wouldn't have killed anybody. He simply isn't the type. Anyway, he had no motive; he had the money and Kallen would have been perfectly happy to get it."

"From what you know of him?" the district attorney said. "As I understand it, you met your husband only a few days ago. Can you have formed an accurate estimate of him in that length of time?"

"I can and did," Abigail said. "I am absolutely convinced he didn't murder Harry Kallen, whatever circumstances seem to indicate."

The district attorney smiled wintrily. "Then you're off to a good start as defense counsel, Mrs. Castle."

MR. PORSON came in, a small, neat, fussy man, who acknowledged the district attorney's introductions with a nod of his head. Abigail sensed his ambition and undisguised pleasure in a prominent case and instantly disliked him.

"Mrs. Castle," the district attorney said, "is unacquainted with the facts in the case, Mr. Porson. She has been kind enough to call on us for a briefing. I thought you might give her the necessary details."

"With pleasure," Porson said. "But I do not propose to give Mrs. Castle an outline of the case we have built up, or divulge the names of our key witnesses. And I cannot disclose certain secret evidence which will best be presented at the trial. Is that correct, sir?"

The district attorney nodded. "Whatever you tell is left to your discretion."

"Very well," Porson said. He used Abigail's trick of enumerating various points on his fingers. "Mr. Castle owed the late Mr. Kallen sixty thousand dollars, a debt incurred while gambling at Kallen's Las Vegas establishment, the Pastime Club. Kallen was apparently anxious to collect this sum, and Mr. Castle was resisting his efforts. I will not bother with the dates, with which you are undoubtedly familiar—but Mr. Castle visited Mr. Kallen in Las Vegas, then Mr. Kallen flew to Los Angeles late Saturday night. He saw Mr. Castle at the latter's home on Sunday morning."

"I was present at that meeting," Abigail said.

"We understand that," Porson said. "It interests us greatly. Was there disagreement between the two men, Mrs. Castle, and were any threats exchanged?"

"I shall save that for the trial, Mr. Porson," Abigail said.

"I quite understand, Mrs. Castle," Porson agreed imperturbably. "Mr. Kallen visited Mr. Castle on Sunday morning. On Sunday evening Mr. Castle visited Mr. Kallen at a house on Warren Drive in Los Angeles at nine o'clock, having previously arranged the appointment by telephone. Mr. Kallen was staying at the house of friends who were in the East, and he was alone except for a maid asleep in the servants' quarters over the garage in the back yard. At approximately nine fourteen the maid heard shots and entered the house as soon as possible. Mr. Kallen was dead in the living room, and Mr. Castle was standing there with a gun in his hand. The rest was routine—the police were summoned, Mr. Castle was taken in custody, and later he signed a confession."

"My husband was going to pay Kallen the debt," Abigail said. "He had a check for sixty thousand dollars."

"We did not discover any such check," Porson said.

"He had it, I tell you!" Abigail said. "He must have. I saw the check myself earlier in the day. Ben doesn't care for money—he only wanted to pay Kallen off. Where's your motive?"

Porson shrugged. "The debt. Mr. Castle's unwillingness or inability to pay, and Kallen's threats of exposure or worse. I shall have to have more than your unsupported conviction that there was a check." He shrugged again. "It's open and shut, Mrs. Castle."

"You're deliberately trying to railroad an innocent man!" Abigail said. "This is impossible from every standpoint, and it's not open and shut!"

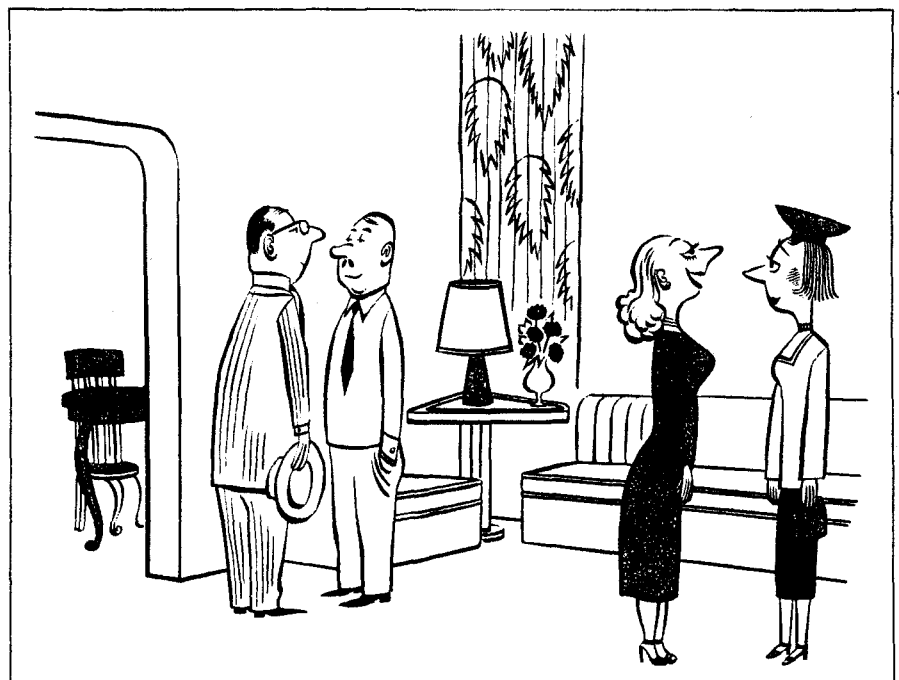
"As you wish," Porson said. "I'm happy you're convinced of your client's innocence. Perhaps you can satisfy my curiosity in one matter. Why did you leave Mr. Castle on three separate and distinct occasions, once immediately after you returned from your wedding ceremony in Las Vegas? We have the sworn testimony of the servants and the lady at your side that such were your actions."

Porson was not entirely satisfied with this document admitting guilt, for Ben mentioned no disagreement preceding the shooting. He didn't explain how he happened to be in possession of a gun with the serial numbers filed off the frame; and he had apparently been unwilling to go further than the mysterious blackness. She wanted to know if she might keep the copy, was given permission, and stuffed it in her pocket. Porson departed, and the district attorney shook hands with her.

"I'm afraid you're rather up against it, Mrs. Castle," he said. "But still, I wish you luck. I knew your father."

"Everybody did," Abigail replied. "I'd like to see the prisoner, sir."

"I'll call ahead and make special arrangements for you," the district attorney said. He sighed reminiscently. "You know, Vinnie used to give me some bad times in court when I was a deputy district attorney. I hope that you're not going to follow in his footsteps, now that I'm the headman, Mrs. Castle."



"When we go in the kitchen make some comment on how clean the sink looks. It'll make Herbert feel so proud"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

Abigail glared at Alice. "So you talked, huh?"

"I guess that's a part I forgot to tell you," Alice mumbled guiltily.

"I repeat," Porson said, "why did you repeatedly leave your husband, Mrs. Castle? Why, for instance, did you leave him soon after his conference with Kallen in your home? Was it because they quarreled openly over the debt, and you were alarmed and didn't wish to be involved?"

"No, it wasn't," Abigail said. "And I'm saving anything I have to say until the trial."

"That will be entirely satisfactory with us, Mrs. Castle," Porson said. "Will you require anything further of me?"

"May I see the confession my husband signed?" Abigail asked.

"I brought a copy of it along with me," Porson said. "Here you are."

She read the concise two pages, her chill damp fingers smudging the carbon typescript. The confession was short and scarcely sweet, and not entirely satisfactory either, since Ben had merely detailed the circumstances of his debt, the night visit to Kallen, and how everything had suddenly gone black for him and he had ended up with a pistol in his hand and a gambler dead at his feet.

Abigail had a quick suspicion that Mr. Porson was not entirely satisfied with this document admitting guilt, for Ben mentioned no disagreement preceding the shooting. He didn't explain how he happened to be in possession of a gun with the serial numbers filed off the frame; and he had apparently been unwilling to go further than the mysterious blackness. She wanted to know if she might keep the copy, was given permission, and stuffed it in her pocket. Porson departed, and the district attorney shook hands with her.

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"Just this once," Abigail promised him grimly.

She told Alice to wait in the district attorney's outer office and took the elevator upstairs to the jail, playing hare and hounds with the newspapermen. The D.A. was as good as his word, and she was admitted without delay and permitted to go directly to the cowboy's cell. It tore her heart to see the turnkey unbolt the door, and she had to breathe in quick gulps of air. But she was thinking clearly and hard, and her thoughts were full of determination.

THE turnkey opened the door, examined the inside carefully, and motioned for Abigail to enter. She walked forward, her heels ringing on the concrete. The door closed behind her.

Ben was sitting on one end of his bunk, which hung from the wall by chains. A solitaire game was spread upon the blanket. He lifted his head slowly and looked at her, and a hint of moisture came in his eyes. He grinned his enormous grin. Abigail wobbled. She grinned idiotically herself and blinked back tears.

He swept off the cards and helped her sit beside him. He held her hand loosely. Neither of them spoke for a moment.

"I didn't dare look at first," Ben said. "It could have been one of those female policemen—they're around here a lot. I was beginning to be afraid you wouldn't ever come."

"I was off in the mountains," Abigail said. "I didn't hear the radio or buy a newspaper. Then Alice phoned me."

"They're real nice to me here," Ben said, "but I'm a little crowded. I asked for a suite and they said none was available."

"I'll fight for bail at the arraignment," Abigail said, and felt abruptly dizzy. "Cowboy, what have you done? That's a great way to start a conversation, but—what have you done? Tell me in your own words and don't be too honest if it doesn't suit your purpose."

"I didn't kill him," Ben said. "Honest. This whole hullabaloo is in the nature of a favor to you, little gal."

"What?" Abigail gasped.

"You married me," Ben said. "You even liked me. You started to rehabilitate me and cured me of a taste for strong waters—I think. You fixed me up with Mr. Otto Francis Birgin and restored my confidence as an actor. Why shouldn't I do something for you in return?"

"Oh, no!" Abigail said. "Not that!"

"Yes, that," Ben said agreeably. "By a stroke of fortune, I was given a wonderful chance to restore your confidence as a lawyer and set you up in your profession. I done it and I'm glad."

"Why, you blithering idiot!" Abigail said. "You Don Quixote. You—you—"

"Cowboy?" Ben said. "Remember what everybody has said? I'm not quite bright. But I have perfect trust in you, and I hope you appreciate the favor. One good turn deserves another, I always say."

"Holy suffering cats!" Abigail said.

"Save me, little gal," Ben said. "I'll sit right here and wait. Prove to the world that women mouthpieces are the equal of men mouthpieces. Instead of being ashamed of your old man, go ahead and glory in him. Show 'em you've inherited his talents. And don't bother to thank me or try to kiss my hand."

ABIGAIL said, "Circumstantial evidence. A motive. No defense witnesses other than me. That little snake Porson. And a confession—"

"You call that a confession?" Ben said. "All I did was say everything went black. I never confessed I actually shot him. How could I know what I did when I was blacked out? Maybe I did nothing. I'm smarter than I seem, don't you think?"

"No," Abigail said. She clutched at her hair. "You're a quiet maniac." The enormity of the situation threatened to choke her. "They've got us hog-tied. The circumstantial evidence alone can convict you. Even if we went to the D.A. with the true story, nobody would believe us. Porson is out to get you. Nobody would believe anybody is as crazy as you are."

"Use my money freely," Ben said. "Bribe the jury, if necessary. I hear your old man often used that angle."

"You're a wounded war veteran," Abigail said, somewhat wildly. "You could have drawn a blank. Kallen cheated you—I can blacken his character. We'll show your scarred chest on the stand. I wish you had a poor old gray-haired mother. Not guilty by reason of insanity? That's it! A few years in an asylum and then you'll be eligible—"

"No, thank you," Ben said. "I want to be free, please. This could become very confining after a time."

"Ben," Abigail said. "Tell me what happened that night."

"Well, I was pretty low in my mind when I went to see him," Ben said, "and

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he seemed upset, too. I gave him the check and explained the situation."

"Which was?" Abigail said.

"That I'd lost you through a lot of hard luck," Ben said, "that I am in love with you, and that I thought since it was all over he might as well have his payoff."

"Oh," Abigail said.

"He laughed at me," Ben went on, "and tore up the check and threw it in the fire. He said he was in so much trouble now with his hotel the sixty grand was too late, and that if he didn't get straightened out pretty soon he might get what I had been afraid I was going to get. He mentioned a guy was coming to meet with him, and told me to tell you, if I ever saw you again, that he'd done his best to make it up to Vinnie and he was sorry your pitch had been ruined. I thanked him and started out.

"I was in the hallway when I heard a .45 going off behind me. Harry didn't go to the door with me, you see. I ran back into the living room. The French doors were open at the far end, also one of the screen doors that covered them. There was the gun the killer had tossed on the floor. One bullet wrecked the plaster above Harry's head; the other two blew him apart; he must have been dead when he fell. I was pretty rattled. I picked up the gun with some vague idea of defending myself. Then I looked out the French doors and saw nothing, heard nothing. No car drove away, I'm sure. I suppose the guy who shot Harry ducked into the bushes, ran across a couple of yards, and strolled down the street with his hands in his pockets."

"Yes?" Abigail said.

"Shortly afterward," Ben said, "inspiration smote me. When you read my confession you'll note I didn't admit the .45 was mine." He appeared eager for her approbation. "You regard that as intelligent, don't you?"

"I've read the confession," Abigail said. "The answer is no. I hope you enjoy the smell of almonds, which they get by dropping cyanide of potassium pellets in acid."

"Let's not be morbid," Ben said. "You must go right ahead and free this old cotton picker. Vinnie Furnival would have sprung me, and his kid can do no less. It's you or no one, and you can take it or leave it."

"Darling!" Abigail said. "I mean, Ben! This is no joke!"

"Kiss me, my dear attorney," Ben said. "You ain't kidding."

She promptly forgot everything and melted into the arms of her client. It was like the old times of a few days ago. Naturally the turnkey rapped on the steel door and came in.

"Pardon me," he said. "You through conferring with the prisoner yet, counselor?"

"For the moment," Abigail said, and reluctantly disengaged herself and got up. In the doorway, she paused for a valediction. She raised her hand commandingly. Though she didn't realize it, she resembled her late father remarkably in that instant.

"Cowboy," she said, "be of good cheer. Wipe the lipstick off. I'll clear your name before the world or my name is not A. J. Furnival!"

"It isn't," Ben said. "It's Castle. Good-by, little gal."

She was besieged by newspapermen in the hall. Flash shots blinded her. The reporters wedged themselves into the elevator with her.

"Boys," Abigail said, "I have no statement to make, and I won't make it until I get to the D.A.'s office."

There she picked up the frightened Alice. The newspapermen scuffled with the detective.

"Gentlemen!" Abigail said, and proceeded once again to show a close likeness to the late Vincent Furnival. "This, gentlemen, is my statement. I have conferred with representatives of the state and with my client. Mr. Castle is the victim of trumped-up, ridiculous charges which I seriously doubt the state will have the nerve to take into court. If Mr. Castle is brought to trial, I promise you no twelve good men and true—or women, for that matter—will ever convict him on the flimsy evidence brought against him by overeager officers of the law and publicity-seeking prosecutors."

She fled with Alice, and they managed to reach the car and drive away without additional incident. Alice raised her veil and sighed luxuriously. "Golly," said Alice, "that's just a sample of the bum ideas you can get from newspapers and the radio. I thought Wild Bill was as hot as a hock-shop watch."

"He is, you drooling idiot!" said Abigail, with tears in her voice. "Please don't talk, Alice. I have to think."

IN THE retirement of South Reeves Drive, with the blinds drawn, Abigail spread paper, pencils and books on the coffee table and started to work. The first problem was to organize her part of the struggle to save Ben from the gas chamber. First, she must investigate the crime itself. Then she would move for a delay in Ben's trial, and hope against hope that the police would stumble upon the actual killer of Harry Kallen. Abigail had doubts about her ability to do any of these things—but she was resolved to die fighting for the man who had given her the last full measure of emotion.

The telephone made work difficult and at times impossible. Newspapermen, well-wishers, and plain ordinary cranks called, one after another. Alice held them at bay as best she could; but the constant ringing kept Abigail's nerves fluttering.

THE only important call was from Otto Francis Birgin.

"I didn't think the bum had nerve enough to kill anybody," Birgin said. "Your husband, that is. This Kallen was a bum, too. Considering the respective merits of both guys, I would say the right guy got his, although it would be a tossup with me."

"Birgin," Abigail said, "don't get me sore. I know beyond peradventure of doubt that Ben didn't shoot him. I'll beat your brains out if you haven't the same confidence. You're probably going to be an important defense witness."

"So I've got confidence," Otto Francis Birgin said. "It's in you, Mrs. Castle. Give me the jokes—I'll say 'em on the stand. A new check for sixty G's is in the mail for you in case you run up some legal expenses. Allied-Apex is sticking with the cowboy, and I'll throw any bum off the lot that thinks different."

"Gee, you're all right," Abigail said. "You're not handsome, Birgin, but you'll do."

"Let me know what else I can do when you have time to think," Birgin said. "I'm figuring on handing you a slice of our studio legal stuff, so if Lewis-and-Clark gets that California gas on his stomach you'll still be busy. And don't have the idea I'm going for that lousy line of soft soap you're handing out. I don't like you, you don't like me, see?"

"Okay," Abigail said. "I understand. Good-by, King Kong."

Before too long, Harrison F. Calhoun was on the line. "Look, Mr. Calhoun," Abigail said, "I'm awfully rushed due to certain recent developments. I fear I'll have to give up taking a job with you indefinitely, and—"

"My dear," Calhoun said, "I appreciate that. I read the newspapers. This call is merely to wish you luck and offer the facilities of Simpson & Calhoun for whatever they may be worth to you. Old man Simpson is willing to assist you during the trial—he hates Porson's guts. One thing more. Old man Simpson and myself have often discussed the possibility of adding a junior partner to our firm, somebody with the flash, flair and background for criminal practice—somebody with a ready-made name. You know, a few of our clients often do incredibly naughty things, and there's money in cheating the gallows. It has suddenly occurred to us that you are an ideal choice. I may add that offer stands whether your husband is hanged or not."

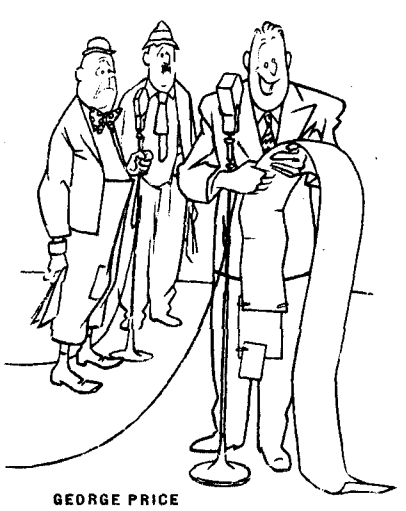
"Gassed," Abigail corrected. "I'll take the offer under consideration, Mr. Calhoun. Thank you very kindly."

She tried to resume her ratiocinations, but the ringings, the poundings, the oncoming of night, rising sensations of utter hopelessness—all conspired to shatter Abigail. She looked up wildly from her scratch pad at Alice, who had developed a twitch in the corner of one eye and was smiling vacantly. A soundless message passed between them; they burst into tears simultaneously, and fled into each other's arms on the couch.

Then the tempest subsided, and they wiped their cheeks and lighted cigarettes. The doorbell gave a number of prolonged peals. Abigail leaped to her feet, crushed the cigarette on the base of a

ZIUQ

Anybody can give answers to questions. But giving questions to answers is a different proposition. See if you can guess the questions that prompted the answers below. Questions on page 50.



GEORGE PRICE

1. "A word from the sponsor."
2. Gander, Drake, Cygnet.
3. (A) Cross barred Plymouth Rock
   (B) Rhode Island Red.
4. Nuclear fission.
5. He lost 24 pounds in 3 days.
6. Inside U.S.A.
7. Cobb, Wagner, Ruth.
8. A dry Martini
9. Don't give up the ship!
10. Standing Room Only.

—CARL H. WINSTON

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lamp, and raised clawlike hands to heaven.

"Let them in, whoever they are!" she said to Alice. "Let them in, I tell you!"

Alice scuttled over and opened the door. Jake Harris tumbled inside. He looked rumpled and worn out.

"You two dames are in a frightening condition," he said. "What are you doing, drinking?"

ABIGAIL advanced upon him for the purpose of hand-to-hand combat. Alice headed her off.

"Wait!" she said. "You know him. It's Jake."

"Oh," Abigail said, and relaxed.

"The kid's gone, huh?" Jake said gently. "I don't wonder. I'm going myself."

"Me, too," Alice said. "Once I was alone in the world, an orphan, with no friends—and I never had it so good."

"A.J.," Jake said, "A.J. . . ." He had to stop and wait until he finished trembling. "Honey, consider my position. I'm sitting on the lid of the greatest exploitation idea ever handed a publicity man."

"What are you talking about?" Abigail demanded.

"Ben's new picture," Jake said. "It's a natural, don't you see? He plays a murderer. He's up for real murder. The picture will gross eight million on the build-up alone. I feel as if I was Columbus taking my first hinge at America."

He seized Abigail's shoulders and shook her. "A.J., you're a sharp gal, the sharpest I've ever known. You're going to put Buffalo Bill over. This murder rap is a publicity stunt, isn't it?"

Abigail shook her head. Tears spilled from her eyes.

"No, no," Jake said. "Don't say that, A.J. This is the end for old Jake. No cowboy, no campaign, no picture. Do you actually mean to say he's going to the state gas station for a service job?"

"Oh, Jake!" Abigail said. "I'm licked already. I don't know which way to turn. He did it for me, and they've got him cold!"

Jake took her in his arms and patted her shoulder. "You poor child," he said. "Did it for you, huh? I wondered what was funny in the setup, but I never guessed Harry Kallen was your lover." He sighed. "Well, there you are. I didn't really believe you had an angle, and yet I tried to keep myself hoping. That kind of exploitation is always too good to be true. The trouble with Western actors is, they handle guns too much."

"Stop making speeches!" Alice said. "She's got enough trouble without having to listen to you broadcast."

"A few additional remarks," Jake said, "and I am through. A.J., I'm not ratting on you, even though the great *beau geste* of my career is in the ash can. Through the power of public relations, I promise to build you into the best-known attorney, male, female or neuter, in the Western Hemisphere. I promise that, when my campaign on you is done, if any jury convicts the Squaw Man and any judge sentences him, the populace will rise with broken beer bottles and assure the triumph of love over all."

"Jake," Abigail said brokenly, "you are true blue."

The telephone rang. Alice took it, and said to Abigail, "A guy with the name of Graves. You want to talk to him?"

Abigail nodded and was released by the transfigured Jake. "Hello," she said.

"I was glad to hear you are back, Mrs. Castle," Mr. Graves said. "Mr. Castle must be pleased. I am, of course, entirely at your disposal—for finance, business details, the hiring of private detectives, typing service, false testimony, the procuring of witnesses, and the offering of bribes to public officials."

"Thank you, Mr. Graves," Abigail replied. "I—I simply can't believe how swell everybody has been."

"You're welcome," Mr. Graves said. "You are the wife of a client, and—as you know—I pride myself on supplying a complete service. During the past twenty-four hours I have utilized a few trifling connections I happen to have. Some gentlemen who may prove helpful are going to call upon you. They should be there about now. I advise seeing them."

"I will," Abigail promised, "I will. Thanks a million, Mr. Graves."

ZIUQ

See page 49

1. **What is the longest word known to man?**
2. **Name an airport in Newfoundland, a college in Iowa and a town in Ohio.**
3. **What do you call (A) an angry hen that is refused entry in a poultry show and (B) a Communist from Providence?**
4. **What is more dangerous than shark fishin'?**
5. **Did you hear about the hard-luck Englishman at the races?**
6. **Where are the 48 states?**
7. **Name a humorist, a composer and a Biblical character.**
8. **What was Nino Martini after he crossed the desert?**
9. **Fill the blanks in the following sentence: "—— —— —— the ——."**
10. **What's in a pair of shoes?**

"You are quite welcome, Mrs. Castle," Mr. Graves said, and hung up.

"That was Mr. Graves," Abigail said. "E.G. Graves."

The doorbell rang. "That's somebody I want to see," Abigail said. "Open the door, Alice." Alice opened the door.

Ricky came in, thin and insignificant, hatless, wearing a threadbare old topcoat. With him were two big men in dark suits and bright hats with large snap brims. Their round cheeks were freshly shaven and shone with powder. They conducted themselves in a consciously gentlemanly fashion.

"Hell, Mrs. Castle," Ricky said. "You holding up?"

"Pretty well, Ricky," Abigail said. "Nice of you to come by."

"I have to talk to you," Ricky said. He introduced his companions to her by their first names. One was Moss, the other Archie. Jake was staring at them.

"Ain't I seen you before, lover?" Moss said to him.

"I used to have the police beat for a L.A. newspaper," Jake said. "I'm leaving. See you around, A.J."

"Who's this broad?" Archie said, pointing to Alice.

"Aunt Alice," Abigail said.

"It's a kind of courtesy title," Alice said. "Actually, I'm scarcely more than—"

"You go for a walk, Aunt Alice," Archie said. "Make it a couple of blocks, and look in the windows."

"Okay," Alice said. "I know when I'm not wanted." She put on a coat and followed Jake.

"Knew your old man," Moss said to Abigail.

"Likewise," Archie said.

"I'm sorry about the way it went, Mrs. Castle," Ricky said. "Mr. Kallen should have taken me with him and it wouldn't have happened. He wasn't a bad guy—"

"I'm sure he wasn't," Abigail said.

"The boys got a big funeral planned for him," Ricky said.

"I'd like to attend," Abigail said.

"That would be nice," Archie said. "I'll fix it."

"The hotel was costing a whole lot more to build than Mr. Kallen figured," Ricky said. "He was strapped, and he started making sure by rigging a few games in the Pastime. That's bad."

"Un-ethical," Moss said.

"I hear you love the cowboy very much," Ricky said.

"More than I can tell you," Abigail said.

Ricky sighed. "He didn't do the job, Mrs. Castle—I've found that out. Why did he take the rap?"

"He wanted to give me a start as a lawyer," Abigail said, "and—and so forth. He thinks I can't miss on account of my father—but I can, the way it seems now."

"Yeah," Ricky said. "Well, I tell you, Mrs. Castle. It was done either by some torpedo hired specially by a mob, or some guy who was free-lancing and lucky. That we got to try to find out. If we do, the next step is to try to get the guy to come in. Putting the pressure on means risking knocking him off, you know."

"Ricky, you don't mean it," Abigail said, in trembling tones. "Would you do that for me?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Castle," Ricky said. "I've been talking with people around town, and you'd be surprised how many of them owe favors to your old man. If you got your heart set on that cowboy, we'll do what we can."

"Normally," Archie said, "we don't finger guys for the law. But this is an emergency."

"I'm going to start crying," Abigail said. "I'll probably try to kiss all of you."

"This might not work, Mrs. Castle," Moss said. "We got other angles, though. If you go to trial, we'll scare the prosecution witnesses to death and threaten the jury's families."

"No, no," Abigail said. "I wouldn't consider those measures, but delivering the real murderer—" She managed to go on, sobbing and talking simultaneously. "It isn't as if you weren't working for an innocent man."

"What's that got to do with it?" Archie said incredulously.

"Mrs. Castle," Ricky said, "stick by your phone all night. I may give you a ring any time."

"We got to blow," Moss said.

Abigail proceeded to kiss the three of them in the doorway.

Moss and Archie submitted calmly, but Ricky flinched and grew red.

"I only hope," Moss said, "that Vinnie can look up from where he is, blow the smoke away, and see what we're doing."

AFTER that, Abigail was never sure again about the exact continuity of events during the rest of the night. She remembered Alice coming home and asking questions concerning her connections in the underworld. She remembered sitting down to scrambled eggs and tomatoes and finding herself unable to eat more than a few bites.

Abigail paced up and down until her feet ached, and the hours fled by too fast.

At last she gave out physically. Alice moved the living-room couch within easy reach of the telephone, helped her into pajamas, and provided covers. She stared as Abigail pulled the covers over her head.

"What's the point to that?" she asked. "It's warm in here."

"I picked up the trick from the cowboy," Abigail said. "It seems to help when events are too much for you."

She lay for a long while in the darkness under the comforter, rigid and wide-eyed, unable to relax. Then the doorbell caused her to stiffen to an incredible degree. She heard Alice open the door, hold a low-voiced conversation with somebody, and pad toward the couch. Alice's finger poked her.

"Yes?" Abigail hissed.

"We have Bushy with us again," Alice said. "Jack Hall—Fly Boy. He's cracked wide open."

"Tell him to go away," Abigail said. But Alice brought Jack to the couch.

"Don't be fooled," Alice said. "That little bundle is your girl friend."

"A.J.," Hall said gently. "Little A.J. I was over Salt Lake City on a charter job and I happened to turn off the radio range and tune in on the broadcast band. A newscast said you were home and ready to defend the cowboy. Well, the tears came in my eyes. I turned the ship and stretched my fuel to get into Inglewood. You've done the bravest, finest thing I ever heard of."

"I had to," Abigail said.

"No, you didn't," Hall said. "You

COLLIER'S "Over here, Louise! The boys found a nice spot" SHIRVANIAN

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"I hate to see her kick his heart around ...like it was just a football!"

"Wait'll he finds out what the real score is... then you'll see fireworks!"

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needn't have stuck by the louse. But you're the kind of girl who sees her duty and does it. I'm that kind of guy myself —and I'm sticking with you till the end. What can I do for you, angel?"

"Go home," Abigail said.

"Count on me," Hall said, "until the Los Angeles River freezes. And never regret your sacrifice for a second; you'll find happiness someday. This tragedy was bound to happen eventually. It's better to get it over with quickly. Suppose the drunken bum had shot you instead of Kallen?"

"Why, you false friend!" Abigail said. "You double-crossing scandalmonger!"

She tried to switch herself around and kick Hall in the face on dead reckoning. The covers entangled her hopelessly. Alice sat on her.

"You musn't mind my pal, Bushy," Alice said. "She's a trifle keyed-up tonight."

"I understand," Hall said. "And I apologize. I'll leave now, darling, if you'll give me one look at your dear face."

"It'll scare you," Abigail said. "Oh, all right."

She bared her puffy, pale countenance. Hall gazed at her in compassionate loving-kindness. Bending reverently, he pressed his lips to her corrugated brow.

"Sleep tight, little princess," he said. "Don't worry about the future—I'll be with you. Don't worry about tonight, either. I'll be on guard every moment."

"For goodness' sake, Jack," Abigail said. "You're—"

But he was gone, walking with Alice to the door. "Take good care of her," he said. "She's one in a million."

"She must be," Alice said. "What's happened to her couldn't have happened to very many lawyers."

THE door closed on him. Alice returned to Abigail.

"He's apparently going to sleep in his car right in front," Alice said. "What have you got that drives men mad?"

"Trouble," Abigail said. "They love it. Look at all the wars they're in."

The telephone rang. Abigail fell off the couch getting it, and lay on the floor on her back to talk. "Furnival," she said.

"This is Moss," Moss said. "Ricky is kind of busy at present. It's okay."

"Oh!"

"Harry was trying to put the heat on a syndicate by saying he'd talk out loud if they didn't help with his hotel, and the syndicate got sore. They hired a guy. We gave him a choice of a couple of slugs in the back or a run for his money in court. He went for our deal. But there's one hitch in the deal, Mrs. Castle. This character is sold on the Furnival touch. He wouldn't give in unless you defended him. We had to promise that."

"Oh—" Abigail said. "Sure. Anything. Tell him Castle, Simpson & Calhoun will carry it to the Supreme Court. Gee, you're wonderful, Moss!"

"I been told that," Moss said. "We'll have the pigeon close by tomorrow morning, and you make the announcement at the inquest. That ought to give the cops about a second-degree burn. Okay?"

"Okay," Abigail said.

Thereupon she fainted. Alice eyed her broodingly, hung up the phone, and swathed her in the comforter.

"I'm not going to stick smelling salts under your nose, A. J.," she announced. "You're better off this way. I hope you don't croak." . . .

Early next morning, Abigail and Alice ducked out the back door, ran down the alley, and found a drugstore open where they could summon a cab. Their luck continued at Civic Center. They entered the building unnoticed and got in an elevator.

In the hallway outside the coroner's court, a man rushed up to them. It was Jack Hall.

"A.J.!" he said. "Why didn't you let me take you downtown? I was right in front all night. I got two tickets for speeding!"

Abigail ducked into the court, leaving them to struggle. She noticed Ricky sitting in a rear seat by the door. He nodded to her and winked.

The court was ready to go in session. It was mobbed with people, and the walls were lined with standees. The coroner was at his desk set upon a dais. The jury was across from him. In the witness section was Ben, flanked by a couple of policemen. His head turned sharply in Abigail's direction.

She advanced slowly along the center aisle to where the coroner sat. Suddenly she was the center of attention, and flash bulbs flickered and darted. The coroner stared at her suspiciously. Mr. Porson rose from his chair down in front and turned around.

"May I make an announcement to this court?" Abigail said. "It has vital bearing upon the court's ensuing deliberations."

"Who addresses the court?" the coroner said.

"Counsel for Ben Castle," Abigail said, "alleged by the police to have murdered the deceased."

"Ah—you may give your announcement," the coroner said, "if you are convinced of its relevancy."

"Thank you," Abigail said. "I am also counsel for the man by whose hand Harry Kallen died, and I am prepared to surrender him immediately to any representatives of the law."

Order collapsed in the court. The coroner stood up. A babel of voices drowned the rapping of his gavel. Several reporters bolted for the telephones. Mr. Porson turned a vivid shade of pink. Photographers converged upon Abigail. She pushed up on her toes and craned over their heads, peering toward the witness section. Sure enough, the cowboy's face was split by the widest grin she had ever seen on a human being.

THREE hours later Abigail was sitting at a lunch counter on Temple Street having doughnuts and coffee with Alice and Jack Hall. The inquest was concluded, the jury had brought in a verdict, her new client—a little man with a hunted look—had been charged and booked and put in a cell, and the newspapermen had gone away to other sensations.

Abigail had been able to do nothing more than smile at Ben, and he was now presumably being processed out of the Hall of Justice. Being busy with her new prisoner had kept her from seeing the cowboy's shackles struck off. Besides, an unaccountable shyness and doubt made her stay away from him, at least for the present.

As she dunked a sinker, a film of tears blurred her sight. She was thinking of the unregenerate Vinnie and how pleased and amused he would have been at being able to do this posthumous favor for his daughter. Vinnie would have enjoyed the thought that sometimes the evil men do lives after them and encompasses good. For the first time in years, Abigail felt a hot surge of pride in her father, and a love for him and his memory.

She missed her mouth with the sodden doughnut and dripped coffee on her coat. Alice wiped it off with a paper napkin.

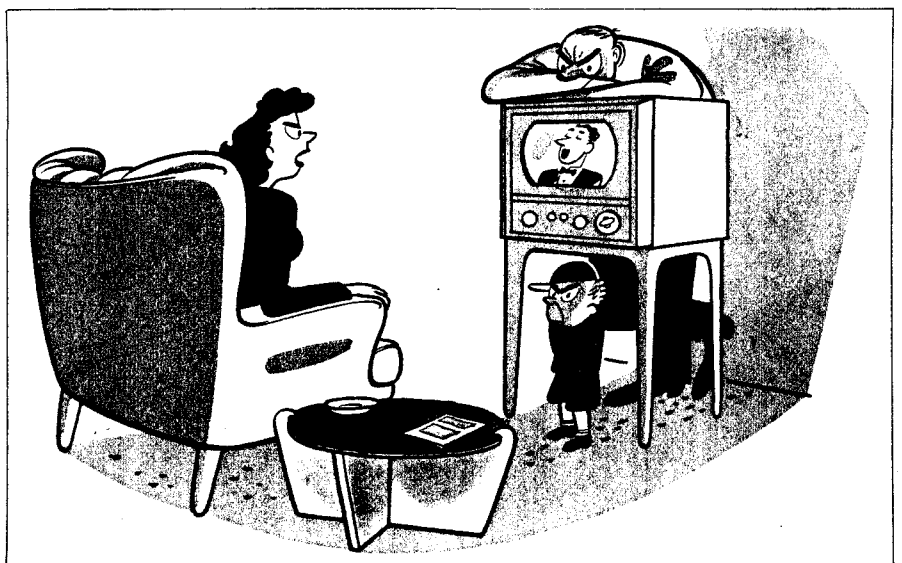
"Why cry, A.J.?" she said. "The worst is over now—if you don't count the honeymoon and whatever the guy will do next."

"I'm sorry," Abigail said. "I was actually thinking of something else."

"You needn't feel bad on my account," Hall said. "You've told me how it is, angel, and I'm resigned to playing second fiddle the rest of my life. I can take it. I can even smile."

Abigail squeezed his hand. "Jack," she said, "words fail me."

"Anyway," Hall said, "there's always the chance somebody will shoot him and leave you free. In the meantime, I wish him fairly good luck and many happy returns. Any guy who would take the risk he did to get you back deserves at least an 'A' for effort."



COLLIER'S "Oh, all right! Turn on the ball game!" DON TOBIN

"Speaking of taking risks," Alice said, "why don't you stop spraying yourself with coffee, A.J., and risk looking Buffalo Bill up? Bushy and I will drive you out to Bel Air."

"Not yet!" Abigail said nervously. "Not yet. I have to be absolutely sure it's love at second sight, not just a temporary infatuation, complicated by gratitude. I'll go home with you, Alice, and then if he comes to ask me for a date—"

"Oh, my gosh!" Alice said. "Let's get out of here."

They slid off their stools, and Hall paid the check. A cop having coffee at the other end of the counter looked at Abigail interestedly.

"Well," Hall said, "I guess I'll have to take that last, long, farewell look and go out into—"

Ben came through the swinging door. He must have gone to visit Kallen that night—as well as to jail—in the same cowboy shirt and tall hat, for he was wearing them now. His set, grim cast of feature suggested his performance in Danger Pass, when the railroad was coming through and he had saved the settlers' land from the crooked speculators. Abigail laughed unsteadily and put a palm to her throat. Ben ignored her, concentrating on Hall.

"Podnuh," he said, "I've been all over this settlement lookin' for you. I ain't wearin' my six gun because I aim to meet you man to man."

"Sure, funnyman," Hall said. "The joke's on me. Here's your bride. I'm leaving."

Ben seized his shoulder and stopped him. "One minute, podnuh. You been runnin' round with my little gal ever since we rode the range together in Las Vegas, and I don't cotton to rustlers cuttin' out stock with my brand on it."

"Look," Hall said, "I slept in my car last night. I'm in a bad humor—"

"I warned you previous, podnuh," Ben interrupted. "You made your play, now reach for your shootin' iron—put up your dukes, I mean."

The countermen and patrons in the lunch counter were examining the scene raptly. The cop abandoned his coffee and started for them.

"Gentlemen," Abigail said calmly, "enough of that. No assault, no batt—"

"Let him have it, cowboy!" Alice said excitedly. "Kill 'im, Bushy!"

"Mr. Hall," Ben said, raising his fists, "I am going to proceed to give you the whippin' of your life."

BEN took two swings on Hall who ducked. Then Ben hit Hall. Then Hall hit Ben. Then Ben hit the floor. The next instant, the cop had Hall by the collar. Abigail was unable to halt a blow she had aimed at Hall, and her hand struck the cop on his pistol belt. He seemed pained.

"Let's keep the peace here, folks," he said.

"Exactly what I was trying to say," Abigail said, and blushed.

"Gee, it's terrible when men fight!" Alice said, looking as happy as could be.

"You don't call this fighting, do you?" the cop said. "Come on, the station is right around the corner."

"Wait a minute," Abigail said. "Do you know who I am?"

"Yeah, you're Mrs. Castle," the cop said. "But these guys are still pinched."

With the help of a couple of other people, Abigail and Alice hoisted Ben to his feet and put his tall hat back on. His eyes were slightly crossed and his knees sagging, but he could see his wife.

"I never have been any good fighting without the aid of a director," he said to her.

"I regret hitting you, cowboy," Hall said, "but you insisted on it."

"I didn't insist," Ben said. "You could have just let me hit you."

"Let's continue this debate with the desk sergeant acting as moderator," the cop said.

They went around the corner to the police station, attended by a considerable mob of unattached citizens. As Ben and Hall were booked for a disturbance of the peace, the desk sergeant spoke a few words in his telephone to the press room. He gazed at Ben.

"You weren't out long, were you?" he said.

"I am Mrs. Castle, an attorney at law," Abigail said.

"Everybody knows that," the desk sergeant said.

"I wish—" Abigail started to say.

Reporters tore into the room, trailed by men carrying cameras. The same old confusion was repeated, punctuated by popping flash bulbs. Abigail had begun to acquire a professional air, and she handled the reporters with dignity and restraint. Ben was more abandoned and loquacious.

"I love my wife so much it must have made me crazier than ever," he said. He said a lot of other things too—but all Abigail heard was, "I love my wife . . ." She told the desk sergeant she was ready to post bail.

"For both of them?" the desk sergeant asked.

Abigail hesitated. She pointed at Ben. "I'll take that one," she said. THE END

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Celluloid Caruso?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

to uninterrupted study, rest and development of his voice.

Arthur Judson, the prominent concert manager who has had Lanza under contract since 1942, has grandiose plans for his protégé, but Lanza refuses to sing on an around-the-calendar schedule.

Victor de Sabata, conductor of the famous La Scala opera of Milan, has already honored Lanza with an invitation to open the season in Italy this year in Andrea Chenier. Because of movie commitments the young tenor will be unable to do so. But he is learning the role and will sing it in Milan within the year.

Lanza wants to sing at the Met more than anything in the world, and those who have heard his voice can't understand his reluctance to accept the Metropolitan's repeated offers. Mario explains it this way: "I may be the first sensible young American singer. I'm not yet experienced enough for the Met. Caruso didn't come into his own until he was thirty-three. At twenty-seven I'd be rushing it. I want to leave my mark in music. As long as you have a good voice, they need it. So how can I be overcautious?"

Voice Is Relatively Untrained

These days, Lanza religiously follows the accepted rules for the care and maintenance of an operatic voice, even though his career defied every convention from the outset. It is generally thought that a great singer must begin training early in life.

Lanza did not sing a note in earnest until he was twenty. It usually requires 10 years of intensive training to develop a great voice. Caruso, for example, studied 15 years before he was recognized. Lanza had had only 15 *months* of actual voice training when he first attracted widespread attention. In fact, with no training whatsoever he made his debut before professional critics. The occasion was the Berkshire Festival in the summer of 1942, and Mario sang excerpts from Nicolai's The Merry Wives of Windsor. Afterward critic Noel Straus wrote in the New York Times: "Mario Lanza, a twenty-year-old tenor, is an extremely talented if as yet not completely routined student whose superbly natural voice has few equals among the tenors of the day in quality, warmth and power."

The singer's righteous stubbornness is partly inherited and partly due to environment. Mario Lanza, whose real name is Alfred Arnold Cocozza, was born dodging prohibition bullets in New York City but within a few months moved to one of the toughest, poorest sections of Philadelphia. His father was an Italian immigrant who came to this country at the age of eleven, made a reputation for himself as a six-day bicycle rider, and fell in love with a dark-eyed Italian girl.

When Mario was born on January 31, 1922, the gangster era was just descending on south Philadelphia. The senior Cocozza had been decorated during World War I for capturing the first German prisoner in the Argonne Forest, but in so doing had been gassed and stabbed. He was thereafter unable to work. Mario's grandfather, a stern, tough, silver-haired man with flashing black eyes, ran a wholesale grocery and trucking business, and gained for himself a reputation of unbending honesty among the assorted working citizens, as well as mobsters and beer barons who inhabited the neighborhood. "Grandfather sort of looked out for us," Lanza recalls today.

Mario, then known as "Freddie," ran with the other neighborhood kids who frequented the water front. They broke windows, raided an occasional bakery truck, and indulged in bloody street brawls. Mario thinks he was saved from becoming a juvenile delinquent by his love of sports. He was an excellent boxer and baseball player, and good enough at football to play the game semi-professionally. He became a weight lifter at fourteen, and four years later he could lift 200 pounds. "Not a great feat," he says, "except for an opera singer."

But all during this time the most rewarding though least mentioned of his pleasures was his interest in grand opera.

His father loved music. Even after he became an invalid, the extra pennies Papa Cocozza was able to scrape together went for recordings by his beloved Caruso. "I do not know why," he says today, "but I felt it *here*," indicating his heart.

Mario began listening with his father almost as soon as he could talk. When he was seven, Vesti la giubba gave him goose bumps. At ten, he knew the plots and principal arias of 50 operas. And by the time he was fifteen, he was familiar with the scores of such relatively obscure works as Cilea's L'Arlesiana, and could discuss them intelligently with connoisseurs.

"I was in love with grand opera. I knew grand opera the way most kids know baseball," Mario says. "But it was a furtive sort of love because it would not have been understood by the other kids in the block."

Thus it was that Alfred Arnold Cocozza did not really sing until he was twenty. Then, one day early in 1942, Mario was listening to a recording of Caruso singing the haunting Ch'ella mi creda from Puccini's opera, The Girl of the Golden West. Suddenly as though a hidden spring were released, he burst into song. It was dramatic, yes, and to Mario it was inexplicable; but it seemed to him as if he had been waiting 20 years for that moment.

He sang along with Caruso for almost a week after that, pausing only to eat and sleep. Finally, his father came to him.

"Son," he said. "You have a voice. You must study."

"No, Father," Mario said. "It's just noise."

"If that is noise," Papa Cocozza insisted, "it is the most pleasant-sounding noise I have ever heard."

Mario consented to see a voice coach. (In music circles there is a distinction between a coach and a teacher. A teacher trains the voice in the actual mechanics of singing; a coach merely helps a student to learn a repertoire.) Mario began work on Vesti la giubba and a host of other standard arias. But after three months, his grandfather went to his father, and said, "Antonio, what is this big, husky boy doing upstairs all day listening to records? You must put him to a more useful occupation." So Mario became an employee of his grandfather's trucking concern.

Debut at the Berkshire Festival

What transpired next would make a perfect Hollywood plot. About a week after he started on the job he was moving a piano into Philadelphia's Academy of Music auditorium in preparation for a concert to be conducted by Koussevitzky. William K. Huff, impresario at the Philadelphia Forum concerts, recognized him. Huff was familiar with young Cocozza's voice, having heard it several weeks before at the behest of the tenor's voice coach. At the time Huff's enthusiasm had been passive, but seeing the singer in piano mover's garb, dramatized the lunacy of the situation.

"What are you doing in *that* outfit?" he wanted to know.

Lanza told him.

"Now, look," said Huff. "I have an idea. There is an empty dressing room right opposite Koussevitzky's. I want you to go in there and sing. The maestro will hear you."

Koussevitzky, sweat-soaked from a strenuous rehearsal and clad in his undershirt, came barreling out of his dressing room after several minutes of "eavesdropping" on Mario's rendition of Vesti la giubba. He kissed the tenor on both cheeks, continental-style, and insisted that he must begin planning immediately to come to the Berkshire music festival in Massachusetts that summer. Although he did not know what the Berkshire Festival was, Mario assented. Three weeks later Koussevitzky sent for him.

The Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood, Massachusetts, is an annual gathering of professional and semiprofessional musi-

JERRY HESTER

Mario and Betty beam for baby daughter Colleen's debut for the camera. They rent a Beverly Hills apartment-with-patio

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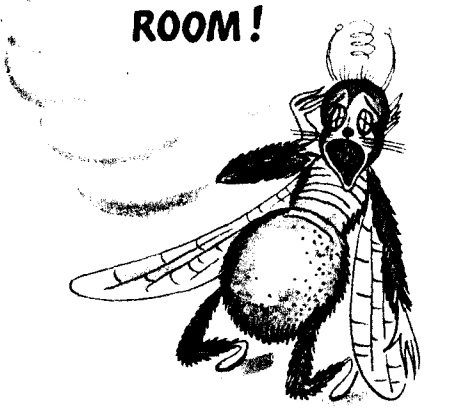

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cians and singers who gather to study, work and rest. For Mario, who was technically still the greenest sort of an amateur, it was an exhilarating experience. It furnished two milestones in his career: his first basic training in musical values (but still no voice training) and the change in his name.

The second development was a matter of heated family debate. Koussevitzky was determined that an alteration should be made on the grounds that no one could correctly pronounce Cocozza *(Ko-koats-zah).* Mario's father was equally determined that the name should stand. He argued that his son would make it famous enough so that no one would *dare* mispronounce it.

Koussevitzky won out through a maneuver which had great psychological impact. He sent a letter to the senior Cocozza mangling the name so horribly in the writing, that, in Italian, it sounded like a personal reference of the grossest and most unprintable sort. Mario's father was so furious that he would not speak for a week. Mario discreetly took his mother's maiden name, Maria Lanza, and masculinized it.

Wins Fame as "Air Force Caruso"

No sooner had he returned from the Tanglewood Festival than offers began to pour in. Concert manager Judson approached him with a contract offer and the record companies put out feelers. Mario was wondering what to do when he received an offer from the government which began: "Greetings." He quickly signed with Judson and two days after that, on September 2, 1942, he was in the Air Force.

Lanza's career in the service got off to a slow start. He took his basic training at Miami Beach, and from there was shipped to Marfa, an outlying base in the Texas badlands, where he was assigned to duty with the Military Police. The unhappy singer's efforts to be transferred to personnel work with a Special Service unit were rewarded by complete frustration. Then, one day, he encountered a bright, young staff sergeant named Peter Lind Hayes, who was later to gain considerable notice as a night-club comedian. At the time, Hayes was putting together an Air Force revue called On the Beam and had come to Marfa looking for talent.

Lanza's gloom reached new depths. Here was his chance to effect a transfer, but unfortunately he had developed throat trouble in the hot, sandy air of Marfa. He could not even talk, much less sing. He tried to explain this to Hayes, but the sergeant was unimpressed. Finally, he came up with a devilish idea. In his foot locker he had a Caruso recording. He and a pal pasted a new label on the disk which read, "Mario Lanza singing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood." Then they played it for Hayes. The sergeant was convinced.

The following week Lanza was transferred on orders from the commanding general to a luxurious suite at the Westward Ho Hotel in Phoenix, Arizona, where the climate soon restored his voice to normal. When he did audition for Hayes after his recuperation, the sergeant was ecstatic. "You sound even better than you did on the record," Hayes said. After that Lanza was billed as "The Caruso of the Air Force."

On the Beam was a great hit and toured service installations in the Southwest for a solid year. Playwright Moss Hart caught the show one night in Visalia, California, and was so impressed that he asked General "Hap" Arnold to transfer Lanza, Hayes and Private Ray McDonald, a dancer in the show, to the unit which was preparing to rehearse Winged Victory. Lanza stayed with the Hart musical play until September, 1945, when he received his honorable discharge.

The next few years were crucial ones, but the tenor at least had sense enough to realize it. He knew he needed training, but at the same time he needed money to live. In an unprecedented gesture toward a virtually unknown singer, a recording company paid him $3,000, not as an advance against the profits the company was sure he would someday bring in, but merely as a consideration for signing.

Lanza made eight radio appearances on a show called Great Moments in Music, singing large chunks of Otello, La Tosca, Mignon and Die Fledermaus, among others. He made at least as many additional appearances with some of the nation's leading symphonies, including the Boston and Philadelphia orchestras. He went on a concert tour for Judson. He even made his operatic debut—two performances of Madama Butterfly in New Orleans.

"It was no good," Mario still insists. "They were rushing me. I wasn't ready."

Nevertheless he drew 76,000 people into Chicago's Grant Park during two umn, "there goes the great tenor of the century."

Finally, the day came when Louis B. Mayer himself, headman of M-G-M studios, heard Lanza sing at the Hollywood Bowl. Newspaper headlines next morning read: "Lanza Electrifies Bowl Audience." That was enough for Mayer. He temporarily halted operations at the studio while 55 M-G-M producers and executives gathered on sound stage number one for a command performance. The result was a seven-year contract, with a sliding wage scale beginning at $750 a week for six months of each year, and a $10,000 bonus payable on the spot.

Mayer regards Mario as his own discovery, nominated for stardom because he has the Mayer trademark of a "pleasant face" to go with his other talents. L. B. treats him as a father treats a son. "Mario, my boy," Mayer tells him, "you are going to be a singing Clark Gable some day."

Lanza is neither ineffably modest nor a swelling egotist, although it would be

COLLIER'S "It's a handy, practical little gadget that enables elephants to blow up automobile tires" BOB BARNES

appearances in 1947, and won critical acclaim.

Relief from what Mario considered a ruinous situation came from an unexpected source. His name was Sam Weiler, a businessman, and a partner in the New York firm of Swig & Weiler, real-estate barons extraordinary.

Weiler is not only a wealthy young man at thirty-six, but a frustrated opera singer as well. He became Lanza's patron in the true 18th Century sense. He paid off the singer's bills, stalled off his concert commitments, and made it possible for Mario at long last to have voice training. The man picked for the job was famed Enrico Rosati, the explosive seventy-six-year-old Italian who today boasts of only two accomplishments: that he trained the great Beniamino Gigli *and* Mario Lanza. Rosati was a teaching tyrant in the grand tradition—as well as a past master in the art of profanity. At Mario's first lesson he screamed, "I have waited 34 years for you to come along! Now get to work, you lazy no-good!"

At the end of 15 months of uninterrupted cussing and working, the old man screamed at him again, "I have given you polish. Now go out and get experience. And don't let *anybody* fool around with that voice, you bum!"

By this time Hollywood was interested. Frank Sinatra had heard Lanza sing in Winged Victory in 1944 and now he urged his studio to look into Mario's possibilities seriously. Walter Pidgeon, like Weiler another would-be operatic baritone, heard Lanza sing at a party and praised him to columnist Hedda Hopper. "Mark my words," Pidgeon was quoted as saying, in Hedda's col-

wrong to assume that he does not take a justifiable pride in his voice. He is a talkative, easygoing youth with a great deal of virility and masculine bounce. His sense of humor extends to himself, and he will burlesque his own situation mercilessly.

"You see, we singers *must* rest," he will boom, striking an exaggerated operatic pose. "If not, it has its effect on the delicate muscles of the throat." Or again, he will twirl his little finger and say: "The big thing is mood. I can't stand to be around unhappy people."

In 1945 Lanza was in Hollywood briefly during the filming of Winged Victory at Warner Brothers. He received an offer from Jack Warner to sign for $750 a week. He turned it down. Instead, he signed a marriage license with a pretty, dark-haired nonprofessional named Betty Hicks, who was the sister of a fellow performer in Winged Victory. They were married in April, 1945.

Betty Lanza is a good cook, and well adjusted to the peculiarities of life with a Voice. On the rare occasions now when Mario allows himself to go off his diet, she satisfies his yearning for food with liberal quantities of homemade Italian delicacies. Six months ago she bore him a child, a brown-eyed wisp of a baby named Colleen.

"Our life is a merry-go-round," Betty says happily. "There are certain requirements in the life of an artist, you know. When I'm sick, who gets coffee in bed? *He* does."

The Lanzas live in a small apartment-with-patio of the type common to the fashionable fringes of Beverly Hills. Only one thing distinguishes it from several hundred others just like it on the same street: It has a gymnasium on the roof. There Mario works out daily with the man who is his physical conditioner. Mario describes his typical day something like this:

"I get up early—at 10 o'clock. My wife serves me black coffee in bed. A half hour later Terry arrives. I look at him blearily. I hate him. He drags me up to the roof. I still hate him. Toward the end of the workout an hour and a half later I begin to like him. He rubs me down for a half hour. Then I warm up my voice in the shower. Sometimes I get dizzy from the wall vibrations. Luckily, the neighbors like music.

"At one o'clock I have a breakfast of three poached eggs, a glass of skimmed milk, and fruit. After breakfast I have a one-hour session with my coach, Giacomo Spadoni. Then I have a dramatic lesson. Next a half-hour chat with my producer, Joe Pasternak.

"Sometimes I visit the movie sets and watch Deborah Kerr work, or I sing a duet with Walter Pidgeon. I get home at six and want to eat. It is my one important meal of the day—steak or liver and a monstrous vegetable salad . . ."

Lanza likes wrestlers and pugs, and any number of these gentlemen are likely to show up at his apartment at almost any hour of the day or night. He also enjoys the company of such diverse people as Andy Russell, a crooner who shares Mario's enthusiasm for exotic foods; Gene Kelly, whose dancing he admires; and Pidgeon.

Mario is a restless man who is unhappy if he must stay home. If there is nothing else to do, as happens infrequently, he will take Betty to a movie. "I'm a big baby," he confesses. "All singers are big babies. Caruso was a big baby, too."

Voice Possesses Rare Quality

Underneath it all, Lanza is a serious-minded young man. And his accomplishments to date show it. His repertoire now numbers six operas (in addition to Andrea Chenier): I Pagliacci, Nicolai's Merry Wives of Windsor, La Tosca, Cavalleria Rusticana, La Bohême, and Madama Butterfly. He neither smokes nor drinks, except for wine. Even at that, casual observers find it difficult to believe that he really is quite as conscientious as he appears. Part of the credit goes to his patron. Sam Weiler knows music—he was studying himself when he met Lanza in a voice studio. He told Mario it would take at least five years before he would reach the top, and he has been insistent on this point. He believes his protégé should first spend at least one rigorous season at La Scala Milan before trying the Met, and he thinks that may not be until 1951.

The word "great" is often loosely used and consequently a dangerous term, especially when appended to the word "singer." Whether Lanza's voice will deserve to be so described, only time will tell. Weiler says simply, "That boy has more heart in one note than all the other singers put together."

But one thing may be said with assurance: Lanza, like Caruso, has the kind of voice which stirs the blood in a way that a merely excellent one can never hope to do. It has a rare quality possessed by one singer in thousands.

Meantime, Lanza's M-G-M bosses are busily figuring how to use him next. Producer Pasternak and his writers are waiting for the final audience verdict on That Midnight Kiss before making a decision. Inevitably, they plan to star him in a screen adaptation of the life of Caruso.

These matters are of secondary concern to Lanza at the moment. One day he will debut at the Met. But not before he is certain in his heart that his voice is ready. "Why make your mistakes in public?" he asks. "And for a singer, you know, the Met is *really* public." THE END

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"I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

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Good Jobs for Good Girls

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

lips over rooster drumsticks and lukewarm prunes.

Although you can learn nutrition through hospital work, you may seek escape into something brighter, cosier, and cheerier, such as matrimony.

Look through the private rooms for some jolly bachelor who is (1) rich, and (2) free from all pain. Such a patient clearly deserves something much better than ordinary hospital food and care.

Some evening when Miss Formal de Hyde, the head nurse, is not looking, smuggle in to this nonsufferer a very dry double Martini in a chilled glass. As soon as you note the improvement in his pulse, expression and color, follow with a tray for two containing oysters on the half shell, filet mignon (rare), asparagus, young corn on the cob, old-fashioned strawberry shortcake, two long Scotches and soda, and a piece of old Stilton cheese soaked in port wine.

You and he should be well on the way to the Marriage Bureau as soon as he can persuade the hospital authorities to give him his pants.

Teaching

The docile willingness of young Americans to spend the best years of their lives on their behinds, listening to lectures—well, no doubt "listening" is too strong a word—is the bulwark of our great American school and college industry.

This is our nation's biggest, strongest, and safest business. America has broken out into a rash of schools.

Whenever educators find even one young person not in school, they rush to open a new institution for him. Then they must find more teachers. Some day, very likely, they will come and offer you a position on a faculty.

When they ask you to teach, don't be frightened. The apathy of the students will save you. Every teacher knows a little more than the students do, and that's plenty.

"But," you may say, "I have no intention of becoming a teacher. If I spend the best hours of the day with children, whether of college or kindergarten age, how can I expect to meet a man who can give me the costly things I need?"

Dear reader, you can't. As you point out, you will be taking your charms to the very worst market. True, you will be appreciated. Never, except when passing a group of sailors, will you hear such piercing whistles as pour from the open doorway of any university drugstore.

But you will make a sad discovery if you marry an instructor, a dean, an assistant prof, or any other collegiate small fry. You will discover that in the educational world "two can live as cheaply as one."

They have to.

Newspaper Work

After the grubby office of the hometown newspaper, the magnificent building of the metropolitan daily, with its long corridors, rows of elevators, and spacious, spick-and-span executive offices, will make you think you have joined a bank by mistake.

But no. Newspapermen are newspapermen everywhere. If you are still young, slim, very intelligent—and, yes, beautiful and perfectly dressed—you will be studied as carefully as you are studying the lovely new surroundings. You will start in a small job.

But soon you will cover a meeting, somewhere.

Not a big story. Unimportant people. But here is your chance to give them an immense surprise.

Astonish them by being on time, and in no hurry.

Be fastidiously washed and dressed.

Keep your glasses, if you must have glasses, in your handbag.

Don't speak until they speak to you.

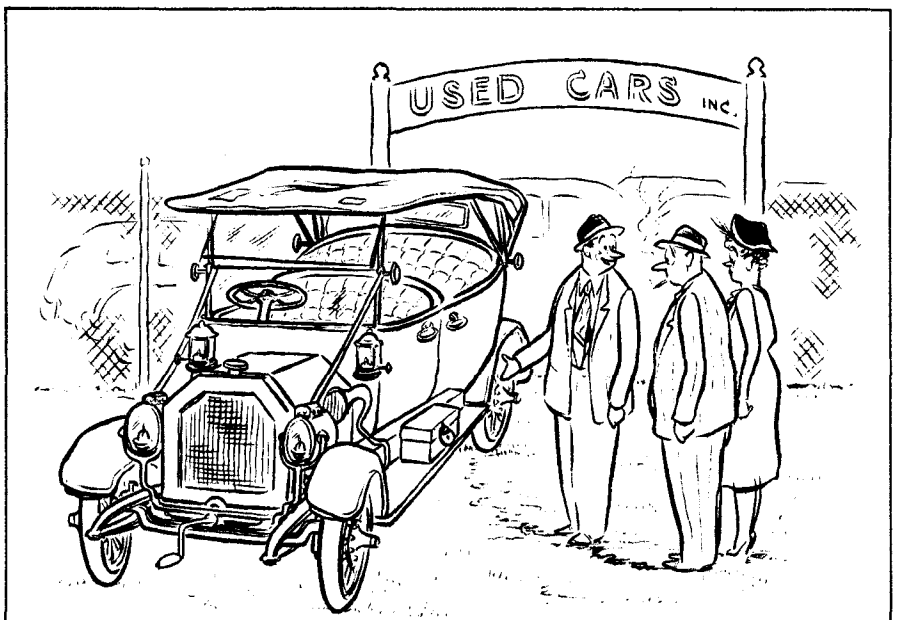
Smile.

Do not snatch at a single cigarette or cocktail until you are invited to take one.

The reaction will surely gratify you. Somebody at the meeting, probably, is not nearly so unimportant as you thought. After you have gone—or after your story is printed, well-written, and with all the names spelled right—this person may call one of the chiefs in your office and say something extremely nice about you.

The moment your chiefs know you're acceptable, they'll take pleasure in sending you to the most important men in town. Even if this favoritism invokes the meows of jealous cats in your office, it is a wonderful break for you.

In this way you make an unlimited number of powerful acquaintances, any one of whom may find his acquaintance with you ripening fast into friendship. And this, as may have been said before, is a paltry distance from love.



COLLIER'S "It was formerly owned by an elderly couple who bought it when they were young" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Book Publishing

The book business offers you the only gainful work you can do in bed, without the slightest criticism from anybody. You can read manuscripts in bed. The gorgeous name for this position is Literary Adviser.

A big bundle of manuscripts is delivered. You dash off witty little opinions that help the publisher guess whether or not to publish them.

Sometime around two or three o'clock in the afternoon, any healthy young girl feels like getting up. So when you have been in bed long enough, then you must get up and write reports on the manuscripts.

Luckily, there are tricks in every trade.

Look sharply at any script you haven't had time to read. Is it fly-specked and tattered? Does it bear the inky thumbprints of a host of great editors who have read and rejected it?

"Aha!" you say, "if it wasn't good enough for them, it isn't good enough for us!" You either scribble a whimsical comment like, "Alackaday, I too vote nay!" or a more familiar one like, "It stinks!" or "Not for us!"

But some day you will pick up a fresh, clean, crackling script by some surefire author like General Eisenhower or Mr. Dale Carnegie. No alackadays here! If your chief likes short messages (many men do), you merely scribble the big word "YES!"

Marriage to an author is a doubtful way out of the woes of self-support. By contrast with munitions manufacturers, many politicians, lawyers, gambling-house owners, surgeons, etc., authors are the merest minnows in the financial pool.

There is the question of health. You would like your husband to be hale and hearty, capable of working hard every day for you.

A wise man has said, "Writing is a morbid secretion, and perfectly well people do not write."

Department Stores

You have gone to work for the big store. You are in the Higher-Priced Lingerie department. All day you have served mobs of women customers. Your spine throbs. Your feet are on fire.

Just before closing time you see him. He is a bald, mousy, terror-stricken, little Married Man. He coughs, and grips the edge of your counter, and says in a tiny voice: "Have you a large-sized pair of pink panties, with a Bluebird on them?"

Right there you will demonstrate whether you are fit for the highest success in modern business or not.

Do not look surprised. Do not giggle. Do not grasp the desired horror and wave it proudly before him, as big as a circus tent. Put on a comforting, discreet expression and hand him the panties in a neat little gift package, secure from prying eyes.

You can rise very high in a department store. You may achieve the Arabian Nights palace on the top floor, you may become a Merchandise Manager, a Director of Publicity, or a Fashion Co-ordinator.

But getting and holding any one of these jobs depends on hard work, long hours, a touch of genius, unblisterable feet, and an ability to ignore the wolves who prowl in packs around the employees' exits every afternoon.

Would life be easier with a millionaire husband?

Ask the woman who owns one.

Science

For the quiet type of girl.

You sit for forty years in a lab (not a lap) writing figures on a chart. You may be feeding hundreds of extremely unwell mice. Or perhaps you are doing research on protons, neutrons, and other weird little wrigglers.

Anyway, you chart their behavior for your chief, and sole human companion, Dr. Wymberly K. Zook. He is a quiet little married man, wearing steel-rimmed spectacles.

At the end of forty years, you may ask Dr. Zook what has been achieved by your joint labors.

"Well," he may say, coming out of a reverie, "we have now recorded certain unexpected reactions to the synthetic glycosykomethylethyloxyboxyfoxyesterol."

"But what good is that?" you cry.

"It is not for us to determine, Miss—er—I fear I have forgotten your name. We deal in pure science here."

Too pure, you may bitterly decide, too late, for any red-blooded American girl.

The Swivel Service

This started as the Civil Service. But civility went out when Mr. Fillmore was President. Swivel chairs were placed under President Pierce and all who labored with him. So government employment is now the Swivel Service.

The word "activity" is all wrong in a discussion of what goes on in a government office. All the girls in your Board, Bureau, Authority, Commission, Wen, Division, or whatever it is called, will vie with one another in slow motion.

There's a reason.

The boss in any Washington office will be a man who dreads perspiration, and rightly so. Washington, D.C., has a horrible climate. It is damp and clammy in winter, and supertropical in summer. A day-long siesta is good insurance against many dreadful disorders.

As a government girl, you must get to the office at opening time, and it is good manners to stay until the others go home. But the time between is your own.

The Swivel Service would be every working girl's dream of heaven if she did not know the text which states that there is no marrying in heaven.

So be warned at once.

Just as the passenger pigeons have been shot out of our forests, so have eligible men been exterminated in every great roost of government girls.

Conclusion

And here, perhaps, it is fitting to add a word of warning against boys.

Unluckily, every office contains men who are totally worthless to you—middle-aged derelicts, junior executives, clerks, and office boys. Time was when one of them, by good work and good luck, might have amassed a fortune and been allowed by the government to keep it. Not any more.

Our only rich husbands, today, are men who made or inherited their fortunes before the income tax grew so merciless in 1942.

Therefore, you would be wise to consider only men in their thirties, or forties, or fifties—perhaps even in their sixties or seventies—even their eighties or nineties, at a pinch.

Can you be happy though married? Yes, indeed. Merely treat your husband just as this article teaches you to treat your Boss. Your husband won't be your Boss, of course, but make him think he is. Once this happy illusion is planted in a husband's mind, he will hug it for life. And you, too. THE END

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Another Eisenhower

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

with his public-speaking instructor, Professor Howard T. Hill, who still holds the same post.

"By the time you get to middle life, Milton," said Hill, "most men in high positions will have college degrees."

"Then," said Eisenhower, "I'll come back."

That decision was the beginning of Milton's political career although he had no reason to suspect it at the time. By taking courses in industrial journalism under Professor Nelson Antrim Crawford (now editor of Household Magazine in Topeka) he hoped to learn journalism. Actually he learned that it was easy to get good marks from Professor Crawford by sprinkling his class writings with allusions to foreign affairs.

Up to that time Milton had never been farther from home than Kansas City, where his brother Arthur worked in a bank. But writing about foreign affairs set his mind to adventuring beyond the flat farmlands and bluestem ranges of eastern Kansas. And in 1924 he took an examination for the U.S. Foreign Service just to see what would happen. To his pleased surprise he won the right to a Vice Consul's post in Edinburgh, Scotland.

That was the year of his graduation. What should he do? Go back to Abilene as city editor of the Reflector? Accept the offer of L. R. Eakin, his fiancée's father, and a local department store tycoon, to stake him to a degree at Harvard Law School? Stay on at Manhattan where he had already accepted a $2,000 a year associate professorship in the school of journalism? Or go to Edinburgh?

Milton took his dilemma to William M. Jardine, the college president.

"You'll have to decide for yourself," Jardine said with a reassuring wink. "But as for staying on the faculty —you're fired! There'll be a job for you when you get back from Scotland two years from now."

So Milton went abroad. Two years later, when he returned, Jardine was Secretary of Agriculture in President Coolidge's Cabinet and Professor Crawford was Jardine's director of information.

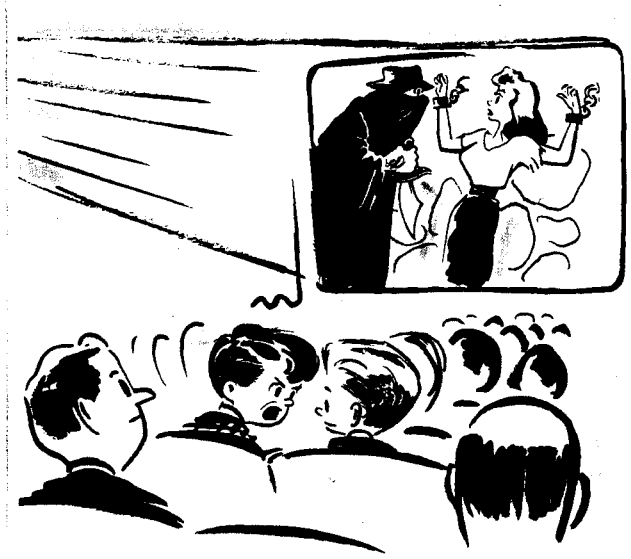
It was practically inevitable that Milton should go to Washington as an administrative assistant.

A year later, on October 12, 1927, Eisenhower married Helen Eakin, whose father had meanwhile moved to Washington and made another new fortune, this one from real estate in near-by Falls Church, Virginia. Major Dwight D. Eisenhower, nine years older than Milton, was their best man. Helen cut the wedding cake with her brother-in-law's sword.

In Scotland, Milton had taken some courses at the University of Edinburgh and had associated a good deal with men who made a career of public service. The idea of the British civil servant with his striped pants, social rigidities and life tenure appealed to Milton considerably. Was that sort of assured career possible in America? In the unlikely event that God and public favor ceased to smile on Republican normalcy, what then? Didn't politics play more of a part than fidelity and hard work in serving the U.S. government?

Eisenhower wavered. Perhaps a literary career would be better. He wrote an agricultural novel called Black Pastures, and a whodunit, The Contract Bridge Murder Case. But neither book ever saw print and Milton stayed in the government.

By the time Herbert Hoover went to the White House in 1929, Jardine and Crawford were gone from the agriculture department and Eisenhower had become director of information. By sedulously cultivating the role of the British civil servant which he so admired, Milton made himself an administrative fixture, a man above politics, wedded to the work of pumping out educational information to the American farmer.



"Now just watch some big, wavy-haired slob rush in and spoil everything!"

COLLIER'S KIRK

Before long he developed into a shrewd, adroit bureaucrat who could enter the office, peel off his coat, nod everybody a cheery good morning and reach his desk all in one smooth flow of motion.

Red tape, the bane of officialdom, never fazed him. He came to know all the "channels" which connected the 70-odd islands in his bureaucratic archipelago. He came to be administrative viceroy over a population which was growing toward 60,000 persons.

A master of paper work Milton also understands the political value of the personal touch. There was a stenographer whom the police picked up for driving without a license. Eisenhower, she says, "gave me hell and then fixed my ticket." A bureau chief wanted to fire a pair of boozers who were cluttering up the works. "Let 'em stay," said Eisenhower. "There are so many people we have to be kind to." A departmental worker stole a printing press piece by piece and reassembled it in the cellar of his home. Eisenhower had him transferred instead of fired. Later it turned out that the culprit was printing a poison-pen exposé which would have greatly embarrassed the department. Tolerance, it seemed to some; to others, weakness.

Whatever it was, it worked. Eisenhower not only survived the New Deal ascendency in 1933 but actually bettered his position by it. When Secretary Henry A. Wallace established so-called "action agencies" to carry not merely education but aid to the farmers, the expanded activity called for a sort of administrative czar to rule over half a dozen bureaus which were running wild. In 1937 Milton got that job—Co-ordinator of Land Use.

Eisenhower was associating on a higher level now. He was becoming a talked-about man around Washington. He played poker and did some stag-partying with a New Deal group which got together once a week. But nobody thought of him as a New Dealer. He kept his personal politics in a separate compartment. The statistics are that in the six Presidential elections covering 1928-48, Milton Eisenhower voted Republican five times and Democratic once.

His particular job was to gear the department so that it could accomplish the will of Congress. As the years went on he worked up quite a subdued indignation against the New Deal. Like all agrarians he knew that money could be well spent on conservation. What riled him was seeing the conservation dollar used for income-fixing and politics.

"I would say," he wrote later, "that we have achieved perhaps 10 cents' worth of conservation for each dollar. . . . I must share the blame with a hundred thousand others."

Claude R. Wickard took over the department on September 4, 1940 and Eisenhower again survived the change. By now he was regarded as the indispensable administrator, no matter what his private political beliefs. But he had reached the point of no ascent. Although he virtually ran the whole department he could not become Secretary of Agriculture. And he had outgrown the administrative position.

His energies, unable to flow freely, backed up on him and began to spill over. This first became noticeable in his home and social life. He was raising his children, Milton, Jr., and Ruth, as a martinet. Playthings left out of place were consigned to limbo from which they had to be redeemed by good behavior.

This rechanneling of his energies created quite a different atmosphere at home from the one that prevailed in his office. Guests at the Falls Church residence found that they were herded into group-games under the organizational authority of their host. Much as they might wish to chat, drink or merely relax, they became the audience to charades and card-guessing stunts in which Eisenhower was usually the central actor.

This was not all. People noticed that he was developing a habit of "fishing for

Next Week

A Britisher Tells **Why He Is Becoming An American**

KILL DANDRUFF GERMS* the way so many BARBERS do!

"Fitch Ideal Hair Tonic Kills Dandruff Germs* on Contact—That's Why I Use it on My Own Hair!"

Says George DuBois, Manager, Famous Gotham Hotel Barber Shop, New York:

Barbers know *best* about how to treat scaly dandruff. And all over America, for 50 years, barbers have been singing the praises of Fitch Ideal Hair Tonic! They use it on their *own* hair. Report most of their customers insist on Fitch Ideal too. Here's why:

Fitch Ideal Hair Tonic, with massage, not only removes loose dandruff but actually *kills dandruff germs** on contact! Also relieves dry scalp.

So take a tip from experts. Do as barbers do—use Fitch Ideal Hair Tonic every day! See how completely flaky dandruff disappears, how clean your scalp feels, how handsome and neat your hair looks! Get a bottle today. Never leaves hair sticky or greasy. Money back guaranteed if Fitch Ideal doesn't relieve your dandruff at once!

**Pityrosporum Ovale, recognized by many authorities as cause of infectious dandruff.*

DO AS BARBERS DO— USE Fitch® IDEAL HAIR TONIC

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compliments." Though he was doing a job universally lauded he seemed to need extra praise. It wasn't, as one friend commented, a form of mock-modesty, it was an evidence of the old battle with self-doubt. The job downtown was pinching him and he expressed his protest in these many ways.

"Sometimes it would be two or three days before he'd come around for a new word of approval," one friend recalls, "but he'd always come."

Handled Many Wartime Jobs

The war catapulted him out of the agriculture department and into a series of special assignments for the White House organizing the unhappy job of evacuating the Jap population from the Pacific Coast . . . setting up the Office of War Information . . . going to North Africa to handle the vexing problem of European refugees . . . planning the psychological warfare of the Italian campaign . . . working out the agenda for the Quebec Conference.

Toward the end of 1942 the Board of Regents at Kansas State asked Eisenhower to take over the college presidency. He told one friend that this had been his secret ambition for years but how could he justify leaving federal war work? As Milton tells it, he and his wife spent hours together making out pro and con check lists. It was no easy choice for a man with a conscience, ambition and the chance of a lifetime. Finally he persuaded himself that he could serve the war effort as well or better in Kansas. He accepted the offer as of September, 1943. The callow youth and nothing-to-say author who had left the campus 19 years before was now back as a citizen of the world.

His first effort was to bring this world to Kansas State. Here as in all land grant colleges, the curriculum was intended to turn out graduates who would excel in agriculture, industry or war. Eisenhower established the Institute of Citizenship, and a system of comprehensive courses under which a student pursued studies in the physical, biological, social or cultural fields. While he could specialize in any one of these—that is, become a scientist, farmer, teacher, engineer, accountant or what-not—he must still take courses every year in the other three fields in order to round out his citizenship and get a diploma.

Some of Eisenhower's innovations were a little startling to the staid alumni and the watchful state legislature. He lifted the old blue law ban on campus smoking. He broadened student government even to the point of conducting undergraduate polls to rate the efficiency of faculty members. He set about very quietly to abolish the segregation rules which worked needless humiliation and discomfort on approximately 90 Negroes in a student body of 7,400.

In 1946 the State Department named Eisenhower to the 100-member U.S. Commission for UNESCO. He was elected its first chairman and will end his third straight term next September 10th. He was the ace organizer of the three general conferences at Paris, Mexico City and Beirut, Lebanon where the foundation for world-wide education was laid.

But his real work has been in bringing UNESCO down to grass-roots levels at home. Throughout Kansas and the Middle West he has organized hundreds of town-college-county UNESCO councils. These are exchanging newspapers, textbooks, local products and students with similar communities abroad. It is not spectacular work but it is solid accomplishment toward world peace through human understanding and friendship.

Hint to Political Affiliation

Rather slowly it has dawned upon Kansans that they have a national figure in their midst. Despite his long service in both major parties there is plenty in Eisenhower's current speeches (he has made over 300 since the war ended) to show his political colors. He is for the United Nations but against World Federalism. He distrusts supergovernment on a national or global scale. He regards equal rights for all races and religions as self-evident but he wants the rights secured by social evolution, not revolution. Private enterprise is another self-evident right and he opposes all socialization schemes which would smother it.

Though he is against the Truman welfare state, he nevertheless knows the federal government must aid education, scientific research, housing and large construction projects. The only test, Eisenhower says, is that government aid people and enterprises without taking them over.

"I'm a middle roader," says Eisenhower, "and it burns me up when people call that a neutral or negative position. It isn't. I believe in getting things done —in attempting only the possible. By and large the good things we've done in this country have been accomplished by taking the middle course. Compromise is the full meaning of American government."

In Kansas and among his close friends there are two schools of thought about his political availability. One school argues that when he gets out his pro and con check list he will find the con side heavily scored against running for any office. He has succeeded as a public servant by avoiding political issues, not embracing them. He sees too many sides of every question to be decisive and able to make quick judgments. He is much too sensitive to endure the slings and arrows of campaign criticism.

Spokesmen for the other school admit all this but say that Milton Eisenhower needs more growing room than Kansas State College can give him. As governor or senator he could use his talents to much greater effect. And the clincher, they say, is his no-comment attitude. If he thought he weren't big enough to be governor or senator he'd say so. He hasn't said so yet. THE END

Poor Man's Guide To Hypochondria

By HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

Being a treatise on how to survive your friends while subsidizing doctors

THE other day I dropped in to see my doctor about a clavus hystericus that was making my ethmoid sinuses itch. While waiting my turn I thumbed through several magazines, looking for some good new symptoms. I didn't find any symptoms I could use, but I did read an article by a doctor which described what would happen to the body of man under socialized medicine.

According to this doctor, the American people are a horde of potential hypochondriacs, kept at bay only by the three-dollar fee for an office call. Once Uncle Sam foots the medical bill, he stated, the stampede for palpation and auscultation would resemble the opening of the Oklahoma Territory.

The good doctor has portrayed an interesting future, but I am afraid he is an impractical visionary if he expects to bring about such a Utopia by legislation alone. Genuine national hypochondria cannot exist until the people are educated to assume the responsibility of maintaining continual ill-health, and upholding the standards of skilled, evasive complaint.

It is often alleged that hypochondriacs are well people who imagine they are sick. This is not so. The real, one-hundred-per-cent hypochondriac knows he is sick, and is prepared to maintain his illness despite the gibes, taunts, jeers and criticisms of the people who imagine he is well. Yet, while any malaise can be the cornerstone of hypochondria, it is only a beginning. In its highest form hypochondria is the study of medicine from the patient's rather than the physician's point of view.

It is possible to embark on a career in hypochondria with a small outlay for texts and tools. Stethoscopes, osteoscopes, specula and professional literature will confuse, rather than frighten the man or woman who tries to reach the peak of imperfection too soon. A few inexpensive items, such as tongue blades, a thermometer, an atomizer and a book in lay language on symptoms and diseases are sufficient.

After a few weeks of careful preliminary study and preparation, the new hypochondriac is ready to begin a limited practice with the family doctor. Since the success or failure of the early hypochondriac missions often depends on the choice of complaint, I would suggest that the beginner try his aching fledgling wings by complaining of a headache. A headache is the most common complaint in medicine, but it may be the most baffling.

CARL ROSE

The real 100-per-cent hypochondriac knows he's sick. A headache is the most common complaint

There are several hundred reasons why a head might ache. As one authority wrote, the reason for a headache might be discovered only after thorough ophthalmologic, otolaryngologic, neurologic, gastroenterologic, cardiorenal, gynecologic, roentgenologic and endocrine examinations. If any of these terms are strange to you, it shows how much schooling you need.

So I say, go in with a headache, stick to your story, and get the works. By the time you have been through the above examinations, you will have covered the general field pretty well, and can then decide in which branch of medicine you wish to specialize.

Usually, the doctor's questions and subsequent examination will start with the head and work down. The doctor will ask a number of rapid and seemingly casual questions: "Are you bothered with headaches often? Ever have difficulty seeing? Do you have many colds? Is there a ringing in your ears? Ever wake up at night and have trouble catching your breath?" The ill-informed hypochondriac rises to these questions like a trout to dry flies. He nods, cries yes to everything, and admits all. He is hopelessly well. The experienced malingerer gives careful thought to each question and responds with a yes-and-no answer whenever possible.

In answer to the question about a ringing in the ears, the skilled hypochondriac says he has noticed it only in the right ear. The question about colds he steers into a discussion of allergies, working toward a series of visits with a specialist. Trouble with breathing is always a fine symptom, since it may indicate any one of eight hundred maladies. Difficulty with vision? No, not particularly. Eyes blur sometimes, and the left one goes blind when those stomach cramps become severe, but no real difficulty.

After many years of study and practice, there should come the day when the veteran hypochondriac is dissatisfied with the baffling of "body" doctors, and is ready to tackle the men who have specialized in psychosomatic medicine, the neurologists and the psychiatrists.

When one can duel with these men who have become experts in diseases of the mind and body, and one can come away convinced that these, too, have failed, and all-medical science has failed, a well-deserved rest has been earned, and Hypochondria can hail a new hero.

And when, at the age of ninety-nine or a hundred, one finally loses the long uphill fight against disease, friend and neighbor hypochondriacs will gather at the bier of the gallant sufferer who was never too weary to call a doctor in the middle of the night.

"He was sick all his life," they will say. "He doctored with them all, but there was nothing medical science could do for the poor man. His disease was like mine; it's something they can't discover and cure." THE END

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Deadfall

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

eyes watching him, waiting to see what he would do. It annoyed him that she did not know that he would not let anybody risk more for him than Doc had already risked by giving him a job. The trouble was finding a way to say what was necessary without sounding as if he were showing off.

"There's no sense all of us getting into this mess," he said. "Thanks a lot anyway, Doc, but let's just let it ride the way it is. And if he doesn't know, you don't have to tell him you were aware of my history when you hired me."

Then he was out of the office. There was, for a moment, nobody in the laboratory outside and he looked it over with a sentimental feeling that he knew to be ridiculous: He wasn't that fond of the place. It was merely, probably, the last laboratory he would ever get to work in. The chances of finding another where somebody would give him the break Doc had given him here were infinitely small. Even Doc would probably never have risked taking him on, had it not seemed as if the thing were over and finished. It was one thing to take a chance on a man who had once been in trouble; it was something else again to help somebody who could be expected to keep the place cluttered up with agents of the F.B.I. He stood there for a brief time, slowly letting the full meaning of what had happened take hold of him, like a wounded man painfully visualizing a lifetime on crutches.

Jane Collis had come up beside him. He turned on her. "That goes for you too," he said.

"What?"

"You didn't know anything about me. I never told you a thing. Understand?" It was bad enough without anybody else getting dragged into it, particularly her.

THE fluorescent ceiling lights flashed across glasses as she looked up at him. She did not seem to have heard him.

"What are you going to do, Wes?"

"I don't know," he said. "Look, listen to what I'm telling you. I don't want you getting heroic about this, understand? Don't start shooting off your mouth to prove how loyal you are to me, or French will get the idea he's got a hornets' nest up here, and fire the whole outfit. Don't think he wouldn't either. Just sit tight and pretend you never heard of me—"

"Will I see you tonight?" she asked.

"Tonight?" Then he remembered that they had been going to the movies.

He said, "I guess you'd better not count on me, Janie. I don't know what I'll be doing."

"Will getting drunk help anything?" she asked primly.

He grinned at her. "I don't know. I'll tell you when I come back for my stuff. So long, now."

"Wes." Her voice halted him as he was turning away. "Wes, can't I come with you?"

He glanced at her over his shoulder, and hesitated. The small girl in the plain skirt and sweater looked back at him steadily, but she was already, he found, a stranger. All he wanted from her now was the assurance that she would not be hurt for having known him. *Can't you understand that it's over?* he asked her silently, suddenly angry with her. *Can't you let me break clean?* He could feel it building up inside him like a head of steam. You never got used to having them lower the boom on you; there was always the impulse to strike back at somebody.

He checked himself; after all, it was not Jane Collis's fault that this had happened. Instead he shook his head and walked away; but at the locker room door he turned to look back at the small, not very striking figure moving slowly toward her desk by the windows. Looking at her only made it worse. He threw open the door, and there was a man at his locker, which was open. One of the laboratory technicians, a stout woman named Mrs. Neff, was watching the search with interest, a reference book forgotten on the table in front of her.

"That's my locker," Wesson said softly.

The man, the larger of the two he had met downstairs, turned his head. "Just checking, Mac. Keep your shirt on."

The small room seemed suddenly to glow with white, shimmering light. Even Mrs. Neff had a halo; the only one, Wesson thought, she would ever get to wear, the old witch. There were, he knew, some laboratory stands with a few spare rods tucked away behind the door. The rods were about the right size; half-inch bars of chrome-plated steel thirty inches long. He reached for one and heard Mrs. Neff gasp; and the man at the locker turned, his hand on the handle of the locker door.

"That's my locker," Wesson said. "Close it and get the hell out of here. I'm tired of falling over you birds."

THE man's mouth was open, saying something patient and reasonable but firmly insistent, even as the rod whined and Mrs. Neff screamed. The man did not get his hand back in time. The heavy metal bar caught him solidly across the wrist; and he sagged back against the lockers, gray-faced and limp with the sudden pain. Wesson heard Mrs. Neff scream again, and realized that he was stepping forward with every intention of bringing the rod down across the bowed head of the larger man with every bit of strength he possessed; he checked himself with an effort that left him sick and blinded. *I almost killed him,* he thought. *I almost killed him!*

There was a step behind him. He did not turn, but let himself be caught in an expert, disabling grip; not moving or struggling against it. In fact, he was grateful for it.

"Drop it," the voice of the second agent said in his ear.

The rod clattered to the floor. The man behind Wesson shook him a little, tightened the grip a little, hurting him experimentally to see if he could be made to resist; then released him.

"Just stand there," he said. "I don't want to see you move."

Wesson stood motionless, watching the second man, somewhat smaller than himself and a little older, cross to his larger colleague. The two consulted together, the larger man displaying a wrist already turning blue and swollen.

Wesson said, "There's a first-aid kit in the men's room, behind you."

"When we want advice from you, we'll ask," the smaller man said sharply.

There were people at the door now. Janie was there, Wesson saw, and Dr. Lowery, and the other technician—a kid named Bentley—with the morning mail for the laboratory forgotten in his hand, and one of the girls from the office downstairs, and some guy from the plant in greasy coveralls. Wesson could feel them looking at him as they would at something escaped from a zoo.

The big man turned to him, hugging the hurt wrist. "That was smart, Mac," he said. "That was really bright!"

Wesson did not say anything. He had been told to be quiet.

"Can you think of any reason why I shouldn't have you arrested?" the man asked, quietly. Wesson remained stubbornly silent. He could feel nothing but a glowing hatred for the men in front of him, and for all the rest of them, whether he had ever seen them or not.

He was vaguely aware that the man in front of him was making a sincere effort to be objective, to understand what had happened so that he would not seem arbitrary or vengeful when he came to the decision he had to reach; but all this was a long way off, for Wesson, and he stood there wishing only that the big man would make up his mind and get the farce over with. *Trying to be fair,* he thought savagely, *now!*

"What the hell did you think it would get you?" the F.B.I. man asked.

"Nothing," Wesson said. "It's just something I've been looking forward to for a long time."

"There's no sense in your feeling like that. We're just doing our jobs. Sometimes we have to make trouble for people who perhaps don't quite deserve it, but we don't like it any more than they—"

"Then what are you doing here, mister?" Wesson demanded. "If you don't like making trouble for people, why couldn't you call me and have me meet you somewhere? Or catch me when I came home from work? No, you have to march into the place with horns, bells and whistles, letting everybody from the president on down know—" He choked on his anger. "Just too lazy or thoughtless to think what it would do to me! The same damn' questions you asked me two years ago, and they can't wait until five o'clock tonight; no, you've got to have me called into the front office to answer them! Like little tin gods, just because you've got badges—"

He turned abruptly to the still open locker, put his hat on and went out carrying his topcoat. Some of the pressure had been relieved, but there was enough left to make him hope that somebody would try to stop him. Nobody did. He took a month's wear from the recapped tires, sending his battered secondhand car out of the parking lot and away. Nobody came out after him.

IT WAS well after dark when he found himself in a little bar off the lobby of a big downtown hotel, the name of which seemed familiar although he had never been in the place before. It was one of those hotels. He knew that he was quite drunk, perhaps a little drunker than he had ever been in his life, but he was still navigating with reasonable accuracy, speaking with sufficient clearness to be understood by the bartenders who confronted him; and the liquor was not helping him to forget anything. He knew he was getting drunk because he kept feeling more and more sorry for himself. It seemed to him that he had behaved very creditably throughout the whole affair, not losing his temper once until today, not changing his name or lying to anybody or concealing anything; and if you did it that way, and they still wouldn't leave you alone, what hope did you have of ever getting clear of the mess? He never knew how long the girl had been standing beside him when she finally spoke, asking him for a light.

Something in her voice stirred a memory inside him. He turned his head to look at her and saw her smile at him politely. She was a moderately tall girl with short light hair brushed into a feathery halo about her head. An elaborate dress, almost long enough to be an evening gown, of a stiff, blue iridescent material like taffeta, rustled when she moved; it was pulled back into a ridiculous bustle in the rear.

"Please?" she said, holding her cigarette steady in front of him.

"Certainly," he said, and lighted it for her; then turned back to the bar, a gentleman, not taking advantage of the favor he had done a lady to force his acquaintance on her. Her dress whispered beside him as she too turned to the bar. He felt his heart begin to pound as he waited.

After all, you could cut short the long untidy mane of red-gold hair and let it revert to its natural color; you could exchange the clothes of a rather careless, underpaid young government clerk for those of a fastidious, well-to-do society girl a few years older; you could even, if you were doing the character well, train and diet the young body to a more

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fashionable slenderness and the face to a more striking gauntness, but the blue-gray eyes would remain the same, and the short fine nose; and the long mouth would never be changed, for anyone who had known it well, by any subtleties of make-up or expression. Meet her anywhere, with any clothes or name she might choose to wear, and she would still be Marilyn George.

He was not so drunk that he did not know quite well how it would look to anyone seeing her beside him, after he had just finished swearing that he had not been in touch with her for years. He had no doubt that she was quite aware of this, and had come deliberately to incriminate him by her presence, as part of some game she was playing. It was clear now that the F.B.I.'s visit to the plant that morning had been part of something bigger than just a routine checkup. Whatever the situation, there was obviously nothing to be gained by trying to shoo her away from him now; and a man trying to avoid a good-looking girl was invariably a ridiculous object.

"I wondered if you'd recognize me," she said without looking at him.

He could see their two faces in the mirror, neither looking directly at the other. There was no point, he knew, in bitterness or recrimination. She knew what she had done to him; and she felt the way she felt about it, however that might be. Nothing he could say could get him any more than pity from her; he probably could not do better than a kind of contemptuous commiseration.

He had a momentary thought of Jane Collis, who still had his ring; but the kindest thing he could do to Janie would be to get out. He stood there at the bar, getting a small, mean satisfaction out of letting the girl beside him do the work of picking him up, knowing that he was going to follow her lead—at least until he could see what she wanted. He remembered that there had been a time when he had wanted to kill her.

IN THE morning he could not remember at once where he had left the car, and this worried him, because he would need what little he could get for it when his savings ran out. Then he remembered parking a block and a half up the street; they had walked the remaining distance. He focused his mind on the building they had entered and it came back to him hazily; one of those gold-plated apartments near the lake front that sported a doorman like a hotel.

"Paul," she said, shaking him.

Nobody had called him Paul for a long time. It was a name he had left behind, with some other things, when he had left Washington two years before. Paul was one kind of person and Wes was another; but apparently somebody did not know the difference.

"Paul, wake up."

He opened his eyes and looked at her. She did not look the way he felt; she was dressed in a tailored blue woolen robe faced with satin like a man's dinner jacket, and she looked very slender and young and freshly awakened, until he sat up stiffly and his vision cleared, and he saw that she did not look quite as good as all that. Not bad, he thought, still not bad at all. But no chicken, now. Well, he was two years older, himself.

"Eggs sunny side up or over?" she asked him, smiling.

"Up," he said thickly, not quite awake yet.

She said, "The john's through the bedroom. There's a razor in the medicine cabinet. And you don't have to walk all over my mink coat."

He stood up clumsily and faced down the expensive modern living room that was not the kind of room to encourage intoxicated men to fall asleep on its pale sofa with their shoes on. He looked at Marilyn George and remembered a way he had had of thinking of her: hunted, fleeing, walking the streets in run-over shoes and snagged stockings, looking for a job where nobody would question her past. . . . Well, he thought, it was always surprising the number of ways you could be wrong. He picked up the glossy fur coat with which she had apparently covered him when he passed out, laid it gently on the sofa, and went out without looking at her again.

When he came into the kitchen, shaved and fairly presentable, with a couple of aspirin taking the edge off his hangover, she had breakfast ready in the gaily painted breakfast nook; she served them in silence and they sat facing each other across the table, eating, at first, without conversation. From where he sat he could see all of the small kitchen, with a back door opening on an iron fire escape. Everything in the place looked as if it had just been installed.

Last night they had had a fine time playing a game of pretending that nothing bad had ever happened between them; but it was morning now.

She looked up and said abruptly, "In Washington. . . . I tried to keep you from being involved, Paul. You won't believe that, but it's true."

Fair Catch

The bride, all dressed to drive away,
Winds up and hurls the bride's bouquet.
Not caring how it's grabbed by whom,
So long as she has caught the groom.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

He looked at her a moment, shrugged and went on eating. "Well, it's not really very important now, is it?"

"It is to me," she said. "I know you think I deliberately . . ."

He buttered a corner of toast. "Look, Marilyn," he said, "it was two years ago and to hell with it. I'm not worrying about what you did to me two years ago. I'd just like to know what you're trying to do to me now."

She glanced at him sharply.

He said, "Let's assume that I'm reasonably bright, even if it's a strain. You didn't pick me up in that bar last night just by accident. You didn't even do it all by yourself. You hadn't trailed me through the places I'd been before I got there, not in the outfit you were wearing. Somebody spotted me for you, and when I was in position, suitably tight, you moved in. Am I right?"

After a moment she nodded.

He said, "All right. Make the proposition."

"What do you mean?"

"Come on," he said impatiently. "You didn't bring me here to make love to me, and you didn't bring me here to feed me. You brought me here because just by being here I convict myself of being a liar and probably a traitor."

"And you came anyway?"

"What have I got to lose?" he asked. "It's a cinch I'm never going to get another job in chemistry with the F.B.I. turning up to haunt me every few months. I played it straight once, right out of the Boy Scout manual. They walked right in and loused it up for me. Now I'm making my own rules. What have you got to offer?"

He watched her rise and bring the coffee from the stove. She was, he noticed, really quite a bit thinner.

When she sat down again, her fingers went nervously about lighting a cigarette. Something about the gesture seemed to add a couple of years to her age.

"Paul," she said, "just how do you feel about—about the people I work for?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I never bothered with politics much, if that's what you mean." He was not in a position to indulge in high-flown phrases about right and wrong.

"Then if somebody offered you some money to—"

"How much?"

"A thousand dollars?"

"You can't live very long on a thousand, these days."

SOMETHING changed in her eyes. She crushed out her cigarette and rose, turning away from him. "You'd better talk it over with a friend of mine," she said. "I'll make the arrangements." She went quickly out of the room.

He finished his coffee. His brain felt thick and useless: he had been trying out an attitude, trying to come to a decision about it, but he could not see the answer clearly. It was easy enough to use the words "spy," "traitor," but what did they, after all, mean? How many times were you supposed to get kicked in the teeth before you began to switch your loyalties somewhere else?

He rose and walked into the living room. She was standing by the alcove of windows at the far end. He came up beside her, and they stood looking out at the steady rain dripping into the park across the street. Somewhere facing the same park, Wesson remembered, was Jane Collis's tiny kitchenette apartment. He put the thought aside, and watched the cars pass along the glistening asphalt drives, that looked more like water than the flat gray surfaces of the ponds and winding lagoons, now roughened by the rain. Beyond the park you could see the lake, but there was no horizon.

"I didn't hear you telephone," he said.

She did not look at him, and her voice was barely audible. "Maybe I don't want you to—"

"What?"

She shook her head mutely; then turned suddenly to look at him, and they faced each other for a moment. Then he put his hands on her narrow waist, and her hands dropped to his wrists as if in protest, but she made no effort to free herself beyond that, and when he drew her toward him she came forward obediently, and her lips were alive to his kiss.

He stepped back and wiped the lipstick from his mouth, turned, and walked away from her to the telephone stand in the little front hall. Her voice followed him, puzzled.

"Paul, what—?"

He looked up a number in the book. When he reached for the telephone she was beside him, her hand holding the instrument down. She looked at the U.S. Government listings on the open page, and her free hand came out of the drawer below the telephone, holding a .32 Colt automatic pistol.

"Don't," she said quietly. "Get away from the phone."

The gun did not go with the apartment, nor with the slender hand that held it. There was nothing expensive or feminine about the weapon; it was Mr. Colt's stock model in that caliber, without radio, defroster, or white sidewall tires. It would not give good FM reception, change the baby, or make you attractive to the opposite sex; it wasn't, Wesson thought, even much of a gun. You should starve to death before you filled the pot with what it killed, even in a country teeming with game. When you came to think of it, the object was practically useless. It wasn't good for a damn' thing except shooting a man at close range.

"You didn't have to kiss me," she whispered.

He started toward her. She should not

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have done it, he thought; she should not have given him this opening; it was unfair. He had tried to keep the whole thing on a reasonably civilized basis, in spite of what he owed her, and then she started playing with guns. It was ridiculous. She began to back away from him, her shoulder brushing the wall. She came to the alcove in the corner and was brought to a halt by the sofa. He walked up to the weapon until it bore against his chest, feeling very brave. Then he put his hand on it and turned it gently away from himself. Then he brought his other hand up and disengaged her fingers from the butt. Then, suddenly sick and trembling inside, he knocked her down with a full-arm sweep of the hand that did not hold the gun.

"Next time you try that," he breathed, "you two-bit Mata Hari, I'll ram the damn' thing down your throat!"

He did not recognize his own voice. After a moment he went back to the telephone and dialed a number, dropping the gun into his coat pocket. Presently he was aware that she had left the room. A man's voice spoke in his ear.

Wesson said, "Two of your agents were at the Zenith Petroleum Corporation yesterday. One has a bum wrist. I'd like to talk to him if he's around."

He was told to wait. After a considerable time, the voice of the big man he had struck in the locker room said, "Richardson here."

"This is Paul Wesson. I want to tell you where Marilyn George is."

"You're a little late, Mr. Wesson. We've had our eye on her ever since you made contact with her last night."

Wesson said, "I don't give a damn where you've had your eyes. I'm merely going on record as reporting that—take it down and mark it from me—Miss George is at the Shawn Arms Apartments, Apartment 608N." The number was on the key that still lay on the little stand, where she had dropped it the night before. "That's the north wing of the building. You turn right as you come in the door." The anger that came when he even thought of them was sour in his mouth. He could not keep it out of his voice. "You came around and asked me," he said. "You made a big show of it. It was important enough to get me fired for. Well, now that I know, I'm telling you. I don't want to hear, later, that I'm in trouble for keeping it a secret."

The man called Richardson sounded unimpressed. "All right, Mr. Wesson, you've reported it. Anything else?"

"Yes. She wants me to meet a guy. A sum of money has been mentioned. Shall I go?"

There was a space of nothing. Then: "Where is Miss George now?"

"In the bedroom with a sore ear," Wesson said. "She had some objection to my calling you."

"In other words, she knows you're talking to me?"

"Hell, she's probably listening."

"I don't understand, Mr. Wesson. Are you asking my permission—"

Wesson said clearly, "You're a representative of my government, God help it. As a good citizen, I'm notifying you that somebody has made me a questionable proposition. I'm asking you whether to go ahead with it and see what these people want, or tell them to go to hell."

"And the girl is listening to you?"

Wesson said, "For all I know, the damn' place is wired for sound. Just answer the question: Do I say yes or no?"

WHEN he came into the bedroom she was lying face down on the big bed, crying.

He said, "All right, I've seen you, Marilyn. You can turn it off now."

She moved her face a little from side to side against the pillow that was rumpled now and stained with tears. He sat down beside her, for some reason that was not quite clear to him. There were times when you had to make it up as you went along; he had hit her and now he was sitting down to comfort her. It did not make sense, but then, nothing else did, either.

"I wouldn't have shot," she whispered, her voice muffled. "You knew perfectly well I wouldn't shoot. Why did you have to hit me?"

He lifted her by the shoulders and, after a moment's hesitation, she turned to him and buried her face in his coat.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know what's been getting into me lately. That's the second time in two days I've gone up in blue smoke. I'm sorry as hell, Marilyn."

She shook her head. "No," she said, "no you're not; not really, and that's the terrible thing, because you were such a nice boy." He winced. "You were," she breathed. "You were so sweet, and you wanted to make me so happy, and you were kind of cocky and proud of me when we went out together. And now you knock me down with your fist," she said, "and don't even bother to see if you've hurt me."

"It wasn't my fist," he said. "Anyway, I've said I was sorry."

She said, "It's not that; it's just . . . Sometimes you see things you've done to people and wonder if there's really any excuse for you. Particularly when you no longer believe . . ."

"Believe what?"

"Believe in what made you do it in the first place," she whispered, her breath warm against his throat. "I'm glad you called them, Paul. I had to try to stop you, but I'm glad."

SHE lifted her head to look at him. He gave her a large white handkerchief and watched her use it.

"That's kind of a quick conversion," he said quietly. "Marilyn, who do you think you're kidding?"

Her voice was suddenly sharp. "What do you mean?"

"You didn't feel this way about it last night, when you made contact with me deliberately to tie me up tight with your lousy outfit. You aren't going to claim you were trying to be inconspicuous in that little taffeta number, are you?"

She got slowly up from the bed without looking away from him.

He said, "As I see it, somebody needs me for something. This guy wanted to have something on me, so that if I balked at what he wanted me to do he could point out—oh, so politely—that I didn't really have any choice. Who's going to believe that I just happened to run into you in a bar last night? Or that I passed out here, if that matters? After coming up here, what chance have I got to prove that I'm not part of the gang, particularly when a couple of witnesses can probably be supplied, if necessary, to testify that I've been working with them right along? Is that what you're building up to, Marilyn—to confess everything to the F.B.I. including a couple of facts that don't happen to be so?"

She said stiffly, "Go on."

HE SAID, "Well, that's out now, Sweets. For the moment, I'm in the clear. I'm not your accomplice; I'm still an innocent bystander trying to act like a good citizen. Sure, I spent the night with a girl I used to know in Washington, but the minute I sobered up I remembered that she was wanted and reported her. You can't turn me in, darling, because I've just finished turning you in. I've even offered to risk my life finding out what your game is. They probably don't believe me, but if they're reasonably honest they're going to treat me carefully until they can prove I wasn't acting in good faith. As a matter of fact, the man I talked to more or less gave me authority to go ahead; he couldn't very well refuse and have me claiming that they weren't only persecuting me, they were even forbidding me to make any move toward finding evidence to clear myself." He grinned without amusement. "So your boy friend hasn't got anything on me. He can't turn the screws and watch me squirm. I'm not part of his outfit unless I want to be. Hell, I'm working for the government. So now I'm willing to listen to his proposition."

He looked up at her, waiting for her to speak, and found himself realizing that you never really got over it: Once you had been truly in love with a person that person always retained a certain power over you. It was this, and not the reaction from being threatened with a gun that had made him strike her, fighting against the knowledge that her kiss

COLLIER'S "Even in defeat the others look good—" BARNEY TOBEY

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COLLIER'S — "Now remember, your strength is as the strength of ten, because your heart is pure" — KATE OSANN

had stirred him in a way a hundred Jane Collises never would. It was this that was making him do his best to hurt her. It did not seem quite fair that he should have to sit there looking at a girl he had every reason to hate and feel disturbed by her thinness, worried by the small signs that kept cropping up to show that her nervous system had been taking a terrible beating. What was it to him if she was becoming bitter and neurotic? Did he want her to be happy in the line of work she had chosen for herself?

She said, quite softly, "I wouldn't, Paul."

"Wouldn't what?"

"Whatever you're trying to do. Either way, you're double-crossing somebody —us or the others—and you're not smart enough, or tough enough, to carry it through. Why, if you had what it takes to do that, you wouldn't be sitting there looking ashamed of yourself every time you happen to notice the bruise on my face!"

He got up. "That's all right," he said. "I'll struggle along as far as I get. Thanks for the advice, though."

After a moment her shoulders, slender in the tailored blue robe, moved in a shrug. "Well, that takes care of my good deed for today. If you'll get out of my bedroom I'll get dressed now."

He started to pass her without speaking. Making way for him, she seemed to stumble, her heel catching somewhere so that she fell against him. Then her arms were tight about his neck, holding him.

"Get out of here, you stubborn idiot! Who do you think you are? Dick Tracy? Get out, get out, get out!"

For a moment he believed her. Then, not quite sure that his first instinct had not been right, he knew that he could not take the chance: She could be only testing him. Something in her attitude had been calling for his attention, and he pushed her away and said deliberately, quite loudly: "So the place *is* wired for sound. The only times you've dared to talk straight are when you've had your mouth right up to my ear."

Her face paled a little, and he saw her glance shift to the head of the bed, and back to him. She stepped back and drew herself up.

"That wasn't a very nice thing to do to me," she said quietly. "I was trying to help you."

"I remember how you helped me once. Let's make a telephone call, huh?"

WHEN he returned to the apartment house that evening, after going home to change, he could not find her name on any of the mailboxes in the lobby. He stood there, feeling helpless, until he remembered the apartment number. The engraved card in the slot opposite this number displayed the name of a Mrs. Elaine Susan Beckworth. He shrugged and pressed the button anyway, and the buzzer admitted him to the elevator. She had the apartment door open for him, and was in the living room mixing a drink when he came in. Her evening gown was of smoky blue-gray chiffon that seemed to drift about her quite weightlessly as she turned to greet him. He took the glass from her hand and examined her appearance critically, withholding his approval for a calculated time. Her eyes, he noticed, were a little too bright, and her cheeks were flushed; she must have had a couple of drinks alone while she was waiting for him. Or perhaps she had had other company while he was gone. He put aside, with an effort, the thought of the other men she must, in her business, have known.

"You look as beautiful as you did in a dream I once had about you," he said. Then he spoiled the compliment deliberately by glancing at his watch, which read almost eight thirty. "Let's get this over with, shall we?"

"We have plenty of time," she said. "What happened? In the dream."

He glanced at her. "When I tried to reach you, something fell on me. I woke up."

"You made that up," she said calmly. "You never dreamed that."

"No," he agreed. "But I might have, mightn't I?"

After a moment she turned abruptly away from him, putting aside her half-finished drink. "Maybe we'd better go," she said.

He watched her cross the room, knowing that he had hurt her. There was no satisfaction in the knowledge, any more than there had been in striking her. It was like getting mad and driving a fist at the wall. You could make a dent in the plaster, all right, but it was your own knuckles that bled. She waited for him at the apartment door. A length of the blue-gray chiffon was drawn about her shoulders like a fragile shawl. She wore no other wrap.

"No coats?" he asked.

She smiled, deliberately mysterious. He shrugged and followed her into the elevator, and watched her push the button for the floor above. He thought he should have known it.

A TALL man in dinner clothes was waiting for them on the seventh-floor landing, the apartment door open behind him. He was quite blond, balding, and there was a small scar under the corner of his right eye. For some reason the scar gave the impression of having been caused by the excessive kick, backfire or explosion of a rifle; perhaps because the man had a rifleman's eyes. They looked at one object at a time, able to disregard everything else.

Marilyn introduced the two men, and they shook hands. Wesson made no attempt to match the other's grip; it would not have done him any good to try.

"I'm very glad you could come, Mr. Wesson," said the man, whose name was Louis and, apparently, nothing else. "I'm always delighted to meet any friend of Elaine's."

Wesson looked around for Elaine, a little startled, before he remembered the name on the mailbox downstairs. He reflected that Marilyn must have fun trying to keep her various identities apart. There was something childish about this business with names that gave him a little confidence. He murmured a polite phrase about being overjoyed; and Marilyn led them into the apartment, which was, in all respects, even to the furniture, a duplicate of the one below. Only a few details were different: a hunting print in place of a water color, a pipe rack and humidor in place of a cigarette box and lighter.

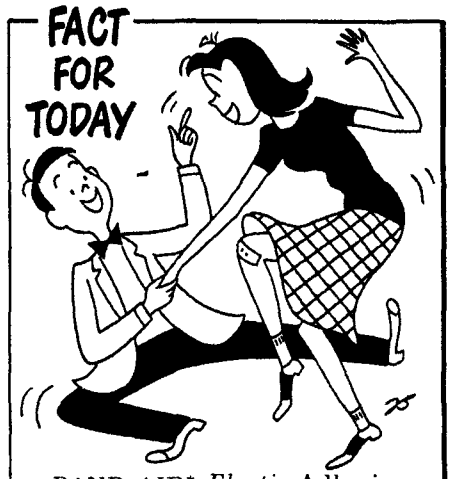
Beyond the archway that divided the living room from the dining room a table was elaborately set, waiting for them. A boy in a white coat was filling the water glasses.

Wesson found himself a little puzzled by the whole performance; then he understood that these people, leading the lives they did, would naturally seize what opportunities they could to impress others with their polish and respectability: It was a form of compensation. Louis clapped him on the shoulder.

"Did you expect to find a couple of sinister characters peering at you by the light of a candle stuck in the neck of a bottle? Speaking of bottles—" The tall man glanced sideways as they all crossed the room toward the sideboard. When he spoke again, his voice was a little diffident, as if he were calling Wesson's attention to a point of local etiquette with which the new man could hardly be expected to be familiar. "I say, Wesson. That gun you're carrying, fella. I mean, how about parking it out in the hall, huh? Just as a favor?"

Hesitating, Wesson was aware that the bedroom door, to his right, had moved a little, as if someone behind it had brushed it, changing position. Well, it was hardly likely they were going to shoot him here, he thought. He faced the tall man, deliberately turning his back to the slightly open door.

(To be continued next week)



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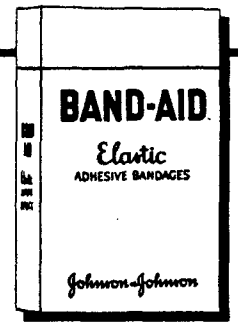

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The Has-Been

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Gleeson nodded. "To play ball. You'll be great. I'd hoped to get a kid, a fighter. Not Jim Dale, who never did give much of a damn—playing first for Azalea in the State League because he's broke, and we're the lowliest link in the chain, because I had to take you."

Jim said, "Look, Pop. I need money, sure. But not the kind of dough you pay—"

Gleeson rubbed his chin. " You never came here to see Grace—that I do know."

"I'd hardly go chasing my ex-wife," Jim said, "now that she's remarried."

Gleeson said, "You didn't even know about that? You didn't know Bob was killed two years ago?"

Jim put the bottle of beer down carefully. He said shakily, "Bob—killed?"

"Auto smashup. You didn't even know Grace was here?"

Jim came to his feet. "Here?"

Gleeson said, "Okay, Jim. I thought you knew. Go along. But get out of that hotel. Go to Mrs. Murphy's boardinghouse where some of the kids are staying. It's cooler and they have good food. You'll play first tomorrow. I'll give you the signs before the game. Show up early, will you? And without a hangover."

Jim scarcely answered. He was all rubbery inside. His gait was unsteady as he walked down the sidewalk, and people stared and whispered behind their hands. He went up to the hotel room and gathered his bags and went out to seek Mrs. Murphy's.

ONE of the kids—Magin was his name, a reedy lad who played second base—drove him to the park at noon in an old jalopy. He felt better today; he had taken a pill, and had got a good night's sleep in one of Mrs. Murphy's big, clean beds.

The dressing room beneath the shallow, rickety stands was small and makeshift. Someone found Jim a uniform, and as he finished dressing, Magin said that Gleeson wanted him outside. The kids all stared at him. In their eyes he saw a peculiarly embarrassing mixture of awe and disgust that Jim Dale should have fallen so low on the baseball ladder. They were nice, eager-looking kids; but, almost automatically, Jim pegged them as being too young to go against Nason and Fitzpatrick and Kirsch and the others who he had read comprised the Gladstone team. Well, Gleeson was building with youth . . .

Jim donned his spikes at the door; as he straightened up, he saw the Gleesons. They were sitting on a bench on the grass behind first base. Jim's first thought was to turn and run.

Grace did not rise. She sat there, a kerchief around her blond hair, her blue eyes upon him, unsmiling. Danny looked—he looked like a worried kid. Pop Gleeson was inscrutable.

Jim walked over. "Hello, Grace. I'm sorry—about Bob."

She said, "Thank you, Jim. You look well."

"Oh, I'm fine." He said it without irony.

She got up then, not looking at him. She said to Pop, "I'll leave you now. I wish you luck, with—with the new first baseman." She walked away under the stands, her hips swaying in the way he remembered, her ankles trim and neat, her shoulders high.

Pop said, "She wanted to see you. She's acting as front office for the club—doin' a good job, too. Getting back to baseball has been good for her, since—"

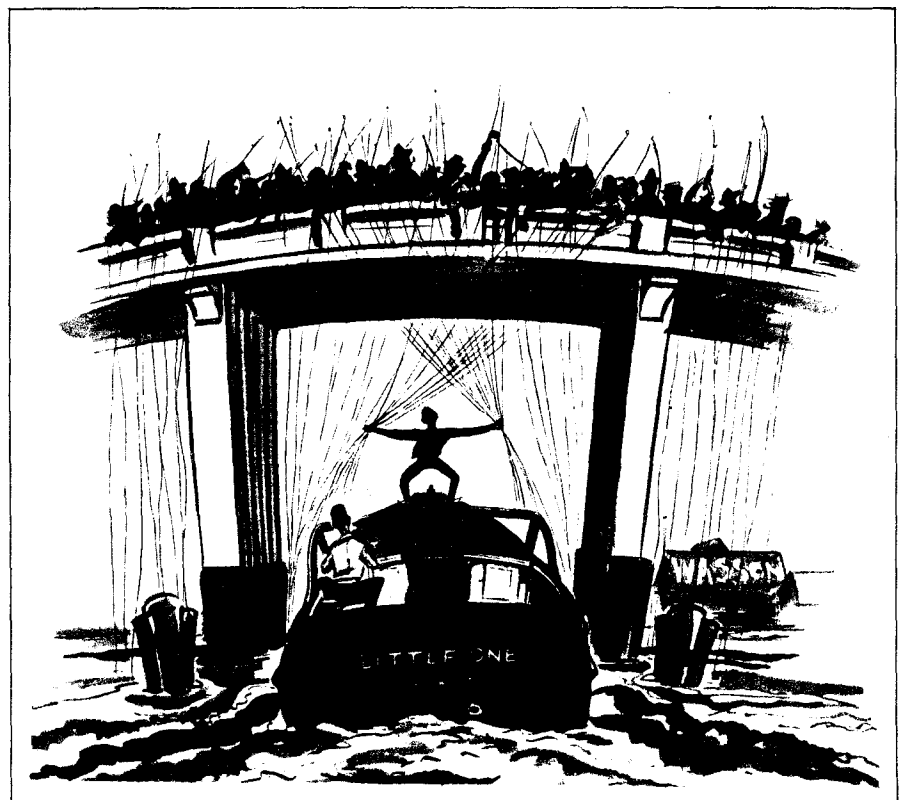
Danny broke in, "Aw, Pop, give him the signs. Let's get on with it."

Pop hesitated a moment, rubbing his hands together as if the gesture were a signal. "The Gladstones have Porky Monahan managing them. You know Porky—he's a sullen old man, and dirty all the way. He hates it down here. But he's brought in Nason and Zazalli and the other tough has-beens he could get hold of. Prince will pitch—and he throws dusters from habit. They got us on experience and hitting, but we've broken even with them so far, on our hustle and speed. Today they'll throw the book at my kids."

Danny said, "We're not scared, Jim. But some of the boys—well, they're nervous, that's all."

"You could steady them down," Pop said. "Oh, I know they're giving you the big-eye right now. You got a bad press, you know. Socking that reporter was bad, Jim. Never hit a newspaperman. But you know that. You just do those things."

Jim said, "Okay, Pop. If lectures would help, I wouldn't be here. What do you want from me?" He spoke with unintended belligerency. His mind was on Grace. He could not help it. He had tried for years to clear his mind of her and he never could do it.



COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Gleeson said, "Why, Jim—I guess I can't tell you what I want." He looked down at his hands. "Never mind. Our signs are simple. They steal 'em—we switch 'em."

Jim listened to the signs. Danny was restless, moving from one foot to the other. When Gleeson had finished, Jim said, "Suit up, kid, and we'll try out the field."

The boy ran for the dressing room. He was gone longer than it should have taken him to change. Jim sat and stared at the tiny park, at the infield painstakingly curried by willing local hands, the nicely cropped outfield. The stands were ancient, but there was paint on them and signs of recent repair.

Pop Gleeson had tried to build something. In this backwash of the game to which he had given his life he had put everything he had, trying to improve things. Pop was a smart man; he had been slated to move up the line a couple of times. Pop deserved a lot.

Whereas, Jim Dale thought bitterly, *he* deserved nothing. He had been a star, he had gone to war, he had returned with something wrong in the middle of him. His temper had got out of control. He had become embittered, and the color of his existence had altered until Grace had not been able to stand it—nor had the managers for whom he'd played. He blamed no one but himself. That was why he had walked willingly down the steps to Azalea.

Danny came at last and young Magin was with him. The two kids could not conceal their worry. They walked with Jim along the well-kept base paths. The infield was as flat and as even as a rug. Danny said, "Azalea is a country town. It'll close up tight today because everyone'll be out to the game."

"Gladstone's a mill town," said Magin. He was a handsome lad, sure and quick in his movements. "There'll be a dozen busloads of tough characters over for the game."

"The other fields in this league are cow pastures," Danny said. "Pop keeps this up good. We aim to make things better in the State so we can get a better rating, and better salaries." He scuffed the grass with his spikes. "You know how it is."

Jim nodded. Maybe a thousand people could crowd into the stunted stands, he was thinking.

Danny said hesitantly, "Gee, Jim, remember the World Series? Grace took me. You hit .400, and that double play in the last game." He shook his head and grinned, wanting to communicate his memory and his respect for the ballplayer Jim Dale had once been to Magin, to Jim himself.

He said, "Kid, I can scarcely remember. I certainly can't play that kind of ball now, or I wouldn't be here."

"Pop's batting you cleanup," said Magin. "I seen the pictures of that series, Mr. Dale. I know what you kin do."

Jim said, "Look, kids—" He paused. There was a doubt in their shifting glance, and underneath there was a deep urge to hero worship. They wanted him to be good. They wanted it worse than anything in their young lives before now. And they thought he could do it, if he would try.

He bent his legs—they were rusty, of course. He swung an arm. He said, "Get a ball. Let's limber up here!". . .

The Gladstone faction was loud and rough. They filled a part of the wooden structure carefully set aside for them. The line was drawn here today—there were no sportsmen present, come to see a contest between athletes. This was a bitter factional fight.

The Gladstone players had been brought together in their defiant senescence for a last swaggering brawl. Jim Dale knew them.

They had Adams on first, Nason on second, Zazalli at short, Parker on third—a quartet who would cut you to ribbons with their spikes or knock you dizzy when they tagged you. Their catcher was Buccaneer Morgan—probably the most cunning bat-tipper in baseball. They had Fitzpatrick, Kirsch and Jacovitch in the outfield. Jim knew them all as evil-tempered roughnecks.

THESE couldn't stop youth and speed, however. It would take Monkey Prince, the canny pitcher whose creaking arm had not lost its control, to make the eager boys hit where the fielders played—and to throw at their heads to keep them unsettled.

And what did Pop have? During pregame warmup it was hard to tell, other than that Magin was a smooth second baseman and Danny a swift outfielder. The starting pitcher was a large young farmer named Carter. A boy named Levy played third; a string bean named Healy was shortstop. Horton and Ganowski, two husky refugees from the Bronx, were the other outfielders. Hankus, a local product, was the catcher. Not one of them looked over twenty-three.

The stands were loaded; cars lined the playing field. The noise was terrific—he never had noticed the noise in the big-league parks, but down here the fans were in his lap. The Gladstone fans, in fact, were in his hair, right from the start. . . .

"You bum, you! You Dale, you drunken bum! Back to the coal mines, you jerk!"

Monahan had given them that. Most people had forgotten his humble beginnings in the mines. Jim gritted his teeth, taking the field. A stentorian voice roared epithets which burned his ears. There was always one like that, half drunk, picking out a single player, riding him. . . .

He brought his full attention to the game. Nason was leading off for the Gladstones—Nason the gambler, the swift-running, fist-fighting renegade. Nason had been with the Blues, with the Whales, with seven other teams, but nobody could handle him. Jim thought uncomfortably of his own record.

Porky Monahan was swaggering around the third-base coaching box, taunting Carter. The umpires couldn't handle the Gladstone wolf pack, Jim knew.

Grace was sitting directly behind the dugout. Culbreath, from the hotel, sat on one side of her. On the other was a man in an incongruous blue suit which seemed too hot for this day and place.

Nason was crowding the plate, shifting his feet. Carter would have been thoroughly justified in dusting him off. But the big kid tried a curve. Nason lashed it into left field and ran down to first, laughing.

Carter gritted his teeth. He was pressing too hard and he was just a strong kid, Jim knew. Nason snarled, "So you're down here too, huh, big tramp?"

Jim did not reply. Carter pitched two balls to Fitzpatrick, who slammed the

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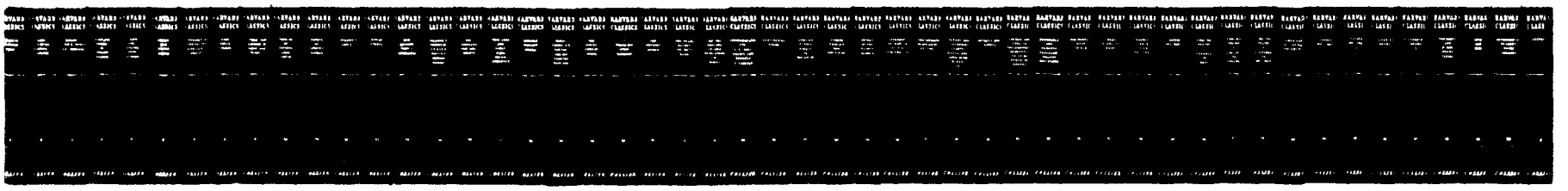

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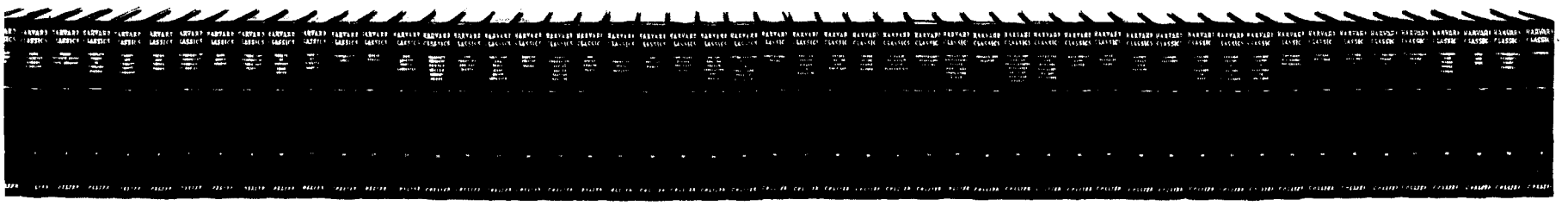

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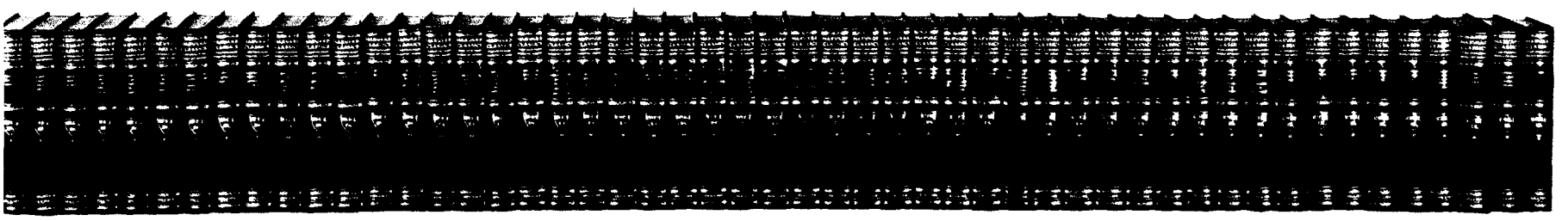

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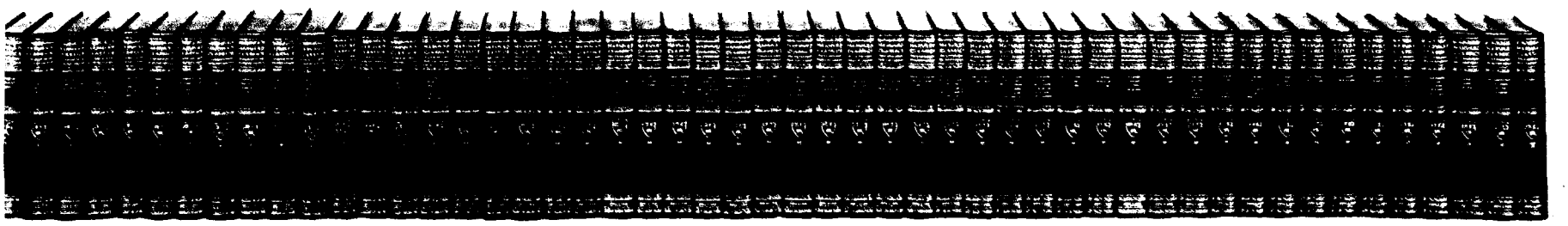

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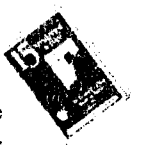

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next one down to shortstop. It was a well-hit ball in any league.

Healy came in smooth as a champion. Jim, covering the bag, felt a quick inner lift as the boy smothered the hopper. Magin flicked second base with his toe as he took the toss from Healy.

Nason leaped up, waving his arms to break up the throw. Magin threw across his body, straight for Nason's head. Nason dropped flat. The ball zinged into Jim's old mitt before the lumbering Fitzpatrick could get within two strides of first.

Jim yelled, "*That's* gettin' two in there, kids!" His voice had not barked like that in years, he realized, as he rifled the toss-around to Hankus—who was down properly backing up first and shouting like an Indian.

The loudmouthed Gladstone fan gibed, "You didn't do it, you bum. You can only play that sack on a dime, you drunk!"

Jim walked over and said to Carter, "Start throwing your fast one. Don't worry about being wild. If you're a little wild with that speed of yours it'll make them think twice before spikin' in and taking the full swing."

Carter took a deep breath. "The boys kin field, huh? We got good boys, ain't we, Mr. Dale?"

Jim nodded. "Just throw it, kid."

Carter grinned. He struck out Kirsch to retire the side.

HEALY led off for the Azaleas. Monkey Prince wound up and threw his first one right at Healy's head. The shortstop hit the dirt as Azalea fans screamed murder and the Gladstone contingent jeered. Healy couldn't get set and Prince finally fooled him with a slow curve.

Horton, the big boy from New York, was different. Prince threw one at him and Horton merely grinned and waited, getting four balls and shrugging as he went to first.

Ganowski took a called strike and banged the next pitch into right field, but Jacovitch was there and made a good catch, leaving Healy still on first. Jim Dale went to bat.

Monkey Prince still had some stuff. The bigmouthed fan was waving his arms, bellowing insults. Jim stretched his arms, holding the bat high, then dropped it into the old position, just off his shoulder, fingers wrapped deep at its end. Prince threw slow stuff, then even slower. It ran to three and two.

Prince wheeled through. It was a curve, coming low on the outside. Jim Dale came around on it. He felt the solid satisfaction of getting a good hold and started running. He was running faster than he had in years, he knew. The hot sun, maybe. . . .

Deep in right field, where there would have been bleachers or a fence in the big leagues, Jacovitch, who had been playing Jim deep, ran and leaped. The ball fell into his glove. Jim drew up, staring. He had forgotten that the far reaches of the outfield in the bush leagues made fly-ball homers a rarity. It took well-placed clothesline drives, and swift running to get all the way around in this league. His homer was just a third out. He trekked back to first and picked up his mitt. He had flopped with a man on base.

Carter was improving with every pitch. He kept it low to the dangerous Jacovitch, who drove a grass cutter past the mound. Magin came over, picked it up and laid it right in there to Jim. There was something about Magin. Jim's blood ran faster when the kid was making a play. He had class.

Parker came up and really lit into one. It went on a line out to left field and Jim thought it was a goner for sure. Then a figure running at an angle to the line of the ball's flight overtook it, and made the catch. That was Danny Gleeson.

Carter faltered and walked Adams. But he made Zazalli hit to Healy, and Magin took the short flip for a force at second and another raps for the Gladstones was gone. . . .

Grace sat very quiet as the game wore on. From time to time Jim glanced over at her. Carter couldn't strike out the smart Gladstone veterans, but he was making them hit to the infielders, and the Azaleas were playing errorless ball.

The Azaleas could do little more. They kept getting men on base, but no one got all the way around. Jim batted in the fourth with Horton on, but again hit to Jacovitch in deep right. In the sixth he came up with two on, but the best he could do was a smashing line drive—into the hands of Nason.

There had been no score, and it was in the beginning of the eighth when Carter finally faltered. He got Morgan, but he lost Monkey Prince, and the hurler perched on first, sneering at Jim. "The beginning of the end, rummy," he said. Nason was at the plate.

Nason had two hits and a walk off Carter. He was in there now, jumping around like a caged animal, waggling his bat. Jim urged Carter, "Get him away from the rubber. Dust him off, kid!"

Prince laughed raucously, "Nobody's dustin' Nason off! He'd fracture the punk's skull!"

Jim took time to turn and stare. "You think so, Monkey?"

The pitcher said, "And yours too, big shot!" But he didn't hold Jim's glance. He moved restlessly, taking a small lead.

Carter threw a low curve. Nason swung down on it. Jim was in motion as Nason swung. He was going in. He heard Magin call out and then the ball was tearing along the grass between the pitcher's box and first base.

It was going to be a hard ball to get hold of. Jim started after it. Magin was on second, waiting for the throw, and Jim went low with a wide sweep of his mitt, stumbled, almost fell, and had to take the ball in his bare left hand. The force of the ball's movement almost swung him around. He felt an instant, and ominous, throb of pain. He caught his balance and fired the ball sidearm for the force-out. Then he was scrambling back to first to try for the double play. Nason was churning down the line, all arms and flying elbows. The two men raced for the sack.

Magin's throw looked like perfection. Out of the corner of his eye Jim saw it, shoulder-high and on the bag. He timed it and timed Nason, and automatically he put on speed.

Nason did it with due deliberation. Jim hit the bag, and Nason hit Jim, going all out, driving a shoulder into him as Jim recoiled, the ball in his mitt. Jim went down, rolling, pain shooting through him. Nason, overrunning the base, tried to sink a spike in Jim's calf. Dizzy and shaken, Jim slammed with the ball. It struck Nason in the kneecap. Nason howled.

The Gladstone first-base coach darted onto the diamond and tried to kick Jim. On his knees, Jim covered himself with folded arms, helpless. The Gladstones were coming off the bench full tilt, eager for battle.

HE WAS in for a beating. No one was near him—and who would help Jim Dale, anyway? He got hit twice before he gained his feet. He tried to catch the breath Nason had knocked from him. He shucked his mitt and managed to cock his fist and hit Nason in the chin. Then a small avalanche hit.

Gladstone players scattered like chaff before a breeze. The Azalea kids had arrived. Magin was in the middle. Horton and Ganowski knocked Nason and the Gladstone coach flat. Healy and Levy arrived as the Gladstone rooters started to come down from the stands.

A high voice said, "Call it off, y'awl! Call it off, or I'll ventilate the crowd!"

Jim threw off a couple of attackers and broke loose. He called sharply, "All right, kids—back away."

They came like soldiers, gathering behind him. Jim looked for the voice. Standing with legs spread, facing the knot of players was Culbreath, the little hotel clerk. In his hand was a very large frontier-model .45 revolver. Behind him was the Azalea constabulary, equally well-armed.

Culbreath snapped. "This heah is a ball game. Git onto the field, you men, and finish it. The double play retired the side, 'case any of you don't know it. Git!"

Monahan bawled, "He won't use that thing!"

Nason looked uncertainly from Monahan to Culbreath. Culbreath swung the pistol so that it pointed at Monahan. Nason looked at the constabulary, turned, and walked toward his glove.

Reluctantly, the other Gladstones followed suit. Force was a thing they could understand, Jim realized.

ENDING of the eighth, thought Jim—and his hand was swelling, and somewhere inside he had been hurt by the collision with Nason. He had to hold himself together somehow. Healy was up and if any of the first three got a life Jim would get his last chance to hit. He leaned against the stands, holding his belly with one hand.

Grace came to him, then. She said "Jim—you're hurt."

He looked at her. She was more beautiful than ever. He said, "I'm all right Grace."

"They hurt you, and your hand must hurt terribly. That was as good a play as you ever made, Jim!"

He said, "If one of those kids hits—"

"You can't do it," she said. "Only one more inning. Pop will put in a hitter for you."

"I can go one more inning."

"They've never been so steady before," she said. "The boys never moved the way they have today. And when they came to your defense—oh, Jim that was good."

He said, "These kids—Pop's done a swell job—" Suddenly he pointed. "Look!"

Healy had rapped one past Nason. The shortstop rattled down to first. Jim looked at Grace. He said, "This is for me. I feel it in the old, aching bones. It'll be my wagon."

She said suddenly, "You've had too many wagons to pull on your own. Jim . . . I've thought a lot—about us. You're a man to blame yourself, too, Jim—"

"I'll be all right, baby." He'd called her that almost unconsciously, he realized, as he went to select a bat. He picked a long, thirty-six-ouncer, the only heavy stick in the rack.

Prince stalled and used slow floaters and got the overeager Horton on strikes. Ganowski flied out and Healy was still on first. It was Jim's fourth time up with men on and the loud Gladstone adherent brayed, "Here's your meat, Prince old boy."

Prince rubbed the ball furtively against his belt buckle. He threw a knuckler. It hurt Jim a little just to stand there, and he let the ball go by for a strike. His hand was puffed, his belly ached.

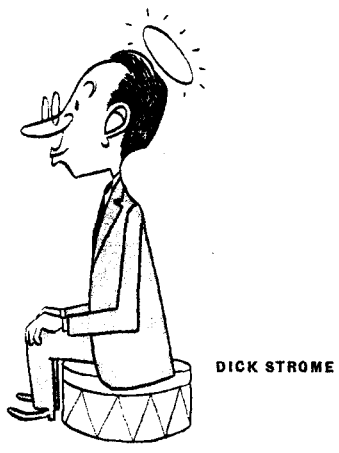
Prince threw a curve which nicked the corner. Two strikes, no balls, a man on, two out, no score and a fight imminent whenever any two opposing players came together.

Prince decided to waste one. He tried his hard high one, a bit wide of the outside corner. Jim almost read Monkey's mind on that one.

He put the wood to it. He remembered about skying it and thrust over it a little, pulling toward right. He started running as the ball took off in a zooming flight. Jacovitch ran.

But Jacovitch didn't have that one. Healy sped around second, into third. Parker tried to block him. Little Healy

The Viewing Public



DICK STROME

IDEAL VIEWER

• They say there is a type of individual called "the ideal viewer." This person always insists on taking a back seat and off to the side and says he can see just fine. When the program is funny, he laughs quietly and sincerely. When it is sad, he chokes back a sob discreetly. He speaks only during station breaks. When offered more sandwiches or another drink, he says, "No thank you, I've had plenty." He manages somehow to make himself very small when seated in front of somebody else. He always waits to be invited to watch your television set and then he has to be coaxed a little. He comes after dinner is over and leaves early. He says that's the best television receiver he's ever seen and wishes he had one just like it.

They say he really exists.

I wish I knew him.

—PAUL RITTS

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shunted Parker aside and went on. Jacovitch recovered the ball and threw hard. Healy slid safely home. Jim stood on second, panting, holding his side with one hand. Under the yelling of the crowd, he could hear Nason cursing him.

Danny Gleeson hit an infield fly for the third out. Jim walked over to first. It was the last time at bat for the Gladstones.

Pop came out. "Grace says you're not to finish."

"I'm finishing. Maybe for good, but I'm finishing here, today," said Jim.

Pop hesitated. Then he said quietly, "You deserve the chance."

Jim nodded and went onto the field. Carter was plenty nervous, now. Fitzpatrick hit the first pitch. It was a towering fly. Danny Gleeson camped under it and gathered it in.

Carter took a deep breath and threw to Kirsch, who lashed a high hopper to Magin. The second baseman went onto the outfield grass, picked the ball out of the air and flipped it to Jim for the second out.

WILD with eagerness, Jacovitch came up. He had been a great ballplayer in his day. The pain in Jim grew as he moved off the base. He had broken a rib, he knew now. He walked over and said to Carter, "This is the man. Make him hit. We'll get him."

Carter said, "Gee, Jim, you guys been doin' that all game!"

"Slow stuff, make him hit."

Carter dutifully threw a slow curve. It wasn't a very good one, but it floated up as big as a house. Jacovitch couldn't resist it in the clutch spot. He swung mightily.

He topped it. The ball spun crazily between the plate and the mound. Carter, green and rattled, stood and stared at it. Jim was going in. To bend over was excruciating, but he managed it. To straighten up was worse. He looked at Carter, and then at first base. There was no one there, but Magin, that sharp kid who seemed to see everything, was racing for the bag. Jim held up his throw, timing Magin. He went white with the effort of throwing it, but he got the ball away.

Magin made a big-league stretch and took the throw. Jacovitch leaped for the bag. Magin laughed and stuck the ball in his pocket. Jacovitch turned to argue with the umpire that he had been safe. The Gladstones came pouring out to reinforce him.

But Culbreath and the husky, armed police were on the field. Culbreath said, "We got the busses lined up and the motors warm. It's over. Y'awl better git outa town right now."

Jim found himself leaning heavily on Magin and young Danny Gleeson as they moved toward the clubhouse. They got inside and barricaded themselves against the local fans who were roaring themselves hoarse.

The clubhouse door was opened to admit a doctor, who prodded Jim. "H'm, broken ribs, all right. We'll jest tape 'em up . . . You'll be all right."

Jim said, "Yeah . . . I'll be all right." The door opened again to admit Pop and one companion. It was the man in the blue suit. Jim said, "So it's you, Graham. Didn't recognize you."

The head scout for the parent organization said, "I wouldn't have recognized you out there, either. You want to go back to Jersey, Jim? Or maybe even the Blues? Hell, you were better than ever out there today."

Jim said, "No, Graham, thanks. This was my last big game. Graham, have you got good sense?"

"They pay me for it," grinned the scout.

"Then tell them at the front office—tell them Jim Dale came down here beaten and hung over and finished. Tell them Pop Gleeson had done such a job with a bunch of kids that it picked Jim Dale up and made him good again for one big game. And, Graham—I don't have to tell you this—young Gleeson is ready for ball. And Magin is the best second-base prospect I ever saw."

Graham nodded. "Pop Gleeson is also going up—I came down here to tell him. This league gets a higher rating. Pop goes to Jersey as manager next year."

Jim smiled. "Fine," he said. "He's had it coming."

HE WENT outside and turned toward Mrs. Murphy's, walking slowly to ease the pain in his body. He looked around and there was color in the early evening, and the grass was green and the drone of insects mingled with the chattering of birds. He hadn't noticed anything like that for years.

Feeling this new way, he was not surprised when the old car drew up alongside him. He stepped into it and Grace said, "Poor baby, you're all beat up. You always could take it, Jim. And before we begin whatever it is we are going to begin, let me admit that I couldn't take it, back in those days. You could, and I should have stuck. Bob was fine, Jim—but I always regretted not sticking. . . ."

He said, "Please let's not think of anything back of today. I hope you won't have to 'take it.' Please let's start all over, Grace . . . Graham says they'll need a new manager here, now that Pop's going up. I think I could get it . . ."

"I'm sure you could, Jim," she said.

He was already wondering if he could get good replacements for Gleeson, Jr., and Magin. . . . Kids with clear eyes and good brains, kids that could be taught the game he'd suddenly fallen in love with all over again. THE END

Monday Come Home

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

out the stubborn remainder. When at last it was clean she dried it on her apron and stropped the blade on the yellow palm of her right hand, smiling at the cushion of skin that followed the pressure of the blade; and smiling at something else.

Teacher had been wrong. Teacher had been a fool to try to make her use her right hand. But she had resisted, obedient to something deep down in her that told her to hold out against teacher, not knowing how, but knowing that somehow, being left-handed would someday be useful.

How useful, she found out when she was fifteen. The man had come at her and been stopped still, howling more with amazement than pain at the sudden gash in his right cheek.

She could see him now—see the flesh opening at the downward thrust, and she could feel the back of the blade resting against her closed fist. That was the way to hold a razor, gripping the handle and letting the blade fold back across the knuckles. That way the blade couldn't turn and cut your hand. She tried it now, and nodded.

Nobody had ever told her. The razor had told her, first time she ever held one in her hand.

She turned, and as the sunlight struck the blade, she discovered a new delight. Working the blade back and forth and letting it flash into her eyes, it was as if she had a forefinger of mirrored steel; then, clicking it shut, she let the sunlight fall on the back of the blade and pick out the letters of gold that spelled MONDAY. The memory of teacher made her smile again. She had learned to read, quickly, and better than the rest; she had been willing to pay that price for the use of her left hand. With a stubborn thrust she put the razor back into her pocket and walked back to the stump.

Steadying herself with her hand against the stump, she took off one shoe and then the other, tied the cowhide laces together, and hung the shoes around her neck, where they bounced like rowboats when, sack in hand, she started toward the swamp. Skirting the hummocks and keeping an eye out for water moccasins, she waded for two or three hundred yards—this time there was a chance that they would set bloodhounds on her trail.

When she thought it safe she took to higher ground, now being careful to avoid canebrakes, whose sharp spines could slice into the toughest sole; and being careful, too, to look to the far side of fallen logs before she stepped over, because that was where the cottonmouths liked to lie, and a cottonmouth was more poisonous than other kinds of water moccasins and would stand and fight. All this she did unconsciously, leaving her mind free to travel on to the far side of the swamp and be ready for danger.

She knew the danger, had known it when she had hidden here once before, but then, as now, she had chosen it just because of the danger. No one would think of looking for her on the Dupres place. White people avoided it by choice, and the name alone was enough to frighten Negroes. Miss Mollie hadn't had a cook for years, not since old man Dupres had shot his cow. The woman laughed when she remembered that.

The cook, the last cook Miss Mollie had, was working in the kitchen when she heard a shot upstairs, and a minute later the old man came through the room saying to his wife, who trailed after him, "I told those damn' niggers to stay off my place." When he came back he walked around to the front piazza and the cook heard him say, "I saw a patch of brown and thought it was a nigger." After that it was the safest place in the county, if you knew where to hide. She knew.

A mile and a half from the big house there was an abandoned shack that had been used during prohibition by a bootlegger—some said Jeff Dupres, who was now a deputy sheriff—and beyond the shack there was a canebrake where she could lie low in the daytime. It had worked before; she had stayed a week that time, and nobody had come near the place. There was nothing to come for, unless you wanted to fish or go crabbing.

When she felt her feet on dry ground she came to a stop, behind a scrub palmetto. In front of her, toward the left, the second story of the big house rose beyond a clump of fig bushes. This had been old Dupres's lookout, and it was from the near window, its shutter hanging awry, that he had shot the cow.

She picked up the sack which she had let fall at her feet and turned to the left, keeping close to the edge of the swamp; for, even though the old man had been dead more than a year, his nephew Jeff might be around, and Jeff was meaner than his uncle, if you could say that about anybody. Besides, being a deputy sheriff, he had a license to kill, and not even a white man was safe when Jeff had a couple of drinks in him, and he usually had. You'd think white folks would have better sense. She shook her head.

A marsh hen shrieked and came clat-

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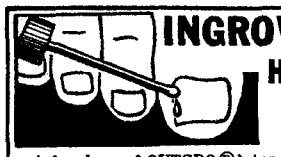
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A GOOD POINT TO REMEMBER!
SAF-T-HED THUMB TACK

GUARANTEE! PIN CAN'T PASS THROUGH THE HEAD

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tering up out of the grass and flew away trailing her skinny legs. Good eating, if you had a gun. But she had never toted a gun. Her hand went down into her pocket and closed around the razor. Trouble with a gun was, it made you feel safe. That was what the furniture man thought, saying she owed him another five dollars and threatening to take her furniture.

He thought that because he was a white man and had a gun he was safe. But she had showed him. When he came at her, not guessing why she had her hand in her left pocket, she had struck him—he wasn't looking for that—and the razor blade had slashed from his right eye clean down to his chest and he had fallen across the bed with its clean spread. She caught him by his feet and dragged him onto the floor and left him there. Was he still alive? She didn't know, and she didn't care. It didn't make any difference anyway. If you cut a white man you might just as well kill him. Juries were white.

The shack showed no signs of having been lived in since she had been there. There was a cot, a table and a chair and the old quilt she had left still lay over the back of the chair. She picked it up and spread it on the cot. Catching her sack at the bottom, she emptied it and chose from the pile an oblong box, which she opened as she moved toward the light of the doorway. She tipped back the lid and let the sunlight fall on the other razors, six in all, each with its day in gold, Tuesday through Sunday. Reaching into her pocket she drew out Monday's and settled it in its place, now flashing all seven in the light of the sun. Then she took it out again and closed the box and put it out of sight under the eaves.

A WEEK later, at first dusk, when it was safe in the open, she was crabbing on the edge of the marsh when she was frozen in mid-motion by a voice. "What you doin' here, nigger?" She forced herself to turn and look at the man. It was Jeff Dupres.

"Nothin'," she said.

Instead of speaking again the man looked hard at her and finally said, "Ain't you Razor Belle?" He ran the words together so that they sounded like one.

She didn't answer at once, but turned and tugged at the crab line. Then she said over her shoulder, "Yasser, Mr. Jeff."

He laughed and said, "I thought so. Well, you can drop that line and come along."

She said, without moving, "Got to pack my sack."

"You won't need no sack where you goin'." Then he added with a laugh, "Maybe you won't never need no sack again, never," and he started walking as one does when he has whistled up an obedient hound.

Without speaking he led her through the broom sedge and through an overgrown field of cornstalks to the back steps of his aunt's house and into the kitchen. "Look what I got me," he said to the old woman who sat in a rocking chair by the stove.

She spat a mouthful of snuff into the corner, saying through the splutter of juice, "Whut?"

"I got me a ree-ward," he said and pointed to Belle standing in the door. "Twenty-five bucks."

The old woman tilted her head back and looked at Belle with glittering eyes hooded with half-moons of cataracts. "Whut she done?" she asked, and spat again.

"Carved up a white man. Been lookin' for her for a week." He looked at Belle in the door. "Yes, sirree," he said, "twenty-five bucks' worth of nigger."

"Ain't no nigger wuth that much," the old woman said, "and besides, you'll drink it up in no time."

"Shore will, Auntie," he said, and laughed.

The old woman dropped her sharp eyes and rocked a little, and when she looked up again there was calculation in them. "You can git your ree-ward any time, cain't you, Jeff? This week, next week, any time?" He gave her a questioning nod, but she looked away from him toward the woman standing in the door. "Whut you name?"

"Belle."

"Razor Belle," Jeff said. "She totes a razor—razors—one for ev'y day in the week, I hear tell. That so?" She gave no answer. "Got one on you now?" he asked and held out his hand. She hesitated a moment, then drew the razor out of her pocket and gave it to him. He took it and turned it over in his hand, and when he saw the gold letters he shook his head and said, "Do God," and, handing it to his aunt: "See? Monday, and today's Monday." Then he said to the woman, "Where the others?"

"No, you don't," the man said, his face beginning to cloud; but neither woman heard him.

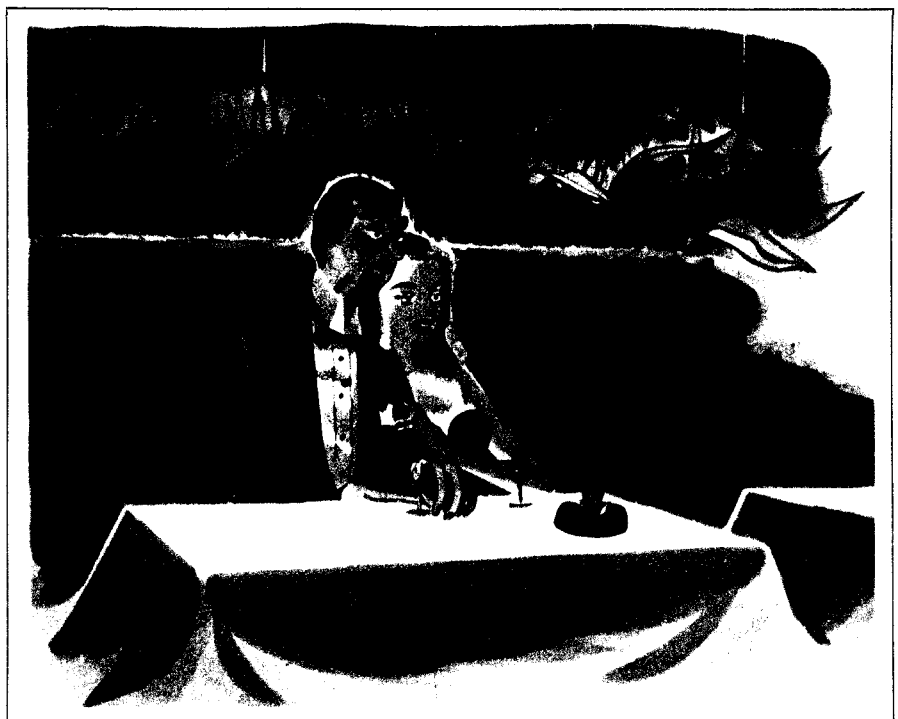
"Corn bread, biscuit, cabbage, butts meat and greens, dem I can cook good," Belle said, and added in the same tone of absent-minded recital, "sweet-potato pie."

"You ain't go cook no more pies," the man said. "You comin' with me right now."

"No she ain't," his aunt said, "she go stay here and cook me a sweet-potato pie and a mess of butts meat and turnip greens. Last time I went out to get some I pulled up some weeds and cooked 'em, and didn't know no better till I tasted 'em—Jimson weed, it was."

Her nephew shifted angrily on his feet and looked sharply at his aunt when she gave a low cackle. "Don't see nothin' to laugh at," he said.

"No," she said, "you go out to shoot doves and come back with me a nigger cook and you don't see nothin' to laugh at." She looked at him with lifted eyebrow and said, "Been wantin' me a cook that couldn't quit and now I got one. You go on about your business." When he was about to speak, the old woman said firmly, "If she cain't cook or if she don't act right, you can come and git her any time. The ree-ward'll keep."



"Just think, this would have been our first wedding anniversary—if you hadn't been such a heel"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Instead of answering, she shifted her eyes from his face to a spot on the wall above his head. It was as if she no longer saw him standing there, as if she had shut off all her senses and in fact had not heard his question. Knowing he would get no answer, he said, "Well, they can rust then," and he held out his hand toward his aunt.

But the old woman closed her fingers around the razor and said, "I'll keep it. I may need it."

He flicked his fingers impatiently. "Gimme," he said, "you got a gun."

"No good to me now," she said, "cain't see good enough, cain't sight a gun no more. I'll keep it," and she tucked the razor in a fold of her apron.

He dropped his hand and turned toward the woman standing in the door. "Come on, Razor Belle," he said, "let's get goin'." But still she stood as if she did not see or hear.

"Wait, Jeff," the old woman said. "Wait."

"Wait? Ain't nothin' to wait for," he said.

"Wait," she said again. "I'm thinkin'," and she gave a little rock. "I'm thinkin', I ain't had a nigger to help me in more'n five years." Then, to Belle: "Can you cook?"

"Yas'm," she answered, and now she was giving her full attention. "I can cook, not fancy—field cookin', but I can cook. You wants a cook?" The words might have been spoken by a casual passer-by with a mild interest in a job.

He stood stubborn for a moment, but she had now dismissed him and was looking at Belle standing in the doorway. He waited, giving her one more chance, and then turned with a shake of his head and went out of the door toward the front of the house, saying over his shoulder, "Women!"

When he was gone, the old woman said to Belle, who had now come to life again, "Where you been stayin'?" By way of answer Belle motioned with her head toward the beach. "That's too far, you'll have to be nearer—but not too near. You can live in the smokehouse. I don't want no razor-totin' nigger in the same house with me and me not bein' able to see so good. Now git."

IT WAS nearly dark when Belle got back and set her sack in the middle of the kitchen floor and stood waiting. "Light that lamp," the old woman said, "and go in that room," motioning to a room off the kitchen. "There's a cot there. Take it out to the smokehouse and come back and fix me some supper."

"How about me a light?"

"You don't need no light," the old woman said, "and besides, you might burn me out." She sat rocking while Belle got the cot and took it outside and presently came back for her sack. "Butts meat and corn bread," the old woman said, "and there's molasses on the shelf."

When they had eaten, the one sitting with a plate in her lap, the other standing by the stove, the old woman said, "Bring me my pipe, in there"—she nodded toward the front room—"and you can smoke too, if you're a mind to." After they had lighted up and taken a puff or two, she said, "Can you read?"

"Yas'm."

"Write?"

"Yas'm."

"Humph," the old woman sniffed, "educated nigger; but a good thing, for once. Git me that pad and pencil off the shelf and make out a store list." When Belle had done her bidding, she said, "Put down flour and salt and soda and corn meal and—I got plenty of white meat—two pounds of red meat and a can of lard, and a package of soda cracker—but them's for me, remember; and I guess I need some sugar. Got it all down?" Belle nodded. "Now take it down to the road and put it in the mailbox. Nobody can see you this time of night. Tomorrow the boy from the store'll pick it up and tomorrow night you can go and git the things." She sat rocking in silence, and then said, with her first smile, "Shore is nice to be waited on." Belle took this as dismissal and went out of the back door, list in hand.

THE next morning, after a breakfast of fried meat, grits, biscuit and coffee, she went into the back yard, and, searching among the rubbish, found a soft brick, which she pounded into powder. Then, with a shuck broom and a bucket of hot water and lye, she scrubbed the kitchen floor, having first set everything movable onto the back porch. While the floor was still wet, she sprinkled the brick dust and rubbed it into the grain with a rag; and as it dried, in a ring around the hot stove, the wood took on the color of rich cedar.

Meanwhile the old woman had seated herself in the sunny corner of the front porch and was rocking gently and smoking, when suddenly the silence was broken by the roar of a cutout and, when the car had stopped, the banging of a door that sounded like a pistol shot.

Belle opened the door at the side of the table and shut herself in the room beyond; then she stood with ear to door listening, trying to hear what was being said on the front porch. She heard steps coming into the kitchen, and cast a calculating eye at a window. But she relaxed when she recognized Jeff's voice.

He stopped in the middle of the kitchen and said, "Where's my nigger?" His words were thick with whisky.

"She was here just a minute ago," the old woman said.

"Well, by God—"

The old woman stopped him, "Now, Jeff, don't you go and get upset. She's somewheres."

"But where? Where?" he said, his voice rising. "There's twenty-five bucks in that nigger and I ain't aimin' to lose it." He moved onto the back porch. When his aunt's shuffling feet had followed him onto the porch, the door of the room was opened without a sound and Belle peered cautiously around the jamb. She could now see the two figures, the man with his back toward her, his neck red with anger.

Then, without warning he grabbed his aunt and began to shake her, saying, "By God, I believe you done let her go." Belle stepped quietly into the kitchen and picked up a pan from the table. When Jeff spoke again, she dropped the pan with a loud clatter. Jeff whirled and had his pistol halfway out of its holster before he saw the dark face swollen with

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laughter. He said, "I'm a good mind to shoot you. Scare me that way again and I will."

"Yasser, Mr. Jeff," she said impassively.

After that, whenever she heard the roar of his car, she hid behind a door, or a bush if she happened to be outdoors. At the end of a month he ceased to look for her. Someday it might come in handy, not being looked for. Meanwhile it was safe here, and the food was good, and the work easy. She got no money, but she had no way of spending money. She was careful not to take too much of the old woman's tobacco or dip too deep into the snuff can.

One day was like another, except Monday. On Monday morning, when she put Sunday's razor away, she would run her finger along the groove where Monday's once had been, and go unarmed for that day. She looked for it high and low, but had never seen it since that first day when it had been taken from her. If the old woman toted it, she must have hidden it in the pocket of her dress, underneath her long apron.

Then there was the reading of the newspaper. A few days after her capture the old woman had Belle order the daily paper and from then on the evenings were given up to reading. She was obligated to read everything. Sometimes, when it came to the obituaries, she had to listen far into the night while the old woman wandered about among the family trees of the county, establishing the exact social position of every name and attaching to each its scandal. Often both of them were too sleepy to give more than casual attention to the rest of the news, but there was no going to bed until the reading was complete.

Bedtime was a grim reminder that Belle was a prisoner. The old woman followed her, lamp in hand, out of the kitchen, and waited for the closing of the smokehouse door. Then she set the lamp on the ground and turned the key in the huge padlock, giving the door a goodnight shake in order to be sure that the chain held. That done, she could trust the oaken door and the windowless walls to keep her prisoner safe until morning. All this was done in silence, unbroken until the old woman had gone up the steps and back into the house. Then, if she had stopped and listened, she might have heard suppressed laughter coming from the dark smokehouse.

SEVERAL times a week Jeff came. If he was drunk he would threaten to take Belle away at once and claim his reward, while she listened to the wrangle from her hiding place behind door or bush, with her hand in her left pocket fingering the razor. But on Mondays it was different. Whenever Jeff came on Monday she would stand frozen with fear, the cold sweat dripping unheeded down her forehead.

Then, for four weeks in succession, he came every Monday, as if some evil spirit had told him that this was her day of torment. It was then that she began a careful search for some means of getting out of the smokehouse at night. Daytime would be too risky, even if she could evade the watchful eye of the old woman; and the old woman kept an eye on her, for all her pretending to Jeff that she never knew exactly where she was. But traveling by night she could be out of the county before daylight, and within a couple of days be thirty miles to the south, where there were so many Negroes that she would be safe.

She found a cold chisel, but to use the chisel in the middle of the night might wake the old woman; so she hid the chisel and continued her search. She had no luck, until one day when the old woman told her to clear out the closet in the room off the kitchen; in a corner under a sack there was a hack saw. She tucked it under her apron and took it to the smokehouse, where she put it with her razors under the eaves.

The hack saw meant freedom. With it she could cut the chain any night she chose to go.

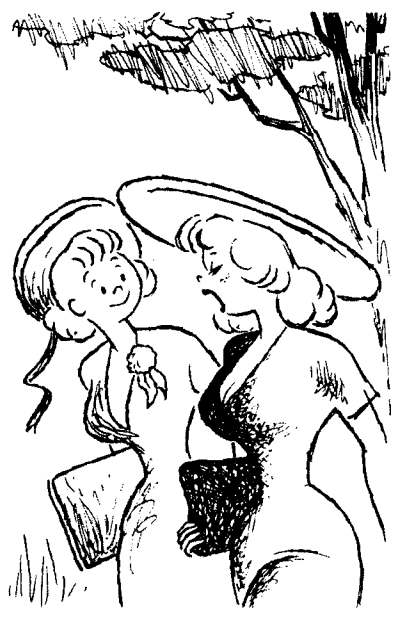
But she stayed on, one week and then another. She had her bundle packed ready to go, but every night when she put that day's razor away, the empty space of Monday's razor put off her going another night. Meanwhile she searched the house again. She saw it at last on a Sunday, about three weeks after she had found the hack saw. When she heard Jeff's car come roaring up the driveway, she slipped behind the chicken coop from where, through a knothole, she saw him staggering up the front steps. A minute or so later he and his aunt came out onto the back porch shouting at each other.

He was saying, "She's my nigger, I tell you," and the old woman, "No, Jeff, you ain't goin' to take her. Now git." He leaned against the doorjamb, blinking drunken eyes. When he started toward her, Monday's razor flashed in the sunlight and the old woman said, "Come a step nearer and I'll cut you, so help me. Now git. I said git." He stood uncertain for a moment, then, without a word, stumbled back into the house and presently went careening down the driveway. . . .

It was first dusk on Sunday when Belle saw him leave. She came into the kitchen and was lighting the lamp, not knowing there was anyone in the room until the old woman spoke from a dark corner: "Next time Jeff comes, you hide good. I done made him mad. And hide better'n you been hidin'."

"Yas'm," she said, "I'll hide good." She began to put supper on the table. This time she gave herself extra-large helpings of corn bread and cold fried meat, and when the old woman went out of the room to get her tobacco, Belle hurried to the smokehouse and tucked the food under the quilt on her bed.

There was no paper delivered on Sunday; if the old woman went to bed early, as she usually did on Sunday nights, it meant two good hours or more of traveling time before midnight. But when the door had been chained and the old woman gone, and it came time to leave, the sight of the empty space in the razor case stopped her. Now that she knew the old woman kept Monday's razor in her dress pocket, there was a chance that if she stayed one day longer she might get it back. Sometimes the old woman dropped off to sleep in her rocker on the front porch after dinner, nearly always if the dinner had been heavy.



"I think it's love—but I'm sure it's a million dollars!"
COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Monday's dinner was soggy: fried grits, fat back boiled for three hours in a pot of collards, followed by blackberry dumplings. Half an hour later, when she had washed the dishes and swept the kitchen floor, she slipped out onto the porch on bare feet and stood behind the old woman's chair and listened to her quiet breathing. Then, bending forward, she almost had her hand in the pocket when the old woman said, "I ain't asleep. I knowed you'd be comin'. No use to try no monkey business."

Belle said, "I jes come out to git a breath of air."

The old woman laughed. "Well, you got it," she said. "Now git."

THAT night, when it was dark, the old woman said, "I'll go with you to fetch the paper—ev'y night." She let her tone say that from now on her prisoner would be under guard all the time. When they got back Belle put the paper on the shelf above the table and went through the evening's ritual, fixing supper, washing up and sweeping the floor, and at last setting her chair under the lamp. Then she took the paper from the shelf and sat down to begin the reading; but when she had opened it and glanced at the headlines, she began to laugh. The old woman stopped rocking and threw back her head and glared. "Whut you laughin' at, nigger?" she asked.

By way of answer Belle laughed again and slapped her thigh.

"Whut I laughin' at?" she asked, and before the old woman could speak: "Listen," she said, and read from the paper: "Deputy Sheriff Jeff Dupres Killed in Auto Accident."

The old woman said nothing for a while; she sat in silence while the paper was being torn in strips and thrown on the floor. Then she said, as if nothing extraordinary had happened, "I reckon you'll be goin' any time now." Belle looked at her and laughed again, and without a word, picked up the lamp and went out of the back door.

A few minutes later she returned, lamp in hand, lugging her cot, which she took into the room off the kitchen. A second trip brought the mattress and quilt; a third brought her bundle of clothes and fishing tackle. She spent a long time arranging them in the room, while the old woman sat silent in the dark kitchen, not rocking now, motionless, waiting.

Without looking her way Belle came through the kitchen, and when she got back from the smokehouse she was carrying the razor case. She set the lamp down on the table and by its side the case. Then she stood in front of the old woman and held out her hand.

"Gimme," she said, and when the old woman tipped her head back and gave her a defiant look, she stamped her foot and said again, "Gimme." They looked at each other in silence, until Belle's neck began to swell with anger. At last the old woman dropped her gaze and, reaching underneath her apron, pulled out the razor and handed it to her.

Belle seated herself in the chair under the lamp, opened the case and fitted the razor into the empty space. Then, stroking the backs of the blades and letting the days of the week flash into the light, she said quietly, without looking at the old woman, "Goin'? How come I want to go? I got plenty to eat, a nice place to sleep." She looked toward the room into which she had put her things. "And I got somebody to he'p me wid de work." She stopped and laughed to herself.

When she spoke again, it was as if she had forgotten that the old woman was there. She opened the case and once again ran her hand over the backs of the razors. Then she took one out and stropped it on the cushion of her palm. "Monday," she said, "Monday come home."

THE END

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Why We Get Tired

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

by what she called "pernicious inertia."

In sum, whether an activity makes sense or not or requires effort or not, it has a tough time tiring us if we really like it. On the other hand:

5. *We almost always get tired doing things we really don't like to do or which we consciously or unconsciously resent having to do.*

More and more psychiatrists are coming to think that right there is the crux of the fatigue problem for a great many of us. Dr. Wendell Muncie, a Johns Hopkins psychiatrist who treats many tired people, has summed it up tersely, "It's not so much that people get *tired*. They get tired *of* something." And that something, as you can see by a candid look at your own life, is invariably some activity you dislike or resent.

Let's be frank about it. There are people who resent their children and having to feed and tend them. There are people who resent having to work for a living. There are people who resent being married, or having to laugh at the boss's jokes, or having to play bridge when they'd rather read. It would be a saint indeed who did not sometimes resent some or all of these things. There are people who live in a perpetual stew of resentment about them—and they are almost always chronically tired.

Everyone's Favorite Excuse

Why should a resented task cause more fatigue than one we enjoy? A look at our everyday lives can answer that question. We don't have to be psychologists to be aware that negative, unproductive emotions — resentment, anger, jealousy, rage and so on—are wearing and tiring. Furthermore being "tired" is our favorite way of excusing ourselves from doing things that we don't want to do. The next time some bore calls you up for an evening of bridge, see if you don't tell him you'd love to but are terribly tired. And perhaps you give yourself the same excuse more times a day than you think. Incidentally, when such "tiredness" fails to get us out of the unwanted task or pastime, it still serves as a nice martyr's crown.

Industrial psychologists feel that much of the fatigue felt in business and industry arises from job discontent. Two sources of such discontent—and this can be vehement enough to amount to resentment or even revulsion—are especially common. One is where we feel that our job is so far beneath our capabilities or desserts that we find it a contemptible and boring part of our lives. The other is where the job is so far beyond our capabilities that it requires us to overstrain ourselves.

To cite a simplified illustration of this, a man who feels qualified to be a great surgeon would be miserable as a hospital orderly, while a man cut out for an orderly's work would be equally unhappy trying to be a great surgeon. Both these misfits would feel wretchedly strained and tired at the end of a day's work.

That brings up the next rule governing fatigue:

6. *There is probably no such thing as "occupational fatigue."*

At least that is the growing suspicion of more and more psychologists. The reasoning here is that if an occupation were in itself fatiguing, everyone in it would be worn out. If barbering or banking or bookkeeping were inherently tiring professions, all earnest barbers, bankers and bookkeepers would be chronically exhausted.

Actually, all the word "occupational" means is *where* the fatigue occurred, not *why*. And the *why* often proves to be upon investigation, that the person consciously or unconsciously detests his occupation. How unconscious this detestation can be is neatly illustrated by the case of a prominent fifty-eight-year-old clergyman who went to Drs. Alexander and Portis for help after fatigue had suddenly and utterly overwhelmed him. What had happened was this.

As a boy this clergyman had yearned to become a great scientist. Circumstances had, however, steered him into the ministry and he labored at it conscientiously and brilliantly all his adult years. It was not until his fifty-eighth year that he permitted himself a prolonged vacation. This holiday gave him the first chance he ever really had to look into the contemplative life of the scientist.

When his vacation was over he went back to his ministerial routine, but now it tired him so much he could scarcely sit up to his desk to write a sermon or mount his pulpit to speak it. Only after long and painful soul-searching under psychiatric guidance was he able to see and admit the state he was in. He disliked being a clergyman; his conscience insisted that he like being a clergyman—the only way to satisfy both urges was to be too tired to make a decision.

That leads us to Rule 7 and one of the most insidiously productive sources of human fatigue:

7. *The burden of internal emotional conflicts added to the chores of daily existence can cause anything from mild chronic weariness to utter and hopeless fatigue.*

In the case of the harassed clergyman, you have just seen a sample of internal conflict of soul-shaking intensity. Though most of us harbor these internal conflicts, fortunately they are usually not of such violent nature. Don't you ever debate inside yourself whether you want to become a "big shot" in your business or just go on carrying a spear in the show? Don't you ever wonder whether you should continue to live in the city or move to the country? Aren't you ever torn between whether or not to give some interfering in-laws their walking papers so you can live your own life?

Everyone has such unsettled problems in one form or another. Many of us take them emotionally and spend part of our working or resting hours stewing about them. This brooding, conscious or subconscious, does not make our day any more comfortable or any less fraught with strain and fatigue. And is it not surprising that this fatigue finally expresses itself physically? Emotionally tense people often have tense muscles—and tense muscles soon become tired muscles. Muscles can get so tired, in fact, that they actually can't move—or at least fool you into thinking they can't. Every psychiatrist has seen fatigue cases where the patient seemed completely unable to talk, walk or feed himself.

Such fatigue often, though not necessarily always, comes on while we are doing unwanted tasks. However:

COLLIER'S "It says, 'Take this little bundle into your hearts until 11:30 P.M. . . . We couldn't get a sitter'" MISCHA RICHTER

8. *We don't have to work at an unwanted task to be fatigued by it. Contemplating it is often enough.*

There is no need to labor this point or to convince ourselves of it by expert testimony. Another frank peek into our own daily lives is sufficient. What housewife has not, on occasion, felt her legs start to wobble as she approached a sinkful of last night's unwashed dishes? What businessman, contemplating a trayful of letters from quarrelsome customers, has not suddenly felt the heaviness of head that he usually associates with the end of a tough day at the office?

And speaking of tough days, you are probably wondering when we are going to take up mankind's favorite explanation of weariness. Unfortunately:

9. *Of all the "reasons" we give ourselves and others for chronic fatigue, "overwork" is probably the most dubious.*

This cavalier attitude was boldly announced a few years ago by Sir Adolphe Abrahams, one of England's leading physicians. His view is now pretty widely accepted by doctors on both sides of the Atlantic, especially by those who are also psychiatrists. Exception to this opinion is of course made for instances where people are forced to work beyond their strength as in concentration camps and in violent and prolonged military combat.

Otherwise the suspicion among medical people nowadays is that "overwork" rather than being a *cause* of chronic fatigue (with or without nervous breakdown) is actually a *symptom*. We all know people who, as they grow more and more tired and "nervous," drive themselves more and more to outlandish amounts of "work"—most of it uncalled for and unproductive. A lot of office lights are burned late at night for this reason, and really nothing much of anything is produced. A lot of living-room floors get polished and repolished day after day although they don't need it. Much of the world's "overwork," examined carefully, fits this category. What drives people to do it?

Sir Adolphe may have hit the nail on the head with some recent remarks in the British medical profession's journal, The Lancet. In many instances of claimed fatigue, he noted, "it is evident that so much energy is wasted in unprofitable cerebral activity, in worry, in fits of temper and in riots of emotion, that insufficient [energy] remains for the serious business of life. Overwork is often advanced as the explanation, the sufferer implying that he is a legitimate candidate for sympathy and pity as a martyr or a hero, devoting a life of self-sacrifice to the interests of others or resenting the lack of adequate appreciation of a disproportionate burden. Actually," he concluded, "if work is congenial, excess is hardly possible."

In brief, most "overwork" comes of a need to find relief from tension, to stall off neurotic conflicts or to look like a hero or martyr. If the victim tires or breaks in the process we may be sure it was his unhealthy need that floored him—not the work.

The Boredom of Ease

Another point made by Sir Adolphe in the same paper is illuminating. It is apparently his fate to have as patients a lot of those elderly young men and women known in England as "bright young things" and in America as "café society." Among them, he reports, fatigue and its first cousin, acute boredom, are far more common than among less "sophisticated" folk. There may be some sort of moral here or it simply may be an illustration of the old law, nature abhors a vacuum.

We come now to the tenth and last ground rule that human fatigue has been found to follow:

10. *Some chronic fatigue may be caused by hypoglycemia.*

Hypoglycemia is a defect in the blood-sugar mechanism. When one is suffering from it, not enough sugar gets into the blood in a steady enough flow to be always on hand as fuel. An even supply is especially important because blood sugar is the only fuel acceptable to the brain.

Please note though that our rule says that hypoglycemia *may* cause *some* fatigue. That is as far as the men who have been studying the affliction for a decade or so are willing to go as yet. Here's what they've been able to find out for sure so far:

(a) Many tired and emotionally-upset people also have hypoglycemia.

(b) It may be that fatigue and nervous upset cause the hypoglycemia. It may also be that hypoglycemia causes fatigue and nervous upset. Or this may be one of those annoying vicious circles

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that Mother Nature delights in—each of the three may be causing the other two. No one knows.

(c) It sometimes happens that curing hypoglycemia also cures fatigue and emotional upset.

It was hypoglycemia that Drs. Alexander and Portis were investigating in the cases of the recumbent housewife and the frustrated clergyman. Both had it, both got cured of it, and, at the same time, both recovered from their crushing fatigue and their emotional tangles. Treatment consisted of medical management, psychiatric interviews and a diet low in table sugar and exceedingly rich in complex carbohydrates.

The useful thing to most of us here is not that our fatigue may come from hypoglycemia. What's useful to us is that we can attack our chronic fatigue with the same diet that helps defeat the chronic weariness of hypoglycemia sufferers. This means forgetting about a "balanced diet" and eating vast and concentrated quantities of such foods as potatoes, cereals, bread, milk, beef, pork, bacon, ham, eggs and cheese. Such foods take their time digesting and send their sugars into the blood steadily and over a period of hours. This is in marked contrast to the actual sugars and simple carbohydrates we eat. They send sugar into the blood quickly and it is used up quickly. This leaves us short of fuel (and probably tired) until the next meal, which may be hours away. Dr. Mack Lipkin, a physician at New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital who treats fatigue cases, has his patients eat foods like eggs, beef, pork and cheese two or even three times a day and to take milk and crackers between meals besides. This plays hob with a lot of cherished and fashionable notions about diet but it does maintain a steadier supply of blood sugar and results in less tiredness. You might want to try it.

You may find, by the way, that while this diet rids you of chronic tiredness it still leaves you stuck with the emotional problems that were mixed in with it. If so you'd be smart to get to work on them too. You may be able to do this alone or you may need the help of a perceptive and sympathetic friend. This can, of course, be your family physician or your priest, rabbi or minister. And if the emotional snarl-up is too bad, you might try a psychiatrist. Whatever mysterious and fantastic things you may have heard of psychiatry, it's a down-to-earth profession that straightens out a great many mixed-up and helplessly tired people.

Except for some details and refinements you now know as much as the experts about common, everyday human fatigue. Of what practical use is such knowledge? Well, the next time you get ambushed by "that tired feeling," you might want to ask yourself which of its illogical antics it's probably up to now—and lay a common-sense counterambush or two of your own.

And if your tiredness is habitual and no physical cause explains it, you might even want to take a challenging look into your whole life pattern. Are you in the right line of work? Do you pace your output of effort in a sensible manner? Do you permit yourself enough rest and fun? Do you get enough physical exercise? Activities like golf, tennis, swimming and so on help discharge fatigue products from the body. Above all, do you take the irritations and boredoms to be found in *any* job, *any* life, *any* human relationship—including your relationship to yourself—in a mature stride?

That is a simple and unsophisticated approach—and don't be surprised if it works. Lots of Mother Nature's nonsensical antics, of which most human fatigue is a prize sample, have to be licked by routine horse sense.

Just remember, horses don't knock themselves out trying to be "big shots" or spend their days and nights in emotional stewing or go around justifying themselves to themselves with an air of either gentle or surly martyrdom. Lucky stiffs, horses. THE END

Good Gussy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

crowds. But if that lace is missing, the box office of the Nationals may be swamped with irate patrons demanding their money back. For the tennis world has come to consider the name Moran as a synonym for excitement. It has been that way the last four years.

The full voltage of Gussy's first electric shock can be measured by the fact that no one now remembers who was playing on the grandstand court at Forest Hills that afternoon in September, 1946, when Gussy made her debut. The forgotten match was of considerable importance to the outcome of that year's Nationals title, but only a handful of fans were watching it. The stadium was practically empty. Everyone had gravitated to a distant field court to see a girl named Gertrude, fresh out of Santa Monica, in a second-round match that had absolutely no significance.

There were no seats around this field court. Spectators had to stand—and thousands of them were packed inside the wire fences, almost delirious in their enthusiasm for the fine points of her game. It should be mentioned that Miss Moran was immaculate in white. Her snug T-shirt was never intended to accommodate a 36-inch bust. A pair of short shorts revealed the long, slender and bronzed legs of a beach beauty. A red ribbon that matched her socks and belt kept her straight, chestnut hair pulled back in dashing style. Whenever she walked she wiggled, and her green eyes twinkled with what was obviously not annoyance at the frequent, low-pitched whistles.

One physically less-endowed distaff star, noting that most of the crowd was male, sniffed at the mass drooling over young Gussy.

"I remember," she said bitterly, "when it used to be fashionable to come out to Forest Hills to watch *tennis*."

Although she literally lives on adulation, Gorgeous Gussy likes to think she was so timid in her early teens that her family considered a psychiatrist as the only solution to her retarded personality. Here in her own words is an anecdote to illustrate exactly how retarded she was:

"When I was fifteen, and playing in an Ojai Valley (California) tournament, my brassière broke during a match with Louise Brough. I had a schoolgirl crush on the good-looking boy who was umpiring and I was too embarrassed to ask for time to fix it. I played through the entire third set tugging at my straps and almost on the verge of tears."

Unfortunately Gussy doesn't say whether she dated the good-looking boy or not. But among her souvenirs there is a photograph of a young umpire gazing at her as though he had completely forgotten the score.

Apparently the notion of being a backward girl had not yet occurred to Gussy when she was twelve. She was at Lincoln Junior High School then, an institution as tennis-conscious as Santa Monica itself. One day she noticed that a banner hanging in the school hall bore the names of the players who had won the Ojai Interscholastic Tournament. And so Gussy started taking tennis lessons

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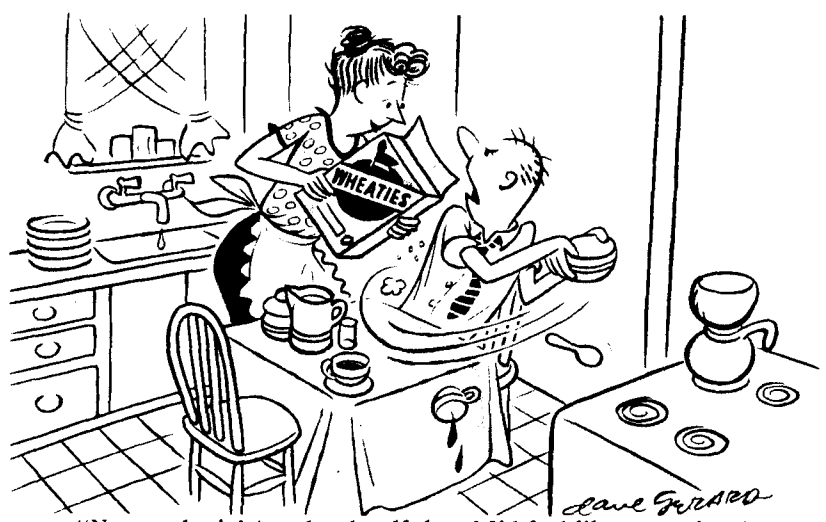

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from Florence Sutton, onetime women's champion. A year later Gussy's name was on the banner, along with Peggy Miller's, for winning the Ojai doubles title.

At the age of thirteen (still seemingly unretarded) she began to frequent the Los Angeles Tennis Club. Tilden saw her there and told her she could be a champion in the big time if she blanked her mind of everything but her game.

"If I could put my brain inside yours," said Big Bill, who thought enough of her to coach her personally, "you'd be on top next year."

At seventeen, Gussy entered national competition for the first time and won the junior doubles with Louise Brough. But concentrating on tennis and only tennis was not her idea of fun. She had too many boy friends. Besides, she had been warned that if she stuck to the game too closely her muscles would grow in lumps like those of female wrestlers.

"After all," she said to herself, "I do want to be feminine." And she tossed away her rackets.

Although she spurned the game for four years after that, indirectly tennis was to become her means of earning a living. It came about through her friendship with the tennis-playing Falkenburg family—she had played and chummed with Jinx, Bob and Tom since she was knee-high to a judge's stand.

Jinx, who was the country's favorite cover girl at the time, received a telephone call from movie maker David O. Selznick one day while Gussy was visiting.

"Say, Jinx," DOS began, "I'd like to do a test of your cute little sister."

"Sorry, I'm fresh out of little sisters right now," Jinx replied, completely puzzled.

Selznick explained that he had been out to the club that afternoon and had seen Jinx and someone who looked like her sister playing doubles.

"Oh, you mean Gussy—Gussy Moran. Sure, I'll send her over."

Gertrude didn't go.

"I guess I was still rather bashful," is the way Gussy recollects it, "and the thought of going in front of a camera petrified me."

Gussy's Movie Career

The petrification didn't last. It eventually surrendered to the enticements of Hollywood glamor and money. Gussy passed a screen test and won a part in a picture called Three Russian Girls. Cast as a Soviet nurse she walked in and out of camera range several times and spoke two lines. It wasn't exactly a starring role to begin with and it wasn't a role at all when the film came out of the cutting room. Publicists have made much of Gussy's movie career but she has no illusions about it. She says they let her dance in musicals a little but "they usually put me in a back row."

War came and Gussy's only brother, Lieutenant Harold C. Moran, Jr., was killed in the Pacific. Trying somehow to carry on for him she worked the "graveyard shift" at Douglas aircraft, disbursing plane parts for $40 a week. Tilden found her there and recruited her for tennis-exhibition tours of military and naval hospitals and camps. That made her a pin-up girl for countless G.I.s and provided the romantic justification she needed to return to the game.

Tilden coached her back to tournament form and sent her East in 1945—on the grass-court circuit for the first time. Unlike most lady racket stars who make their big-time debuts while still in their teens, Gussy was twenty-two years old. Although she accomplished little or nothing tenniswise, her social life in the East was a huge success and she returned home convinced that tournament tennis was quite a wonderful thing after all.

In 1946 Gussy's play improved. She capped the season by taking a set from champion Pauline Betz in the quarter-final round of the National Championships and broke into the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association's annual rankings for the first time—at No. 13. In 1947 she climbed to No. 9. Her name began to appear on the sports pages almost as often as it did in the gossip columns and society notes. Writers who had grown bored with the drabness of women's tennis welcomed a chance to dig out adjectives to describe this bathing queen with the wicked racket, and Gussy was not too retarded to write thank-you notes to the hardened scribes.

The wise men of tennis took Gussy's steady climb rather lightly. They adhered to the theory that an attractive girl who is popular and has many outside interests is doomed never to attain superiority on the court. Basically, this is sound because the game requires complete concentration and utter devotion to training.

Gussy being, as she says, shy, refused to be brushed off. Early in 1948 she announced a two-year plan for herself. She said she would be No. 4 in 1948 and champ in 1949—and would retire.

Well, she was No. 4 in 1948, pulling the biggest upset of the year by jolting Doris Hart of Miami, Florida (seeded at No. 3 in the tournament), in straight sets in the quarter finals of the National Singles at Forest Hills.

Gussy's progress to this point was accomplished without an attacking game. Swift afoot and possessing the best ground strokes among women, Gertrude was content to run in the backcourt and depend on her smashing angle shots to the deep corners to score points. She passed up glittering opportunities to move in and attack at the net, readily admitting fear for her offensive game.

Last winter she decided to shift her tactics. For four months she and her coach, Dick Skeen, a superb court strategist, worked over the change. By the time of the National Indoor Championships in New York last March, Gussy was ready. When she let loose tennis experts on the scene were startled. She breezed through the field to win the singles, doubles and mixed doubles championships.

Gussy insists that Skeen is only partly responsible for what happened. She says he must share the credit with two gentlemen quite strange to tennis: Sigmund Freud and Karl Menninger. Gussy, according to one version, once confided to a friend that she was mentally marooned on the court and had trouble thinking clearly in difficult situations. Her adviser, who had undergone psychoanalysis, recommended such mental weight lifting as Man Against Himself, Love Against Hate and The Human Mind.

"Freud and Menninger have developed my thinking considerably and I'm lots happier," Gussy proclaims with a straight face. "And I now have some books to carry when I travel. It makes me look more dignified."

However it actually came about, Miss Moran was tremendously pleased with the initial success of her attacking game and made it the base for her first trip abroad to play the international classic at Wimbledon.

Gussy was deadly serious about her chances to win this "world series of tennis." She arrived in New York early in June to tune up on the grass courts at Forest Hills. But she had barely unpacked her things when she was off on another tangent. Within a day the gossip columns blurted: "Gussy Moran is doing the town nightly with movie star Burgess Meredith." She worked out in Gotham's swank saloons instead of Forest Hills and by the time she got to England, almost two weeks later, she herself was convinced that she was in no shape to play at top form. And the stardust that gathered in her eyes from there on was no help.

One of Gussy's early callers was Teddy Tinling, a London clothes designer who has had the unique assignment of escorting tennis' greatest players to Wimbledon's center court for the past 21 years. Teddy said he was anxious to whip up something fancy and fitting for the glamorous American's debut. Gussy assented.

"Remember," she cautioned as Tinling left, "it must be feminine."

Tinling's creation was an all-white, kilt-length dress of the finest matt silk jersey weave, featuring a softly gathered skirt and a deep bertha collar, both edged with narrow Van Dykes of satin appliqué. Gussy oohed with delight until she made a discovery.

"Hey, wait a minute!" she cried. "What do I wear under the dress?"

Tinling hesitated. "Why," he said, "just your regular underthings, I guess."

Gussy fumed. She had to have a pair of matching pants.

"Well, if it has to have pants," Tinling compromised, "we'll put lace on them."

Gussy gave the panties a trial run at a tennis tea party at Hurlingham, a London suburb, on the eve of Wimbledon. By nightfall the world knew about them.

The usually calm and conservative British press became almost hysterical. The London Daily Express, limited to six pages because of the critical newsprint shortage, plastered Gorgeous Gussy on its front page five days in one week. News of the World, a Sunday weekly with a huge circulation, made Gussy and her undies its lead story. The London News Chronicle, in a page-one editorial, compared the American lovely to the incomparable Suzanne Lenglen.

The Talk of London

Throughout the Wimbledon fortnight invitations poured in on Gussy from everywhere. She was crowned Queen of England's vacationland, appointed judge in a beauty contest, asked to give her name to a new airplane and to a race horse. The Marx Brothers, appearing in a London show, asked Gussy to join their act. An underwear manufacturer pleaded with her to endorse his version of the "Gorgeous Gussy panties."

From the hubbub you would have thought that Gussy was wearing the lacy unmentionables everywhere. Actually she wore them only twice at Wimbledon. When she learned that Queen Mary would be in the audience she left the lace at home. Afterward she explained:

"I thought the queen would think me undignified."

During the Wimbledon excitement Gussy's name was romantically linked with those of two admirers—Burgess Meredith, who flew to London to see her, and Philippe Washer, wealthy tennis champion of Belgium. But the man who counts most in her life is suave and handsome Pat di Cicco, Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski's first husband. Even in London, Gussy was in constant contact with Di Cicco by transatlantic telephone and cable. He took a dim view of the publicity on her undies, expressing his opinion in two scribbled words on an air-mailed newspaper clipping: "Oh, brother!"

Gussy says Pat is deeply interested in her court career. In fact his boss, Joseph Schenck, the film and theater magnate, is the tennis patron who sponsored Gertrude's trip abroad.

In spite of her love for glamor, Gussy is a real home girl when she's home. She lives with her parents in a rambling house near the beach at Santa Monica. Her father, Harold C. Moran, is a sound technician at Universal Pictures. Her mother, Emma, who has spent the summer pasting newspaper clippings and pictures of Gussy's adventures in a volume of scrapbooks, finds it hard to realize that "they refer to my own girl."

"Around the house," says Mother Moran, "Gussy is down-to-earth. She sleeps in just a T-shirt, never wears make-up and goes barefoot most of the time. I know she dislikes housework but she always makes her own bed and helps with the dishes.

"When she came back from Wimbledon she was very disappointed. Oh, I guess she had a good time all right but she felt badly about her tennis. She went right into training and I've never seen her quite so serious before. I know she's going to win the title this time."

Well, Gussy said she would two years ago! THE END

COLLIER'S "Hello, Mother—we were just talking about you" DON TOBIN

John M. Ross, who has been a sports writer for the past 13 years, is editor of American Lawn Tennis magazine

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The Child Is the Monument

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

lassrooms in which children wouldn't train their eyes. The mothers said, 'We're for it."

The Tulane group also insisted that our city squares instead of the proposed wo should be set aside to give air, light nd playground space. They pointed out hat a school could just as easily be deigned to benefit everybody in the community. Why shouldn't the auditorium, afeteria and gym be grouped in such a vay as to serve for adult meetings or ecreation after school hours? Why houldn't the playground be used during ummer vacations as a public park? It ll made sense to Mrs. J. Doe.

The Alignment of Forces

The New Orleans Classroom Teachers Federation rolled up its sleeves and pitched in from the start. The teachers felt they really had a stake in the project. They were fed up with poor ventilation, sun in their eyes, or in the children's, and all the thousand and one discomforts of existing schools.

They took P.T.A. committees on a tour of the existing old-fashioned school buildings and pointed out the contrast with the new models.

William J. Amoss, vice-president of New Orleans Public Service, offered the students space in the utilities building to display their miniature models of the school. In two weeks 30,000 New Orleans people came to the exhibit.

They went away all steamed up over such items as modern, soft-finish, nonglare desk tops; light-absorbing, easy-on-the-eyes green chalk boards instead of old-fashioned blackboards; glass wall blocks which filter light and produce a soothing, indirect illumination in the classroom; windows on two sides; "orientation" toward prevailing breezes—and all this at a smaller cost per foot than is usual for conventional school buildings.

The exhibit was held in the spring of 1948. When, in the spring of this year, it began to look as though the school board might reject the students' design, the now thoroughly architecture-conscious public rose up in protest.

Everybody passed resolutions. Teachers' groups, parents' groups, church clubs, community groups, the Young Men's Business Club raised their voices. There were 10 radio programs and a flood of newspaper articles and editorials, all on the side of the young architects, who meanwhile kept their own campaign going. Professor Colbert, in a speech quoted by the newspapers, sarcastically referred to old-style school buildings of imposing appearance but inconvenient interior as "monuments." Shortly thereafter a slogan was born: "The Child Is the Monument, Not the School."

The school board wavered under the combined assault and agreed to consult a committee from the American Institute of Architects. Today it is clear that when the school is built the students' design, even if not accepted in total, will certainly have had a decided influence.

Let no one suppose, however, that during all this stimulating rumpus the students have been devoting more time to argument than work. This year's class has completed designs and a set of models for a leading private school in New Orleans, by invitation of the board of trustees. Next year's project is to be a parochial school.

And why stop there? Or, as many thoughtful New Orleans citizens are asking themselves, why stop at all? Said one of them, "This is just the kind of service a university ought to give to the community. Why hasn't anybody thought of it before?"

The students hope they have created a pattern which will be followed wherever a school of architecture exists. Why shouldn't the great research and design potential of such schools be used to benefit the city or the state? Why shouldn't other architecture students be called in to help on public buildings of all sorts? And why limit the idea to architecture, when engineering, law and other special schools could equally well find local problems on which to exercise their talents for the public good? These are all questions brought up by the students at Tulane and, quite a number of people think, they are good questions.

THE END

BUTCH

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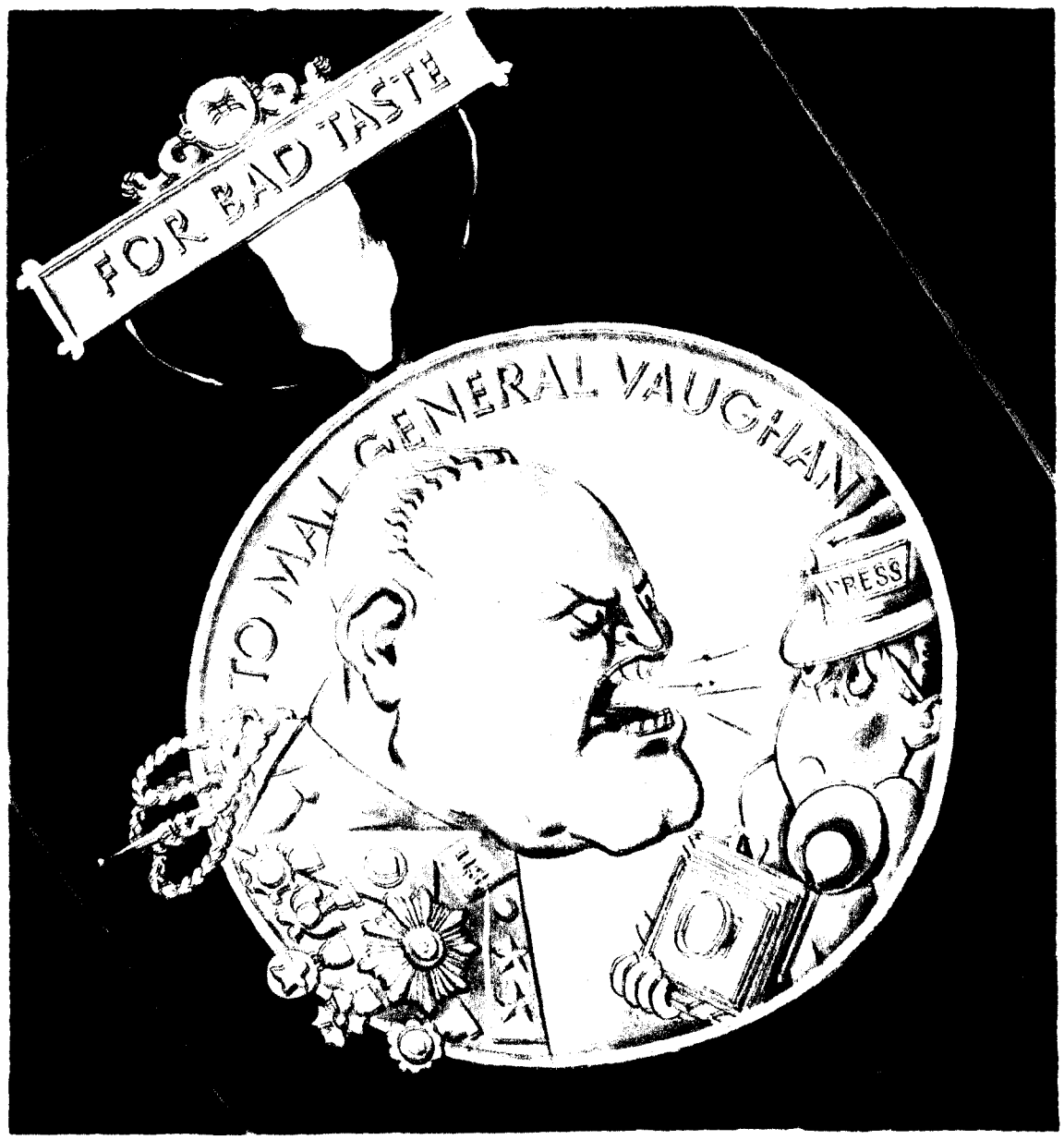

MAC SHEPARD

OPERATION POP-OFF

WE WANT TO GIVE another medal to Major General Harry H. Vaughan, the President's military aide. Of course he got one recently from Mr. Truman, in honor of what his boss called Operation Union Station. But that was at a little private ceremony. We think the general's foot-in-mouth performance deserves much wider recognition.

We are giving him this award for defending an untenable position and holding off a superior force of news reporters single-handed, armed only with some profanity and a few threats of reprisal. For this intrepid feat we here and now bestow a special decoration on General Vaughan in commemoration of Operation Pop-Off.

The action began when the general, arriving at Washington's Union Station from a Guatemalan vacation, found himself surrounded by a platoon of the press.

The journalists opened fire with a number of questions about his trip, and what he thought about the statement by James V. Hunt, a "5 percenter" claiming to have great influence in securing government contracts, that General Vaughan was an old and dear friend.

They also wanted photographs.

The general answered their first volley with an angry question of his own. "What the hell is this all about?" was his shouted greeting, according to a combat correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune. "Are you hard up for copy?"

He told the reporters that there were "at least 300 5 percenters" operating in Washington. The New York paper's correspondent understood him to ask, "Why should they get all excited about a sergeant when they've got a couple of major generals in the same racket?" (Later the general said he was misunderstood and misquoted.)

The financing of his trip, said Hairbreadth Harry, was "nobody's blank-blank business." He warned the persistent reporters that "you'll be around at the White House asking favors from me."

As for the photographers, the dashing general replied to a request for a picture by shaking his fist at one of them and asking, "How would you like a punch in the nose?"

What made General Vaughan's position untenable was that, as a man who likes to boast of being a big wheel in the White House inner workings, he was angrily insisting on the privacy of the humblest citizen. The suggestion that his dispensing of White House favors and influence was any of the public's business set him to popping off with threats and cuss words.

We hope that General Vaughan won't be asked to try to hold this difficult position much longer. Mr. Truman has been overly patient with his general's high-handed performances in the past. But we believe that the President should have dealt with the latest one by some other means than treating it as a private joke between two old cronies.

Frankly, we didn't think Mr. Truman's gag about Operation Union Station was very good. But if boorishness is to be rewarded by medals, we certainly want to get our contribution in.

Freedom to Gripe

THE DAILY PAPERS quite often carry stories of student demonstrations, strikes and riots in foreign countries. Similar goings-on in the United States are about as prevalent as two-headed calves. This difference in behavior is more than a coincidence.

One factor that contributes to the difference is certainly this country's political stability, which permits our college boys to swallow goldfish while Latin-American college boys are swallowing revolutionary propaganda. Another reason for the disparity, we would guess, is the intellectual freedom that the American student enjoys.

So we were surprised to read that a new institution of higher learning, the Southwest Virginia College and Commercial School, has a provision in its charter which warns students that "griping shall not be tolerated." The reason for this prohibition, the charter explains, is not to impose bondage on the students, but "for expediency and to safeguard the college."

We rather think that this is safeguarding the college at the expense of the student. It violates not only the tradition of our academic freedom, but of the basic intellectual freedom on which our country was built.

The first settlers came here as a gesture of protest. They were great gripers. So were those who followed them. The American Revolution was preceded by years of grousing and complaining. Subsequent heroic gripes fill the history books which college students study today.

Will the Southwest Virginia College students be able to reconcile this long history of brave rebellion with their own proscribed position? We doubt it, for it goes against all precedent.

Our system of higher education has long assumed that when a kid reached college age he was ready to be cut loose from the mother-knows-best restrictions of home and public school and allowed to exercise his right of free speech. Almost all colleges have given him some training in intelligent protest as well as in meek acceptance. And it has worked out very well.

Fortunately, there isn't much danger that the Virginia college's anti-gripe ban will catch on elsewhere. In fact, we think it's an encouraging commentary on American academic freedom that this restriction is so unusual and untypical that a nationwide press service classed it as news.

Superhuman Help Wanted

THE U.S. BUREAU OF STANDARDS is building an electric brain that will translate foreign languages. We hope its services will be made available to high-school Latin students when they get to that point—so painful to the memory of their elders—where Caesar built the bridge across the Rhine.

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